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BEETHOVEN'S NINTH SYMPHONY AND THE KING COBRA

BY EDGAR LEE MASTERS

IN THE days of steaming swamps and tropic ferns,
When life was fermenting and crackling, and trying to escape
The trance of Nature, and get beyond itself,
Footless creatures chose legs, and conquered the land.
Then they abandoned the conquest, and took back to the water,
And became the drooling sea-crocodile,
The laughing mosasaurus,
And the silly giant called the ichthyosaurus,
And the pleiosaurus with a mouth like a goose,
All flapping, floundering and laughing to be back in the water,
Unenvious of their relatives who got wings,
And long tails, and bat-like rudders,
And turtle-beaks, which stood agape, grinning like Moloch,
Roosting on sun-hot rocks.

Those were the days when there was nothing but demons,
Nothing but horns, hoofs, teeth and fangs.

Somewhere here the crawling, footless, coiling
Worm of Hell lost his father and mother,
And went on without ancestors, and without memory of ancestors,
Or any worship of ancestors, and ended up as Hell's perfection,
Ended as the cobra, crawling forever as abandoned diabolism,
As embodied hate and sullen loneliness.
But the footless creatures who clove to the land,
And longed till their ears could catch
Something beside this sound and the next sound,

Sounds without recurring periods and pauses,
 Without continuity or rhythm;
 The footless creatures which longed themselves to claws,
 And then longed their claws to fingers,
 Which at last could set down the signs of eternity for oboes,
 For clarinets, horns and strings—
 These footless creatures started the breed which fathered Beethoven at last;
 And thus came the finale, the consummation:
 Beethoven and the King Cobra.

II

Nature is a sleeping spirit.
 Nature is a trance, a mass drugged by eternity,
 A petrification, a solid jelly, a self-containment,
 A contemplation which cannot arise from itself,
 Or get out of itself, or look upon itself.
 Man has escaped from this deep catalepsy:
 He has soared up, and can look down;
 He has flown forward, and can glance back;
 He can turn upon the past, and see the future.
 But as he ages he ceases gradually to be outside himself,
 Or see himself.
 He becomes again all self-contained, reduced to one mood of nature,
 Reduced to the eye which contemplates, but does not know.
 So he descends to the mind of the cobra,
 On the way to the unconsciousness of Nature,
 Which is Death, the cobra's cousin.

Nature is spirit, but the spirit of calm swamp-slush;
 Nature is unconscious, but it casts upon matter
 The reflection of what has created Nature.
 Nature as the whole of things lies locked in the unconsciousness
 Which is the primal condition of all terraqueous things.
 The same power which slumbers in the stone,
 And dreams in the flower, and sends half-legged beings
 Out of the water to the land, then back to the water,
 And into trees, and on to rocks—
 This same power awakes in the cobra;
 It awakes in Beethoven.
 It awakes when anything separates itself from Nature,
 And becomes two instead of one;
 And becomes outside as well as inside;
 And becomes something more than a landscape's mood,
 Something more than a motionless eye;
 Becomes in truth an eye that knows enemies,

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And a head that knows that pain is in the flesh,
And comes from turning from one to two;
And that pain brings something into existence
Which is an advance upon a mere stare.

It is here that a separation takes place between Nature the creator,
And any mind created.
Pain is the penalty, and fear, both births of consciousness.
And thus with this state of being common to both Beethoven and the cobra
Beethoven can disturb the cobra
By shocking its ear to be aware of sounds and octaves
Too much for an ear which is a tympanum and cochlea of mere snake gristle and
bone,
Murmurous with its swamp nativity, and fitted to listen
For enemies and food, nothing else;
For the sound of a twig snapping, not polyphones.

What but irritation, disturbance,
What but annoyance and pain,
Make the thing at one with Nature
Become the thing escaped and fighting Nature,
Both because it resists being jailed again,
And because it resents ever being turned loose?
What are irritation, disturbance, annoyance, pain?
Are they not evil?
So Beethoven's music must be evil to the cobra,
For it forces the cobra's ear to do more than listen
For enemies and for food.
The cobra evoked from the great trance
Continues as an evil, we say.
But Beethoven, so evoked after long æons,
Is he not evil too?
Is he truth and beauty, yet a sufferer, and producing suffering?
Is he truth and beauty, who awakens greater consciousness?
Or is he continued evil, bringing pain and despair,
And deeper looks into the nothingness whence we came,
And a forecast of the resumption of sleep whither we tend?
Is he, then, evil as he shows these things to the full?
Does he not disturb us, as he does the cobra,
Which crawls and writhes and lifts itself
As it hears Beethoven through oboes
Tell of his sorrows and sufferings,
The neglect that the world heaped upon him,
His poverty and loneliness,
Loneliness as lonely as this glass-cage of the cobra;

All of which Beethoven uttered in music, and in the cry:

"I have no friend,

"I am alone in the world.

"O God, my Rock, my All,

"Thou Unutterable, hear thy unhappy,

"Thy most unhappy of mortals."

Is not the cobra also alone and unhappy?

And these cries of Beethoven

Do they not set vibrating

The unutterable, and the unhappy,

And the loneliness which is the cobra?

III

Beethoven was miserable, in agony, in the trap of life.

But the king cobra is all misery, all agony,

All embodied evil, being by Nature trapped to be within itself,

And by man trapped to be within this glass cage.

It is trapped by being fated to be constantly aware of its venom genius,

That is the groundwork, the essence and all of its being;

And the shape of its head, the stare of its eyes show this.

With this goes the sense of enmity between the cobra and man,

And fear of man, and fear of the jungle and night; and that is being trapped.

Its life is poison, and that is its wisdom also; and that is being trapped.

Its wisdom is hate for the Power which has invented traps,

Hate for the Power which has trapped its thought in a shallow skull,

And locked its thought in a trap of contemplation,

Where all the traps are contemplated dimly.

It is trapped to the life of sensuous particulars,

While the whole teases, and is never known,

The whole is a slowed-down film.

It is trapped by will without knowledge;

It is trapped by a small speck of brain plasm

From which has issued narrow channels

Of sight and hearing,

Through which the world of visible and audible things:

Man the keeper before the cage, standing safe;

And Beethoven with strings, clarinets and horns

Gorges through like a freshet, and bursts the channels, and tortures the brain.

It is trapped when guessing the life blisses of other creatures;

It is trapped, being shut from some realer realm of life;

It is trapped, and compelled to crawl and coil,

And lick forth a tongue to aid half-eyes;

It is trapped in loneliness, not able to live loneliness as the soul can,

Not able in loneliness to sink into the trance of the ancient swamps;
 But by its loneliness made more aware
 Of its separateness, and of enemies and dangers without—
 Such a curse upon anything that can feel!
 Such loneliness at the dark bottom-point of Hell's cone!
 It is trapped by dim memory of heredity,
 But kept from going back to water,
 And kept from taking to the air,
 And cut off bitterly from the lineage of man:
 For man descended not from the snake,
 But from old, patriarchal, drowsy, dreaming reptiles.
 It is trapped to the life of the jungle forever;
 It is trapped by hate of the Cause of consciousness,
 And it brews venom in revenge.
 It is trapped forever to the shape of a gorilla's cylindrical excrement;
 It is stripped and exposed forever like the phallus of Polyphemus,
 The horror and disgust of worst and best eyes!
 It is trapped by regret for vanished æons of earth
 When there was peace in the pulse of the earth mood
 Which made a oneness of plants, rocks, ooze, and primordial plasm.
 It is trapped because the chance is now gone forever to get feet or wings, and fly
 the jungle.
 It is trapped by the will which has made this elongated frightfulness,
 The will—from what source?—which has made
 Teeth and fangs and poison,
 And the hunger of cannibalism.
 For there is a Dual Thing
 Which might have made the cobra half good,
 Not all evil.
 And this the cobra feels, and licks forth its forked tongue
 In hate of this Dual Thing.
 It is trapped by the power within it
 From the Power without it, which has implanted in it
 This insane will of dealing death.
 It is trapped by being the contemplation of the motionless eye,
 Where no smile lurks, no sense of voluptuous content;
 But where alert malice sparkles and burns, and winks like a half-ashed coal,
 And flashes hate and hunger and irritable watchfulness.
 It is trapped by being engendered and then spurned by a superior soul;
 It is trapped by being set aside and deserted by a soul becoming superior as man,
 as Beethoven;
 It is trapped by being life which looks neither to what is above,
 Nor to what is below,
 But to what is ahead in the weeds, the gopher-snake as food.
 And thus barred from worlds and worlds of life,

And crushed by exultant trumpets,
By horns and strings,
And by drums that echo frightful dangers and depths,
The cobra lies stretched in the cage with motionless eye.
The cobra is a monist. All is Hate,
And the cobra is all hate.
The cobra is man's hate, made pure poison,
Condensed in one organism of flesh, it is man's snake-hate
For life as horror, as cancer, as war,
As ruin and unreason and madness.

IV

It is more than a hundred years past and gone
Since Beethoven cried:
"God, O, God, my Guardian, my Rock, my All!
"Thou seest my heart, and knowest how it distresses me
"To do harm to others, though doing right to my darling Karl.
"Hear, Thou Unutterable, hear Thy unhappy,
"Most unhappy of mortals:
"I have no friend, and am alone in the world!"

Shall this cry never die out?
Never be hushed as the crackling of weeds is hushed
After the giant thunder-lizard has walked on?
Shall it never vanish as the rib marks of the serpent in the sand
Are erased by the wind?
It is more than a hundred years now since Beethoven
Set down his misery and his ecstasy,
His wounded and baffled spirit,
His climbing and sun-lit and triumphant spirit
In dots and curves, in numerals and time signatures,
In key signatures, in breves and semi-breves,
In major and minor keys, and ledger lines and clefs,
In bars of duple, triple and quadruple time, in rests and scales,
In indications for winds and strings,
Flutes, horns, bassoons and viols—
All set down, and all to say in harmony:
Alone! Alone! Alone!
All set down so to direct forever the players of instruments
How to pass from the earthquake rumble of the lost city of the soul
To the sunlight and song of the safe slopes;
How to pass with whisperings and falterings,
Almost as of children in fear,
To fathomless depths of courage and wisdom;

How to pace the harmony of the going-out,
 And the returning-in of the blood of the Universe,
 When the heart of the Great Law opens and closes its valves.
 And how with plucked strings of summoned courage,
 And the clamor of drums, to climb, to stand
 Where no cobra crawls, no devil walks,
 No charms of hell are worked;
 And where the silence of a great summit
 Opens out as a flower trembles and unfolds,
 Revealing the drone of spheres, the song, the infinite music
 Of light, which is also sound,
 And which is impulse at the root of all motion,
 And which is without end in space or time.

It is more than a hundred years since the secrets
 Of Beethoven's soul, of his vision,
 Were noted on paper in these cryptograms.
 Yet, and because this was done
 Beethoven's suffering and rapture reverberate still,
 And by the instantaneous penetration of invisible fire
 Can pass through granite, through steel, through measureless space;
 Can pass through the glass of the cobra's cage,
 And assail the stagnant, green-scum of his hate,
 Lying sprawled with motionless eye,
 Neither immersed in the unconsciousness of Nature,
 Nor separated from it, and by that truth in mastery of it.
 So by magnetic waves of fire
 Does Beethoven enter the cage of the cobra,
 And start to torture it with colossal mystery,
 Which the cobra cannot strike.

The cobra can only weave and writhe and stretch,
 And lift up long lengths of its body in the corner,
 And crawl and lie with slight shivers, like the flank of a fly-plagued horse—
 All before a presence invulnerable to fangs and venom.

The king cobra has much attention just now:
 An oyster-white thickness has overgrown his right eye,
 So that he sees only with his left eye.
 The cobra has shed his skin several times,
 And each time has failed to slough off
 The scale from his right eye.
 And now he must be helped by his keeper,
 Or the eye will be wholly blind, and that will double his loneliness,
 As much so as deafness increased the loneliness of Beethoven.

The oyster-white thickness is seven-layered,
Made up of semi-globular beads,
Half translucent, but massed together impenetrable to light.
And the cobra should see, says the cobra's keeper.
Hence the keeper traps him into a box,
Where the cobra's head is held while the oyster scales are snipped off.
The cobra was fierce with anger, and fought.
But when the cobra looked from that eye,
And could see the white and black of the cage,
Like squares embroidered on canvas,
(Having no yellow spot in either eye),
It acted glad, and glided happily on to the floor of the cage again,
And devoured a five-foot gopher-snake
Provided for it by the keeper;
Devoured the gopher-snake as a man kills and eats a hog or steer,
Or as men destroy men in business or war.
The cobra took the gopher-snake by the head,
And swallowed it inch by inch, foot by foot,
All the way down, gurgitating its spasms,
Until only the end of the tail flicked.
And vanished.

V

This is the way Beethoven entered the cage of the cobra:
The next day after the seven-fold scale was removed,
The next day after the cobra swallowed the gopher-snake,
The Ninth Symphony was played at the Park;
And the keeper turned on the radio in the reptile-room
To see what the cobra would do,
When the sounds of the Scherzo, and the Ode to Joy
Echoed and reëchoed about the stone walls.
The cobra was lying outstretched with motionless eye;
He was not hungry—he had swallowed the gopher-snake the day before.
He wanted no mate—the rutting season was past.
He could see—the seven-fold scale had been snipped.
He lay there slick as a gray, glazed cobweb,
Dull like slimed nacre, and yellow
As the inside of a clam-shell, and gray as agate.
He was a length of dimmed iridescence of saffron and pearl,
And scaled like the permian gar-fish,
Or the legs of the ancient archæopteryx.
What but an enemy, or music could disturb him?
Thus he lay calm as hate, which is softly seething
When the radio began to sound,

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As the musicians at the Park took the soul of Beethoven
From the dots, dashes, signs and symbols of score sheets,
And gave it voice as lettered there, forever sealed, and forever unsealed at will
As the echo of Beethoven's soul echoing the Great Mystery somewhere,
Not as an imitation of Nature, or of anything in Nature,
But as a response to Something,
Even as the agitation of the cobra is a response to Beethoven!

The second violins and cellos, the first violins, tenors and basses
Begin to whisper their way from the top to the bottom of the treble stave
To the bottom of the bass.
A clarinet breaks in like the call of a lonesome Summer bird;
And one by one the wind-instruments enter,
And then the flutes and oboes divide the lamentation.
They are saying: "God, O God, my Guardian,
"My Rock, my All! Hear, Thou Unutterable,
"Hear Thy unhappy, most unhappy of mortals!"

VI

The cobra stirs;
The cobra sends a ripple of skin down its length.
The cobra knows nothing of poverty: it has swallowed the gopher-snake.
The cobra knows nothing of a nephew's ingratitude,
Or the slight of friends, or the neglect of the world,
Or the hatefulness of business.
But this is restless music, and the cobra grows restless.
This is sound which is first impatience, and then melancholy;
And the cobra grows impatient; melancholy waves stir him.
For fire can burn beings which know not what fire is.
This is tenderness, and the cobra resents tenderness,
As he would strike the hand that petted his head.
These sorrows of Beethoven have found the language of sound
Through magnetic waves, which are light and vibration,
And vibrating themselves, set vibrations singing and surging
In the cobra itself, which becomes thus vibrating particles.
The waves of Beethoven's music advance through the cobra's nerves,
Making rhythmic motions of the particles in the nerves of the cobra,
And that is like a man in pain before the mystery of his fate.

The cobra shifts his place, and licks forth his tongue.
He may be shocked into hereditary memory of the steaming swamps
When the tyrannosaurus and the diplodocus went mad,
And trampled the lizards and the crocodiles,
And the first snake one hundred feet long;

And when the pteranodon with twenty-four feet of outstretched wings
Flapped in fear among the fronds
Of gigantic tree ferns.
This may be the cause of the cobra's shifting and moving;
Or it may be only that this sound stirs him,
As fire would stir him, or the tap of the keeper on the glass of the cage.
But he does not crawl from his place yet.
Like a rope, slightly shaken, a rhythm goes through him
From head to tail, but he keeps his place
Amid the reverberating music of Beethoven.
The Scherzo changes all.
Beethoven's soul stepped from darkness to brilliant light,
From despair to the rapture of strength,
Overcoming the world.
Beethoven caught the spirit of a fresh May morning,
And it inspired him to exult with trumpets and strings,
And drums and trombones.
There are no such mornings in the jungle.
The rhythm of three bars changed to the rhythm of four bars
Is nothing less than the secret ecstasy of May;
It is nothing less than the thrill of life,
Making the worm feel the blisses of creation,
And making man himself a dweller with Eternity.

And now this ecstatic storm of harmony
Is not only the voices of strong men,
And the creak of great pulleys worked by them
To lift colossal blocks of granite to the terraces
Of timeless pyramids;
It is not merely discords resolved:
It is not the mere toppling and crash of colossi,
Followed by the silence of Egyptian palm groves;
It is not merely the audible silence
Which comes before the hollow sound,
And is followed by the hollow silence
When covers are lifted and placed on great earthen jars
Which have been filled with water for thirsty villages.
It is not merely the trumpeting of mastodons
Amid carboniferous thickets,
Or along level valleys of lava and giant cactus—
It is not merely these,
Nor merely Democritus laughing and shouting as he chases the discovered atom
Near the orbit of Uranus where time and space become one;
It is not merely any of these.
But it is the song of infinite cranes

Lifting worlds into their orbits;
 It is the deep sighing of æons of time;
 It is the chuckle of vast ages;
 It is the puffing and the halloos of periodic cycles
 Toiling up the spirals of infinitude;
 It is the sound of smooth-lipped lids of crystal
 Being placed on the huge vials of despair and fear,
 After their bitter waters have been poured into the flaming rivers
 Of all old Hells, to the roar of steam.
 It is the sound of ponderable slabs
 Being laid and fitted to the sarcophagi of dead demi-gorgons;
 It is the happy laughter from the cradle of the infant Heracles
 As he strangled the snakes sent by the enmity of Hera;
 It is the shout of Heracles despising the common kingdom
 Of which Hera, the jealous goddess, deprived him.
 It is the howl of fire from worlds which should be burned,
 Amid the drift and swirl of apocalyptic smoke;
 It is the splash of the lake of fire
 When Death is hurled down and engulfed;
 It is the thunder of mountain-high gates being opened,
 Which reveal the landscapes of eternity;
 It is the shout and the song of Apollo
 As he races and shoots arrows after fleeing dragons.
 It is the chant of the Sun as god of this world,
 Worthy of worship as the source of life!

VII

And now it was that the keeper returned to the cage
 To see what the cobra was doing.
 The cobra had crawled to the corner.
 It had lifted one-third of its length aloft
 There in the corner;
 It was reaching up with its head, licking out its tongue;
 It was leaning back unsteadily being unable to hold
 So much of its length aloft
 There in the presence of Beethoven!

BUNCOMBE BOB

BY ARTHUR L. SHELTON

ON THE twenty-first day of last October, while the chill winds that come down the Appalachians raised goose pimples on the necks of his neighbors, the Hon. Robert Rice Reynolds borrowed \$20 from the Hon. Lamar Galloway, his partner-at-law. Then he hoisted a brace of travelling bags into the back of a two-year-old Ford roadster, kissed his third and prettiest wife good-bye, yanked on a collegiate felt, and rattled out of his home town of Asheville to seek a seat in the United States Senate in the most remarkable political campaign ever perpetrated upon the Commonwealth of North Carolina.

Our Bob, as the mountaineers of Buncombe county call him, was at that moment broker than Ivar Kreuger on his death-bed, and, comparatively speaking, as heavily in debt. He hadn't been able to sell himself as a public servant since, with the ink still wet on his University of North Carolina diploma, he resigned as solicitor of his district to make a bad race for Congress. He had no machine affiliations to help him conquer a State wherein the machine was all-powerful. He was a wet at work in one of the last outposts of Prohibition. He had been married three times—once to a Parisian lady and once to a former Follies girl—in a State which still reared Presbyterian standards like totem poles to frighten statesmen. As a lawyer his practice was dedicated largely to the petty sins of the

mountaineers, and he hadn't even gone to war in 1917 for the glory of Christianity and the salvation of Democracy.

Nevertheless, the ambitious Mr. Reynolds, undismayed by such shortcomings, moved forward jauntily to joust with no less than four opponents, one of whom was really important and apparently formidable. That one was the venerable Cameron Morrison, the holder of the Senate seat at issue and the Samson of the Prohibition tribes. Cam was the Galahad of the glamorous Red Shirts who thirty years earlier had banished the Negro from the North Carolina ballot-box and saved the Legislature for the Scotch-Irish paladins of 100% Anglo-Saxonism. He was the heroic Saint Cameron, no less, who had become Governor just before North Carolina shook from her shoes the dust of deep ignorance, and so he had served through an up-and-coming era, growing in stature until he became to all patriots the Father of Good Roads, the protector of the State university, the second husband of a pious widow with \$9,000,000 in tobacco money, and the successor to the Hon. Furnifold McLendel Simmons as the Caesar of North Carolina politics.

In 1930, upon the belated passing of the Hon. Lee S. Overman, he ascended unto the Senate by the amazing grace of a gubernatorial appointment from an old enemy, Governor O. Max Gardner, who hated him worse than a rattlesnake but

who was afraid to appoint anyone else. Once seated in Washington, he immediately proclaimed that he intended to fight the Devil, meaning the wet Senator Tydings of Maryland, through the Democratic party while his wife Sarah fought him through the Presbyterian Church. In a short while he made two terrifying speeches against Rum and Raskob, threatened to break the nose of his colleague, the senior Senator from Tennessee, voted approval of a Power Commission appointment for the satanic Hoovercrat, Frank McNinch of Charlotte, and took a five-year lease on a luxurious apartment in the Mayflower Hotel of Washington.

For a practical-minded politician of forty years experience, the Senator made some serious mistakes and he admits it, and not the least among them was that lease at the Mayflower. For on the second day of last July the quixotic Mr. Reynolds returned to his home in Asheville as the Democratic Senate nominee. The indignant populace had nominated him to supplant Morrison by a majority approximating 100,000 votes, the largest ever given a senatorial candidate in the State. On November 4 Mr. Reynolds must go through the formality of disemboweling the Hon. Jake Newell of Charlotte, the bone-dry Republican entry, but a few weeks later he will be sworn into the Senate as the newest wrinkle in Southern politicians. No Republican has ever gone to the Greatest Legislative Body On Earth from North Carolina since Colonel Simmons, staunchly assisted by Mr. Morrison, massacred the black-and-tans and took over personal supervision of the Democratic party in the year 1898.

The ultimate result of the July 2 primary is awaited with curiosity in the neighboring States and with trepidation in the urban centers of North Carolina. The temple

of Prohibition in one of the two States that voted dry at the time of the last *Literary Digest* poll is now dust along the campaign trails. The machine known as the Raleigh Ring, smaller in scope and fame but no less omnipotent than those of Pennsylvania and New York City, is wrecked utterly, and the statesmen who manipulated it have taken to the mountain woodlands and the coastal caves. The arid libido of Messrs. Morrison and Simmons has been repudiated, and the State has finally washed its hands of the Pope-baiting, nigger-flogging Democracy that once prevailed all over Dixie. All these things have been destroyed by a ranting novice with a slingshot. No wonder the saner citizens of the North State have their worries! They must await in anxious patience to discover whether it is a Huey Long or a Father LaFollette with which they have supplanted their Heflin.

This anxiety among the home folks is shared by some of Mr. Reynolds' prospective associates in Washington. Into the shadowed crannies of the national Capitol, where Senators foregather to make confidential compacts with frock-coated gentry from the Methodist rendezvous across the way, the question penetrates anon: What manner of man is this, my dear Senator, who pops hellbent out of obscurity with no spending money in his pockets and puts skids under our able brother? To which the customary answer is: A wild man, Doctor Wilson; another wild man!

II

The definition is approximately correct. You can reconstruct the Hon. Mr. Reynolds by resurrecting from the hallowed sod the remains of William Jennings Bryan, subtracting therefrom thirty or more years in age and a century of back-

woods evangelism, and inserting a moderate but exacting taste for corn whisky, but leaving untouched his eloquence, his florid economic theories and his instinct for communion with the masses. Do this, and, presto, you have Our Bob of Buncombe county.

Bob is forty-seven years old and looks ten years younger. He is tall, blond, athletic and cocky, and he reeks with a magnetism that hypnotized the females who attended the moist and genial parties with which North Carolina's most hospitable citizenry climaxed his campaign meetings. At the university at Chapel Hill he played an end and halfback on the same football team with the Hon. O. Max Gardner, now Governor of the State, and he was captain of the varsity track team. After leaving the campus he became, successively, a professional wrestler, a lawyer, a globe-trotter and a fashioner of novel-length adventure yarns. Three times he circled Mother Earth, once in a model T Ford, once on a cattle boat and once as companion to Governor Gardner. He held a captain's commission in the National Guard, but resigned it in 1914, and is still referred to by sarcastic critics as Cap'n Bob for the reason that when the United States got into the World War he served only a day or two in the olive drab before the Armistice.

A widower with two children when war was declared, he went to France after the Armistice, ran over a girl on the streets of Paris, carried her to a hospital, and married her when she recovered. Later he divorced her, returned to the U. S. A., made a fortune in real estate that is said to have run to a million dollars, married a beauteous alumna of the late Florenz Ziegfeld's finishing school, lost his million in land deals and bank failures, and headed back into politics.

So much for a vivid career, magnified and distorted by friend and foe alike since the leaves last turned brown. The only real light the tax-paying populace of North Carolina has on the statesmanship of its new Kingfish is reflected from his electioneering methods and the platform credo he expounded in the tobacco and cotton country. There with ringing rhetoric he raised his banner against the Interests, the greed of Wall Street, and the bleeding injustices inflicted by the international bankers upon Tarheelia's horny-handed sons. Between the Autumn morning when he first fared forth a-campaigning and the morning of June 4 when the polls opened for the first primary, he traveled more than 15,000 miles, crying aloud in the wilderness like a John the Baptist with coyote blood.

With a 135-pound press agent and a 240-pound field manager crammed into his smoking two-seater beside him, he skipped perpetually from the mountains to the coast and back, speaking once, twice and three times a day. He swept like a pagan god into the dry hinterlands as an evangelist of repeal, turned them wet, kept them wet, and made them like it. With exaggerated gestures he mimicked the absurd postures and pompous strut of the millionaire Presbyterian, Cam Morrison, and the yokels grabbed their splitting sides in glee.

He ridiculed Mr. Hoover's anti-hoarding campaign and told the farmers that if they valued their money they should keep it in their socks. He came roaring against the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and the moratorium as Hamiltonian doles to the rich and the greedy. He called the American Legion "the greatest body of heroes that ever lived in this or any other civilization", and he swore that had Thomas Jefferson been

alive he would have taken the \$2,000,000,000 granted the R. F. C., added \$200,000,000, and paid a nation's honest debt to the brave men who saved it for Wall Street. He told his congregations just how many bushels of wheat and how many bales of cotton were rotting in the Federal elevators while their children froze and famished for want of food and raiment. For all this he blamed the hypocrisy and cowardice of the Hoover administration, and for the hypocrisy and cowardice he blamed the Eighteenth Amendment.

It was on this matter of Prohibition that Buncombe Bob, facing a long sequence of audiences that were touchy on the subject, scaled the heights of eloquence. It is doubtful if a single orthodox dry in all North Carolina had ever been reformed by the force of pure oratory until he hit the stump. His sharpest shafts were aimed at the pocketbooks of the drys, and he used the cautious and pacifying approach of Marc Antony before the hostile Roman mob. "Liquor," he would assure his hearers as they shifted their brogans nervously,

is the most damnable affliction ever visited upon mankind. It wrecks homes and hearts and destroys lives. It eats away the tissues of the stomach and the cells of the brain. I hate liquor. I am fighting the same battle for sobriety that my mother fought when she stood at the gateway of her humble home with the white ribbon of temperance on her shoulder. I am fighting the same battle that those great Americans, William Jennings Bryan, Wayne B. Wheeler and Morris Sheppard, thought they had won when on a January midnight in 1920 they stood shoulder to shoulder in a silent prayer of gratitude.

I am not trying to bring liquor back. It is impossible to bring back something that has never left us. I am simply asking that you take the liquor, liquor that is already

with us, out of the hands of the bootlegger, where it cannot be controlled, and put it in the hands of the government, where it will be controlled. I am asking that you take the taxes off the land and put them on the liquor.

III

Through the hamlets and the countryside the word spread that a Daniel had come to judgment, and at every courthouse and in every schoolhouse auditorium the standing-room only signs were posted as he approached. At Charlotte, Cam Morrison's home town and the seat of the Duke Power Company, it took two cops forty minutes to shoulder him out a back entrance through a raving crowd after he had completed his speech. At no point during the latter part of his campaign did he look upon an empty seat or an inch of standing room.

Old Cam, who had assured his public that so long as important legislation impended he would remain in Washington and leave stumping to friends, underwent a sudden change of heart. Deciding to let the national budget root for itself, he came hustling home, hired a 145-pound press agent and a 300-pound field manager, threw out a quick network of high-powered muscle men (who later double crossed him), and, shooting from both hips, hit the trail with a whoop.

But the Senator was too late. Throughout the broad reaches of North Carolina Buncombe Bob had whooped up the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, the redistribution of the national wealth, low taxes on land, and the soldiers' bonus. And all the while two other aspirants, Superior Court Judge Tom C. Bowie and Commissioner of Labor Frank Grist, were raising lesser anti-Morrison storms on their own accounts. The Hon. Mr. Grist

fired volleys of shrapnel at the widow's millions, while Bowie, J., accused the Senator of spending a dead man's money to buy the unfettered North Carolina Democracy. Meanwhile, Bob himself charged that Morrison, as Governor, had "blazed a yellow streak of shame across the State" by refusing to bleed the Power Trust for enough tax money to support the State schools and buy text-books for the children. Yet such was the violence of the Grist-Bowie attack that old Cam conceded publicly that "Our Bob cuts my throat with a sweeter smile" than the other Jeffersonians.

The Senator did, however, accuse Bob of faking poverty in a most demagogic fashion. Wherever he managed to get an audience together he told it that Bob had carefully concealed not only a Cadillac but an airplane while he scampered about the Commonwealth in his rickety Ford. He said a henchman of his had measured both cars and found Bob's to be ten inches longer than his own. He sniffed indignantly whenever Bob mounted a rostrum, waved a couple of one-dollar bills, and called upon the Almighty to witness that the sum total of his goods upon this earth was at the moment on his back and in his hand.

To Bob's Buncombe county compatriots, who knew durn well that there were occasions when he rode behind a liveried chauffeur in a closed Cadillac, and that there had been hot days when his five-room apartment was closed and he could be reached only at a certain palatial estate on a cool mountainside outside Asheville, Bob explained that both Cadillac and mountain estate were the entailed property of his aged mother and held in trust for his children, and that the plane in which he made occasional jaunts belonged to a local tooth dentist.

All of which, as a matter of fact, was true. All the camp attachés, indeed, knew that Buncombe Bob was flat broke. There were many occasions when his campaign was pulled up abruptly for want of funds. There was, for instance, the day in Raleigh, the State capital, when he telegraphed the useful Mr. Galloway for an additional \$15 to get him out of hock at the hotel and out of town for a fresh batch of speeches. Mr. Galloway had just \$12 at the moment, but he went rushing down the main drag, borrowed three more, wired the total to Raleigh, and got the campaign off to another start.

And there was the time when an eminent ecclesiastic of Raleigh called at Bob's headquarters to make a \$50 touch in behalf of God. Bob pointed sadly to a stack of letters for which he had been unable to buy stamps, waved his head dolefully toward an ugly spot on the wall where the telephone had been before the local utility octopus had removed it in default of monthly payment, and delivered an abridged but piteous campaign address. At its conclusion the pastor, touched to the quick, fished \$2.40 out of his pocket and donated \$2 of it to the Reynolds-Forsenate Victory Chest.

There came also a day when, while Cam sped blithely over the landscape in \$10,000 worth of automotive power, Buncombe Bob rode serenely into the village of Columbia aboard a horse-drawn milk wagon with a dusky reinsman alongside, thereby setting the impoverished natives aflame with enthusiasm for the People's Man. The Ford had finally choked up, emitted a death rattle, and died from stasis in its distributing system. With his commandeered milk wagon Bob struggled into Columbia, the nearest human habitat, at 8 P.M., which was exactly the hour he was scheduled to start speaking

in Williamston, sixty miles away. He telephoned ahead, borrowed another car, and came roaring into Williamston at nine o'clock sharp to find a packed and cheering house awaiting him.

All that sort of thing was too much for poor Morrison to contend against in what Bob was wont to describe on the rostrum as "a day of dark distress"; he took to chewing voluminous wads of cut plug in public to prove that he was a commoner after all, and, all unbeknownst to him of course, his henchmen spread the word that Bob had six living wives, had hid in Florida during the war, carried a traveling coterie of houris, and was under indictment in Buncombe county for embezzlement. But this strategy was pathetically ineffective. The night of the first primary, with only the urban returns coming in, gave the Senator a precarious lead of but 2,000 votes. He clung to that through the following afternoon, but by the second night the farmers had found time to stack their hoes and start tabulating. So Bob spurred ahead, and the final returns gave him a 15,000 margin over the field, with Morrison second, and a run-off inevitable.

Monkey business among the Senator's friends was in store for the second round, and it helped substantially toward piling up a record majority for the People's Man. Two months earlier Bob and his Wake county manager had met in a hotel room at Raleigh with the Hon. Mr. Grist to arrange a gentlemen's agreement whereby each pledged support to the other in the event that either was embroiled in a second primary. But two days after the first primary Bob began to suspect that a bit of double crossing was impending, so he hastened into print with the announcement that he had been assured before witnesses of Mr. Grist's support. Mr. Grist

remained officially silent and unofficially garrulous for a week, and then unleashed upon the front pages of the morning newspapers a blistering denunciation of Buncombe Bob.

On the afternoon of the publication of the Grist interview, Bob came riding into Chapel Hill, seat of the State university, at the wheel of what was instantly recognized to be the Grist sedan. Gaping bystanders spotted the low license number, identified it as that allotted the eminent Commissioner of Labor and Public Printing, and pressed for an explanation. There was quite a commotion, and Bob, unperturbed, explained very casually that late the previous afternoon his field manager, Colonel David Strain, and Commissioner Grist had met once again in the same hotel at Raleigh, renewed the compact, and inhaled from the same peace pipe. The commissioner, it appeared, felt so happy over the treaty that he volunteered the use of his automobile to Colonel Strain and Captain Reynolds for a campaign sortie.

This offer, it was added, was gratefully accepted, for both Captain Reynolds and Colonel Strain had acquired uncomfortable kernels from bouncing about over the country roads in a Ford which had long since ceased to lope and taken to trotting. Some hours later the commissioner came to, recalled other arrangements which had slipped his mind for the nonce, called in the newspaper boys, and unfolded for them his pro-Morrison phillipic. But the story of the automobile as it appeared in the next day's papers made thousands of votes for Bob.

A day later, the politically deceased Furnifold McLendel Simmons snapped miraculously into life from his bankrupt farm in Craven county, announced that he favored Mr. Morrison—and thereby

hung a second albatross about the neck of the old war horse. The Hon. Mr. Simmons had led the State into rank Republicanism during the Holy War of 1928 and good Democrats still bristled at the mention of his name. They thought that he and Morrison had broken forever on the issue of Al Smith, but now they knew better. On July 2, 300,000 North Carolina Democrats went to the polls and 200,000 of them voted for Bob.

IV

With this clientele of 200,000 behind him, he is now the boss of North Carolina, yet he remains an enigma even unto the 200,000. Of course, the things political for which he stands are familiar and popular, and his affable personality is a thing of State-wide pride. But his sincerity and his general deportment are widely questioned, and probably no man living has the faintest idea how he will conduct himself on the floor of the Greatest Legislative Body On Earth until he delivers his maiden speech in the next session of the Seventy-third Congress.

All North Carolina knows that if he decides to talk within twenty-four hours after he is sworn in, neither Vice-President Charlie Curtis nor Joe Robinson nor God with a gavel can keep him quiet, and all North Carolina suspects that Bob will decide he wants to talk. Nurtured for a generation on the silent dignity of Simmons and Overman, the home folks rather fear that he may get the State some bad publicity. Bob is aware, of course, that new Senators are supposed to be seen rarely and heard not at all, but he reasons that if he had spent his past in kowtowing to such conventions he probably would be doomed now to spend his future as a police-court lawyer in a busted town.

Thus the People's Man can be forgiven if he considers the Senate's rules of etiquette matters for lesser men only. He believes he is a man of destiny, and his most bitter opponents are willing to concede by this time that he may be correct. Who else could have followed the course he took over a twenty-year stretch, absorbing bad lickings in contests for minor State offices, and then plunge into a hopeless race for the United States Senate, with millions pitted against his borrowed dimes, and win by an unprecedented majority?

The view that his present immense following is an eight months' baby is probably erroneous. He devoted a score of years to the task of creating it, the last six of which were directly concentrated upon the 1932 balloting. He probably acquired his Napoleonic complex back in 1912, when he overturned a normally Republican district and was elected solicitor by a big majority. The illusion was not dimmed in the slightest when shortly afterward he was defeated in a campaign for the national House of Representatives, nor when a few years later he aspired futilely to become Lieutenant Governor. He announced for the Senate in 1926 against Overman, and in that contest, without the slightest shadow of an issue, he amassed 90,000 votes, pronounced himself satisfied, and promptly went to work on preparations for the 1932 primaries.

Over muddy and tortuous Appalachian trails he rode to expound his maturing philosophies before grubby adolescents at graduation exercises in one-room school-houses. For six years he helped the impecunious mountaineers in their financial, domestic and spiritual woes. He rose in affluence as a criminal lawyer, championing the one-gallus boys before the bar without fees and slapping sloping

backs until he became recognized everywhere as the Little Father of the Poor. When a North Carolina hillsman refers to him as Our Bob today he means what he says. No Buncombe county precinct went against him in either primary.

Nevertheless, there are cynics in the lowlands who, while regarding him as eminently preferable to the latter-day Cam Morrison, continue to view him with a cold and fishy eye. The most they will grant is that he is a more personable and better-looking demagogue than Cam, and that he shows possibilities of developing ultimately into a decent citizen. His campaign cry they challenge, regarding him as an opportunist first and a wet champion only second. When he first strode down the aisle calling for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment he was credited with high courage, but developments since have demonstrated that his cry was the safest of all slogans, and the cynics contend that, from the heights of his mountain home, he merely saw the

handwriting on the Prohibition wall before the flat-dwellers below were able to spot it. Certainly, they remind you, he never opened his trap about Prohibition during any of his previous and less fortunate campaigns.

Meanwhile, some of those who sit in democracy's inner sanctums at Washington are apparently not losing any sleep over Our Bob. Consider, for example, the Hon. Dan Roper, dry wheel horse for the late Saint Woodrow and a venerable director of the party's current Board of Strategy. Says he:

What if Reynolds is a wild man? What if Huey Long is a wild man? Any person who can equal the home State accomplishments of either has something the party can use. We shied away from Huey until the national convention at Chicago and then discovered we couldn't do without him. It was the energy of the Kingfish, dashing about all night and whipping backsliders back into line, that saved the day for Roosevelt. Bring on your Reynolds!

NO ONE MY GRIEF CAN TELL

BY NANCY HALE

AMANDA lay inert and burning hot in the sand on the little beach, under a huge red July sun like a fat zinnia in the blue sky. The sky made the sun look redder and the sun made the sky look bluer. She stared at the sun through slitted eyes and watched it get smaller, contract, and then burst open redder than ever, so hot that she could imagine that it sang, a sizzling, piercing hum of heat.

She turned herself over in the lazy yellow sift of sand and felt her backbone burn and melt, her limbs slide sensuously against the dry warmth under. Her pale green bathing suit was still wet, hot wet, and she imagined herself lying there with a drift of condensing steam rising up from her into the sun, all damp darkness and vicious liquids leaving her and rising, leaving her as clean and hard and chalky dry as a piece of coral. Her head lay resistlessly on her hand, sidewise, and in her upper ear she heard the hissing song of the sun and in her under ear the interminable whisper and shift of grains of sand.

Ten feet away from her, her child played with fearful concentration, leaning over a big log of driftwood, his little yellow jersey backside making a small hummock along the beach, while his carrotty head bent lower and lower and lower over the sea-shells, or whatever objects gripped him with this absorption. He could stand there for hours in this position, legs straight and fat, trunk suddenly tipped downward from baby loins, his head nearly as low as his

feet. His lips were tightly compressed, his face red, and he breathed violently through his nose, so that Amanda could just hear the loud whiffling sound of his concentration. He was four years old.

Part of me, she thought vaguely, playing with sea-shells. The loosened cell growing to be itself. The sun bakes him to a dry coral baby, dry and clean and well; the sun dries him from the pervading dampness of his beginning. He is being dried and cleared and healed from the wet wound of me, and lightened from the deep darkness of me, and he is becoming his wound-healed and complete self. As I am healed of him. O loop cut from my skein and once an undifferentiated strand within my skein, flap of my flesh cut away and healed again! He has no rawness where the knife once was, he is round and finished and without seam. And I am healed, but there is scar-tissue that will not whiten, and a seam that is wrinkled and pursed. I cannot forget that something was a bubble of me that now is round and seamless and floats alone.

She pushed herself up on her elbow and held one hand flat shelved above her eyes and called.

"Baby! Are your feet wet?"

The yellow jersey hummock caved in slowly and reluctantly; the baby stood up, scowling furiously.

"Unh-unh." He stared at her with infant resentment for a minute and then jerked himself around, expressively, back to the

log and again addressed himself with ferocity to his sea-shells.

Let him alone. Let him swell and bubble. Let the sun dry away the primordial dampness and make him coral. What in the world did I call him for? How would his feet possibly get wet? The old scar itches, the flesh presses uselessly against that which once it owned, pressing and pressing, but they are two flesh. You are of me, but I am not of you. How is that, and how and why?

The sun got small again before her eyes, a far off point of light, and she watched it spring back near and huge and red, with a humming and a clash of brass. She lay on her back again so that the sun burned at all that was within the round trench of her bones, as though the top had been lifted and she lay broiling, the damp meat within the spiny carcass. Dry those damp and intricate darknesses within me, wither those dark and caverned sources of hate and revulsion and cunning, of furious possession and the corruption that it is to be a woman.

After a while she stood up and slapped at the crust of sand along her thighs.

II

She began to run along the beach, first through the soft deep sand, then down across the sharp mesh of dry seaweed, and then along the dark hard sand nearest the sea, marked with a Chinese tracery of the little waves that had now receded with the tide.

She raced near the edge of the water, running as fast as she had ever been able to run, and as neatly, taking long clean bounds and feeling her toes and the balls of her feet jab into the damp grittiness in sharp even rhythm. She could run as fast, her neck was as straight and firm, as ever.

But she could not feel the same, or as free, or as ruthlessly young. It was no use. She put her head down into the light sea-wind and sprinted, running away.

At the end of the beach she came to a mounting pile of brown rocks, spattered with white barnacles and netted with seaweed. She sat on the wet slippery summit. She slid her eyes back and forth along the knife-edge of the horizon where two blues met.

I love a beach and I love the sea. And a pirate ship came galloping straight over the horizon, bound for the beach, bulging with buccaneers hanging out both sides, and on top a fat square white sail and the black flag. Maxfield Parrish, with the sea the color of an alcohol flame. No ocean looks its best without a sail showing somewhere. What the well-dressed ocean will wear. Steam-ships—bad ocean fashions, the sea would do well to sink them all.

And the beaches. The yellow sands of the New World, and the chalk cliffs of Dover, the pink beaches of the far Bermudas, the dark and sinister dunes where up climbed the pirates carrying hooped chests under the tropical sun that gave them fever. Where stood Miranda all alone, staring out to sea—come unto these yellow sands. The marooned and the exiled. (My child? Don't look, you must try to become whole, that he can become whole. Don't look, think your own thoughts about yourself, or your thoughts about him will kill him.) Drake in the Pacific, Westward Ho, Salvation Yeo. He said, Sail On, Sail On! Sir Richard Grenville lay. In Flores in the Azores. While the hollow oak our fortress is, our heritage the sea. We—something something, balked the eternal sea. To hell with it!

She had to stand up to see where her child was. Way up the beach a small yellow dot, bright against the straw-yellow

of the sand, walked next to white trousers and a blue coat. That was Oliver, his father. The afternoon train was in. The family man had come home and had joined his little family on th' beach and was taking his little son for a walk, so sweet. We, meant to founder, something something, balked the eternal sea.

Should I never go back now, should I swim out into the gargantuan deeps, into the deep indigo darkness, what? Should I never return now, never walk back across the beach into the hot buzzing little box where live I, but with one paroxysm of desire, throw myself into depth and darkness and majestic oblivion, what? Home is where the heart is, ha ha! And the heart lies deep in beaded wells of forgetfulness and in the august and oblivious sea. The heart is drowned in yesterday, in fathoms deep of accumulated years and talking too much and always getting a little farther and a little farther from the early and fragile truth. Where is the truth, and where is the heart? Dropped into the shifting strata of the sea, and floating downward through interminable fathoms. Far, far away, and never to be regained.

Since life can never be brought back to beauty, and since the way has led off and away from faith or the slightest knowledge of what it is all about, why try to mend the way, why try to love what is intolerable? And all the things that life was going to be have dissolved, somehow, into the rest of impractical youth, like all good things. Now there is only existing and taking care of things and looking at faces and listening to people and talking and talking and talking.

All but my child. He is young and whole and an unseamed bubble and as pure and hard of heart as coral; he is beauty and he is mine, but I want him too much. Because, in the end, there is nothing

left but dust and talk, all that I gave to myself and to ineffable and impossible dreaming and to the core of the world in me, all this must go somewhere. And there is nowhere for it to go but to him. It will possess him. He will become mine and the receptacle of my love. And the receptacle of my hate.

Is it fair? It is not fair. No one can contain more than he is himself, for if there is more than that given to him, he must throw away his own dreams and himself, for there is no room for them. He will become utterly the violin of me, and he will be utterly mine, for I will fill him with more passion than he can understand, and it will possess him.

All the time she had been walking back along the beach, lifting her feet and setting them into the sand delicately and disdainfully. She looked up, and saw the sun upon its downward course, drifting, still hot and quivering, down the sky. I hate to see—that evening sun go down. It takes away the heat, and when the heat is gone I become all damp again, dark with liquid corruption which is possessive love. The sea was a little mauve now, and gulls flew along in scalloped lines.

"Hi!" Oliver called when she was within calling distance.

"Hi!" she called back. "Isn't it a swell day?"

He began to laugh as she got near him.

"You ought to see yourself," he said. "You've got a burn like a house afire. You're a beet. Did you know it?"

"I lay out here all day," she said. "It doesn't hurt."

"It doesn't?" He threw back his arm and gave her a terrific slap between the shoulder blades. "I bet that hurt."

"Sure it hurt," she said, laughing.

"The kid's burned too. For God's sake, why didn't you put a hat on him?"

"It's supposed to be good for him. He likes it."

The baby, released, had gone back to his sea-shells, and was singing, an interminable, noteless wail, in the late afternoon quiet. Oliver lay down in the sand and closed his eyes. He took a long breath.

"Nice, darling?" Amanda dropped down beside him and put her hand in his. He took his away and scratched his nose.

"By the way," he said, and then closed his mouth as if he had finished a sentence.

"What?"

"I'll be out to dinner."

"Who? Beatrice?"

"I don't know why you say it in that tone of voice."

"No reason."

"I'll be home early."

"All right."

"Well, *I will* be home early."

"All *right*, I said."

III

The evening sun kept going down. Amanda got up and put a sweater on the baby. He was so fat his arms had to be squeezed into the stretchy knitted sleeves.

The baby was sleepy and pushed his head back comfortably into her breast. He was a nice fat size, and felt warm and delicious in her arms. She felt at last relaxed and untormented. She dug her chin gently into the top of his head and looked out to sea, feeling healed and well with her child against her. He stopped all pain, closed all wounds. It was as easy as that. He rolled his head around luxuriously.

"Mmmmmh," he murmured, half asleep. His response and unconscious love were so agonizingly right to her that she could not help drawing her arms tighter around him, with a stabbing knot tied inside her. He smelt so good. Everything

in her ached to be given to him, to pour love and love upon his round head. There was so much pent inside her and so much that beat to get out.

Oliver got up.

"I've got to dress sometime," he said. "Coming?"

"I guess so. I hate to put the baby down, you know," she grinned up at him.

He burst out laughing again.

"God, you look like hell. Your nose is glittering, it's so shiny."

"Darling," she said, "I wish you'd stick around tonight."

He looked at her and gave another of his laughs.

"Well, baby, so that's the way you feel? We got the rest of our lives for seeing each other. Got to live, you know, get around, do things before we're old."

He gave her a little cheerful kick with his foot, and started up the beach.

The baby stirred again and threw one arm violently around her. She tightened her arms wildly about him. The old scar aches, the tissue is not healed. This flesh that was mine, returns to me, but closer, closer. All that I have so long, so much, take it; let the ancient blood flow back between us *once more*. I love you, my own flesh, and I love nothing else in the world. I can give to nobody else.

He lay perfectly still against her, swelling with his baby breathing. He was so warm, so terribly alive and new. She let her eyes seek the indefinite horizon, thinking of nothing, wanting nothing, letting her love and her need and her beating want flow into him, as though no knife had ever cut them, as if there had been no wound and no scar. She held him a little tighter for a minute before she got up to go, for it was turning a little chill; the sun bobbed like a bubble above the horizon.

THE COST OF JUDGE-MADE LAW

BY HARRY HIBSCHMAN

ONE of the hoary myths sedulously cultivated by the more conservative members of the bench and bar is that judges do not make law. Law-making, it is affirmed, is the function of the numerous legislative bodies with which the country is blessed, while the function of the courts is merely to "discover" and apply the law. The judge is "but the mouth which pronounces the law".

Unfortunately for this beautiful theory, the judges really have the last word. After Congress or some State legislative body has solemnly enacted what it conceives to be a wise and lucid statute, some high court has the final say both as to the validity of that statute and as to its meaning. Thus, between 1914 and 1923 minimum wage laws were held constitutional by the appellate courts of four States, and the United States Supreme Court in 1917 divided four to four on the question of the validity of the Oregon law; but in 1923, in the *Adkins* case, the Federal Supreme Court by a vote of five to four declared such legislation unconstitutional. Thirty-five judges of courts of last resort in all declared the minimum wage laws valid while but ten thought them invalid. Yet, because five of those ten sat on the Supreme Court in Washington at the right moment, their view became the law of the land, though, of course, according to the idealistic theory, they did not make law.

Another case involving a constitutional question of the first magnitude was that in which Frank S. Myers, of Portland, Oregon, challenged the right of the President to remove him as postmaster in that city without the consent of the Senate, and thus raised a point that had engendered bitter controversy from the beginning of the government. Andrew Jackson was impaled on this point when he removed Duane as Secretary of the Treasury without the Senate's consent, and suffered the humiliation of having a resolution charging him with having broken his oath of office written into the Senate Journal. And poor Andrew Johnson, though acquitted under the two-thirds rule, was impeached by the House and haled before the Senate for having removed Stanton without the Senate's approval and over its positive opposition.

Still the question remained unsettled until now at last in 1924 this fighting Oregon politician threw it into the lap of the Supreme Court. Before that august tribunal it was argued twice, Senator Pepper being invited to appear at the second argument to defend the Senate's claimed prerogative. The court's decision was not rendered until 1926, when Chief Justice Taft filed an opinion seventy pages in length and Justices Brandeis and Reynolds filed two dissenting opinions, joined in by Justice Holmes, covering one hundred and eighteen pages. The majority holding was that the President did have

the power to remove his appointees without the consent of the Senate and that a statute enacted in 1876, requiring such consent, was unconstitutional. Though Myers lost, the law was thus settled after a hundred and thirty-nine years, and no doubt he found great satisfaction in that.

How, in like wise, even after the validity of a statute has been established, its meaning must be judicially determined before the layman can safely govern his conduct under it, is well illustrated by the Eighteenth Amendment and the acts passed for its enforcement. In accordance with the amendment, all these acts prohibit the transportation of intoxicating liquors; but what does transportation mean? Weird have been the decisions on that question. In Indiana, for example, it was held in 1923 that carrying liquor from a woodshed on the rear of a man's premises to the attic of the house was not such transportation as the law contemplated, but in Wisconsin it was held in 1928 that carrying liquor from a cellar under the house to a woodshed across an alley at the rear of the premises was transportation. In South Dakota and Virginia it has been judicially declared to be illegal transportation to carry liquor in one's pocket, but in Missouri the contrary rule has been laid down. The star case, however, arose in Kentucky in 1924, when a defendant by the name of Rush was charged, contrary to all the glorious traditions of that Commonwealth, with violating the law by carrying liquor in his stomach. He was actually convicted in the lower court, but the higher court showed better sense and set the conviction aside.

However, the determination of the constitutionality of legislative enactments, and their interpretation, construction, and application, constitute but a part of the law-

making activities of our higher courts. There still remains for the exercise of their power and the expression of their wisdom the vast territory in which there is no statutory law and in which they are called upon to apply the Common Law, which, theoretically, covers every question that can possibly arise.

But before they can apply it, they must first find out what it is, and to do this they turn to their own prior decisions and to the decisions of other courts, including those of England. In other words, they look for precedents. These decisions are so numerous that the reports containing them, in the most compact form in which they are available, now amount to more than seven thousand volumes, enough, if piled one on top of the other, to make a stack higher than the Empire State Building. That is the precious repository of our judge-made law.

II

But, of course, it happens now and again that a question arises that is not covered by any statutory enactment and for which there is no precedent; for instance, when some new invention like the radio or the airplane comes into general use. Then the courts make a great pretense of simply applying ancient rules and principles. But what they do in fact is to legislate in accordance with their own social, economic, and political points of view and in accordance with their own individual psychology. As that realistic jurist, Mr. Justice Holmes, once said, "I recognize without hesitation that judges do and must legislate."

By way of illustrating this point I offer a case in which Mr. Justice Holmes wrote the opinion of the court (*Goodman vs. B. & O. R. Co.*, 275 U. S. 66), decided in

1927. The question involved in that case was what degree of care must be exercised by the driver of an automobile at a blind railroad crossing so as not to be guilty of contributory negligence barring a recovery by himself, if injured, or by his legal representatives, if killed. While, of course, thousands of cases involving questions of contributory negligence were to be found in the books, this particular question was an open one in the Supreme Court as well as in most of the State courts; and what the Supreme Court held was that the driver under the circumstances mentioned must stop his car, get out, and walk ahead to where he can obtain an unobstructed view of the track before attempting to drive across. Goodman, having failed to do that, the court held that his widow could not recover for his death, though I am willing to give the picture of a two-headed calf as a premium to any driver who will furnish me an affidavit that he has ever once left his car to look for a train before crossing the track. And that goes for the learned justices who rendered that decision.

That the decision might have been different under what is supposed to be the all-embracing Common Law is evidenced by the fact that since 1927 only seven State appellate courts have followed the United States Supreme Court, while the highest courts of fifteen States have refused to do so. The latter hold that a driver need not leave his car at a blind crossing to look for a train before driving on if he is otherwise careful. In short, these courts do not recognize the holding in the Goodman case as good law. It is, nevertheless, the law for all litigants who must sue in the Federal courts, judge-made law.

That judges also flatly change the Common Law rules may be seen in two recent

cases, both having to do with the ancient rule that a man's title to real estate extends to the sky above and to the center of the earth beneath. The first, decided in Massachusetts in 1930, was one in which the owner of a country estate attempted to enjoin the operators of a commercial airport from flying over his land, and the court, refusing to grant him any relief, held that airplane flights at a minimum height of five hundred feet as authorized by State and Federal laws did not constitute a taking of the plaintiff's property without due process of law. (*Smith vs. New England Aircraft Co.*, 170 N. E. 385.) In other words, the limit of ownership upward is now five hundred feet instead of *usque ad coelum*, as Blackstone declared it to be.

The other case of similar import arose in Westchester county, New York, early in 1932. It was one in which the purchaser of real estate claimed that there was a breach of covenant against incumbrances because the local Sewer Commission had previously obtained the right to construct, and had constructed, a sewer across the property at a depth of a hundred and fifty feet. The trial judge who heard the case repudiated the old doctrine that "he who owns the soil owns everything above and below from Heaven to Hell", and held that title was now limited to the extent to which the owner of the soil might reasonably make use of it. He refused to hold that the sewer constituted an incumbrance. (*Boehringer vs. Montalto*, 254 N. Y. S. 276.) Downward, then, ownership no longer extends *usque ad orcum*, or even to the lower regions, but only somewhere considerably under one hundred and fifty feet.

Now, it is in these different ways that judges legislate: (1) in passing on the constitutionality of statutes, as in the min-

imum wage cases and in the Myers case; (2) in interpreting and construing and applying statutory enactments, as in the Prohibition cases involving the question of what constitutes transportation; (3) in determining what rule or principle of the Common Law to recognize in a case of first impression, like the Goodman case; and (4) in directly repudiating old rules and setting up new ones, as in the two cases last described. And it is through these various operations of the judicial mind that we come under what Jeremy Bentham called, "That most all-comprehensive, most grinding, and most crying of all grievances—the tyranny of judge-made law."

III

But judges make law only in litigated cases, and litigated cases mean costs, lawyers' fees and other expenses, which somebody has to pay. Legislatures operate on money obtained by the State through taxation. The Federal government and the States pay for statutory law. But courts operate under a different system. True, the State pays their running expenses and the salaries of the judges; but no individual, except a defendant in a criminal case or a pauper, can get into court and obtain any relief without an attorney who must be paid or without paying out real coin of the realm for filing fees, jury fees, witness fees, stenographer's fees, and divers other items. In short, it is private litigants who pay for judge-made law; and they have so paid for it in England for many hundreds of years and in this country ever since its birth as a nation, without protest and apparently without being aware of the fact that there was anything vicious about the practice.

It is this practice of placing the cost of

judge-made law on the shoulders of private litigants that I am venturing to indict as antiquated, cumbrous, burdensome, and wholly unjust. Why, for instance, should Goodman's widow and the Goodman estate have been required to bear all the worry and expense of a trial before a court and jury and then, after having recovered a judgment, have had to pay the further expenses of an appeal to the United States Supreme Court to have that judgment reversed in order that there might be established for all litigants in Federal courts the doctrine that it is contributory negligence *per se* for a driver of an automobile at a blind crossing not to get out of the car to look up and down the track before undertaking to cross? Why should Frank S. Myers have had to pay to have the United States Supreme Court determine in 1926 a constitutional question that had existed since the very beginning of the Republic, and, losing, vindicate Andrew Jackson and Andrew Johnson? Or why should one Massachusetts Smith pay for the judicial discarding of a doctrine as old as the Common Law when that discarding affects not only all other Smiths in the State but also all other property-owners?

Figures regarding this matter are difficult to obtain, for the records do not show what money is spent in litigated cases. Only certain statutory costs are given, and as to the actual money spent by the parties, that information is not generally made public. In the minimum wage litigation one can safely guess, however, that the money spent must have reached a tremendous sum, for there were two cases that went to the Supreme Court of Oregon, two that went to the Supreme Court of Minnesota, one that went to the Supreme Court of Arkansas, two that went to the Supreme Court of Washing-

ton, and two that went to the United States Supreme Court, to say nothing of numerous cases that were not appealed. As the lawyers appearing in all of these cases were among the leading members of the bar in their particular States and as organizations having vast financial interests at stake participated, the total spent during the prolonged litigation was probably not a penny under \$150,000, to say nothing of the money collected and paid out by the States under their respective laws during the five or ten years that they were in effect.

There are some cases, however, in which I have been able to obtain reliable figures, though they do not present a fair picture of the cost of law-making litigation for the reason that they were all prosecuted by organizations able to enlist the free services of some of the greatest lawyers in the country. Still they throw some light on the subject.

The American Civil Liberties Union has kindly given me the following figures: In the Anita Baldwin case the expenses of the appeal to the United States Supreme Court alone were \$2,778.90; in the celebrated Scopes case, though the eminent counsel who represented Scopes made no charge, the cost was \$8,993.01; and in the recent California red flag case the total spent was over \$5,000.

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has been similarly kind in giving me the following statistics: In the litigation over the New Orleans segregation ordinance in 1926 the organization expended over \$8,000, made necessary by a decision of the Supreme Court of Louisiana in spite of the fact that the United States Supreme Court had held the similar Louisville, Kentucky, ordinance invalid ten years before. In that earlier case the Association spent only

\$1,340, though its counsel included Moorfield Storey, one of the country's greatest constitutional lawyers, who, of course, made no charge for his services. The total spent in that case must, however, have been stupendous, as a number of other cities beside Louisville obtained permission to file briefs, and altogether twenty-one lawyers appeared in the Supreme Court.

More recently the Association has been vitally interested in contesting the various schemes adopted to bar Negroes from the Democratic primaries in Texas and other States. In 1927 it took to the United States Supreme Court a case attacking the constitutionality of a Texas statute prohibiting Negroes from participating in such elections. The United States district judge had declared the law valid, but the higher court held it unconstitutional. (*Nixon vs. Herndon*, 273 U. S. 536.) That case cost the Association just a little under \$3,000. It was followed by an attempt of the Texas Democrats to accomplish by rules and regulations what the Supreme Court had held could not be accomplished by statute. Again the same plaintiff took the matter into court, lost in the lower court, and won in the Supreme Court. (*Nixon vs. Condon*, 52 Sup. Ct. 484.) The cost was again in the neighborhood of \$3,000.

But the matter is not yet settled. The court was most meticulous in deciding only the particular question presented, namely, whether Negroes could be barred by a rule or resolution of the party executive committee under a statute vesting power in that committee to legislate for the party. Hence, it may reasonably be argued, and the newspapers so interpreted the decision, that if the discriminatory regulations were made by a party convention, without a statute on the subject, they would be legal. The Texans are sure

to take the hint, and just as surely will the colored people again take the matter to the Supreme Court and pay out another \$3,000 of hard-garnered fighting money. All of which furnishes a vivid example of how great constitutional questions are settled at the expense of private individuals struggling to establish principles that concern the nation at large.

Such is the present method of making juristic law in the United States, and it is a rank imposition. It is as unfair as it would be to make one resident of a city or State pay for all its sanitary measures, or to make one dog-owner pay the dog-tax for all other dog-owners as well as for himself. It places burdens of millions on the shoulders of private parties every year. It is a violation of the fundamental principle that the expenses of government shall be divided equitably, and it constitutes a substantial denial of equality under the law.

IV

I admit readily enough that it may be both foolish and futile for me to rail against this practice, so thoroughly is it established in our politico-legal philosophy and so long has it been passively acquiesced in; and I would keep my hand over my mouth and my fingers off the key-board were I not certain that we have the means of greatly modifying it and of developing a system more in consonance with the principles of justice and modern efficiency. There are ready at hand at least two instrumentalities that can be adapted to this purpose, both of which have already been tested and both of which have the endorsement of many eminent members of the bench and bar. All that is necessary is to extend their use in this direction, though before that can

be done there must be a radical change in the attitude of that great majority of the lawyers and judges of the country who are now inhospitable to any such reforms.

At present it is nobody's business to watch over the substantive law, to note its imperfections and inadequacies, and to take steps for the correction of its faults and short-comings. The first of the instrumentalities needed to place the cost of judge-made law on the State, where it belongs, is an agency invested with the duty of observing the functioning of the law and of moving for such legislative or other corrective measures as may appear necessary.

Mr. Justice Cardozo warmly advocated the setting up of some such agency about twelve years ago. Referring on the one hand to the judges "left to fight against anachronism and injustice by the method of judge-made law" and on the other to "the Legislature informed only casually and intermittently of the needs and problems of the courts", he asserted, "Some agency must be found to mediate between them." And for this task he urged a Ministry of Justice.

Since Mr. Justice Cardozo wrote that famous article twenty States have established agencies along the line suggested, calling them, in most instances, judicial councils. These councils consist, as a rule, of a certain number of judges and a certain number of lawyers, the former representing both appellate and trial courts and the latter being selected from the officers of bar associations, members of law school faculties, and the bar at large. Three States have laymen on their councils. The number of members varies from five to a hundred and seventy-five, though nine or ten is the usual number. As to their duties, a typical enumeration of

them may be found in the act establishing the council of the State of Washington, section 5 of which provides:

It shall be the duty of the council:

(1) Continuously to survey and study the operation of the judicial department of the State, the volume and condition of business in the courts, whether of record or not, the methods of procedure therein, the work accomplished, and the character of the results;

(2) To receive and consider suggestions from judges, public officers, members of the bar, and citizens as to remedies for faults in the administration of justice.

(3) To devise ways of simplifying judicial procedure, expediting the transaction of judicial business, and correcting faults in the administration of justice;

(4) To submit from time to time to the courts or the judges such suggestions as it may deem advisable for changes in rules, procedure, or methods of administration;

(5) To report biennially to the Governor and to the Legislature on the condition of business in the courts, with the council's recommendations as to needed changes in the organization of the judicial department or the courts or in judicial procedure.

The duties here outlined are fairly broad; but they are not broad enough to remedy in any material degree the evil which I am condemning. The emphasis, it will be noted, is placed on "rules, procedure and methods of administration", matters that certainly do need study—in short, on what is known as adjective law. It should, in addition, be the duty of these councils to study the substantive law of their States, the law of rights and duties, which specifically touches the citizen, and to make recommendations for remedial legislation wherever gaps or faults or archaisms are discovered.

Take, for example, the rule of the Goodman case in the States in which the question there decided has not yet been

before the courts of last resort. It ought to be the duty of the councils in those States to call to the attention of their respective Legislatures the anomalous condition of the law in this respect and to recommend that the rule that is to prevail be settled by legislation instead of litigation at the expense of private parties. Or take the matter of the old doctrine with reference to the title of real estate. If on account of the airplane and modern sewers it is to be abrogated, it should be done by legislative enactment and not by juristic lawmaking; and the initiative in bringing the matter to the attention of the legislators should be taken by the judicial councils.

This embryonic ministry of justice, then, the judicial council, is the first of the two instrumentalities that I contend should be used to relieve private litigants of the responsibility and expense of shaping our judge-made law.

The second instrumentality that I have in mind is the advisory opinion, an opinion rendered by a court at the request of a Legislature or an executive without there being any pending litigation. Six American States provide in their constitutions for the rendering of such opinions by their courts of last resort, particularly as to the constitutionality of proposed legislative enactments, and at least half a dozen other States have attempted to require such opinions by legislation. In most instances, however, such legislation has been practically useless, as the courts are almost uniformly hostile to any attempt to compel them to render opinions. Their main objections are that it is not their duty to decide "moot" questions, that to require advisory opinions destroys the separation between the judicial and the legislative departments, and that when they give such opinions they are not bind-

ing on anybody, not even on the judges rendering them.

The United States Supreme Court refused to render an advisory opinion early in its history when Washington and his Cabinet submitted twenty-nine questions and requested answers from that body. The justices found "strong arguments against the propriety of our extra-judicially deciding the questions alluded to." Nevertheless, in spite of that fact, no less a constitutional lawyer than James M. Beck, now Congressman, when Solicitor-General of the United States in 1924 advocated the rendering of advisory opinions by the court on constitutional questions. Such opinions could not be compelled by legislation, perhaps not even by a constitutional amendment. Still it is not impossible that the court as now constituted might hesitate to decline to give advisory opinions if called for by reasonable legislation.

And what a saving there would be to private litigants and, for that matter, to the Federal government and to the States, especially when the proposed laws in question involved the setting up of expensive administrative machinery and the collection of large sums in fees as in the case of the minimum wage laws! It would certainly be a rational procedure and one that modern-minded justices should be willing to adopt without constitutional compulsion. After all, there is nothing essentially sacred about the traditional separation of judicial and legislative departments; and for the higher good of the nation, coöperation might well prevail over separation.

If precedents are required, there are plenty of them. In England the advisory opinion has been an accepted thing for centuries. The famous McNaghten's Rule as to insanity tests in criminal cases, for

instance, was laid down in an advisory opinion or opinions given the House of Lords by the judges *after* the trial of McNaghten and his acquittal. The opinions were rendered in order to remove uncertainty in future cases. And in Canada the Supreme Court has since 1875 been required to give advisory opinions to the Governor in Council. Similarly a judge before whom an action is pending may, without trying the case, certify a question to the same court as to the validity of either an act of the Dominion Parliament or an act of the Legislature of a Province, and the court must give an opinion regardless of the amount involved.

The law of Canada does away with one of the objections frequently advanced against advisory opinions, namely, that there is no argument. The Canadian act provides that if a Province is interested, its attorney-general shall be notified and given an opportunity to appear, that any person or class interested may be heard, and that the court may request counsel to appear, such counsel to be paid out of the public funds.

The Alabama act of 1923 likewise authorizes the court to request briefs from the attorney-general and from other attorneys as *amici curiae*. And in a Delaware case involving the constitutionality of the school code of 1929, the judges heard eight lawyers in addition to the attorney-general.

With the adoption of the practice of having counsel appear in all cases, there would be no valid reason against the rendering of advisory opinions on constitutional and other vital questions at the request not only of the Legislature or the Governor of a State but also at the request of the judicial council. Only such opinions should not be merely advisory—they should be as conclusive as any other opin-

ion. And by extending the practice to the Federal Supreme Court, by a constitutional amendment if necessary, we would have the machinery with which to shift the cost of judge-made law from the private litigant to the State, at least so far as practically all constitutional questions and most questions of mere statutory construction are concerned.

By means, then, of the judicial council with enlarged functions and the advisory opinion, we can, if we will, relieve pri-

vate litigants of a large part of the unjust burden of juristic law-making. To do so would, furthermore, make for the speedy settlement of most of the questions that under the present practice, often for years, leave vast social and economic interests up in the air on a sort of legal teeter-totter. It would make for certainty. It would make for a reduction in the amount of litigation. It would make for justice. And it would certainly serve to bring the law more nearly in tune with the times.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

THE rising town of Blocton sets up as a rival to Los Angeles:

GREETINGS TO YOU!

I take pleasure in presenting to the many Americans that it is a strange and almost amusing fact that a person's mind travels around their body. Scarcely anyone possesses a knowledge of the real nature of the same, much less a working knowledge of its principles of application.

Send 25c in coin and I will send you a complete course on how to make your mind travel around your body, in my own handwriting.

PROF. R. B. MAXWELL

P. O. Box 270 Blocton, Alabama

CALIFORNIA

FOOTNOTE on the Hoover Prosperity from the *Brotherhood of Light Quarterly*, published by the massed astrologers of Los Angeles:

When Do We Gain Money?—It was our intention to have a report on this subject for the present issue of the *Quarterly*, but it would seem that everyone has temporarily forgotten he ever made any money. We have had no difficulty collecting data on when people lost money; but have been unable to get more than a few charts based on when people made gains.

BUSINESS announcement of a San Francisco scientist:

INCURABLE CASES

The so-called incurable diseases most often respond readily to drugless therapy. Diabetes, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Asthma, Insomnia, and all such diseases caused by a failure of ductless glands to function can be eliminated through organic breathings,

chemical food balance and stimulation of spinal nerves controlling the glands.

Telephone Garfield 0142 for appointment.

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440 Russ Bldg.

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GEORGIA

FROM the editorial prospectus of the *Southern Literary Review: A Literary Magazine of the South*, edited by Richard Merton Petty, and published in Atlanta:

The editors will welcome stories of any length and subject with the exception of sex. They must have a strong love interest. . . . A department will be devoted to humor, jokes, gags, cartoons and bright sayings. For special features we will use beauty hints, household hints, movie chats, book reviews, articles of nature, etc.

IOWA

THE art of reporting as practiced on the *Centerville Daily*:

M. E. Crowder, seventy-six years old, was thrown from a wagon load of wood when the wheel struck a stump and was knocked unconscious and badly hurt when he struck the ground. As he was falling he had presence of mind to stop the horses. Had he not he would have been hurt worse or killed in the timber. Alone, badly hurt, unconscious, he finally got able to crawl on the load and get home, but badly bruised.

MICHIGAN

THE Ludington correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* reports a novel addition to the armamentarium of Michigan sportsmen:

The fantastic story of a night traveler, who said yesterday that he saw a group of

youths making sport of a girl whom they had stripped nude in the woods, has been verified. State troopers, tracking down the story, found a girl in the village of Wellston who said she had gone riding with five boys, who disrobed her, formed a circle about her, and jeered at her shame, explaining that such was their habitual sport on Saturday nights.

MISSOURI

THE eminent *Post-Dispatch* of St. Louis offers a contribution to the American vocabulary:

Women favoring the nomination of State Senator Russell L. Dearmont for Governor on the Democratic ticket have planned an all-day "talkathon to beat bossism" for tomorrow at the Franklin-American Bank Building, Seventh and Locust streets. A bugler will sound the call, "Wake Up, Missouri," at 9 A.M. and thereafter five-minute speeches for Dearmont will follow in constant succession until 5:30 P.M.

ECCLESIASTICAL notice from the West Plains correspondent of the *Kansas City Star*:

When James S. Johnson, the preacher-police chief of West Plains, went to the Davis Creek schoolhouse near this city Sunday night to preach, someone threw eggs in the open window as the minister was expounding the gospel.

Services were adjourned until the minister could get his riot gun from his car and lay the weapon beside the pulpit. When the sermon was finished without further interruption, the minister drove to West Plains and telephoned to Mountain Grove, fifty miles distant, for bloodhounds.

The dogs took the trail, which led to the home of George Burden, a farmer, two miles from the church. After midnight the posse went to the Burden home. Burden's sixteen-year-old son, Cerbert, was in bed asleep. Going into the youth's room, Chief Johnson tickled the youth's feet to awaken him, and the boy, talking in his sleep, and Johnson answering, confessed to throwing the eggs.

The youth was arrested on a charge of disturbing religious worship. He pleaded guilty in circuit court here today when a special term was held, and was sentenced to two years in the reform school. His sentence was suspended pending his good behavior and his regular attendance at Sunday school and church for the next two years.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

GALLANT editorial stand of the Hillsborough *Messenger*:

We honestly believe that family quarrels, police court happenings or local labor disputes have no place in the home newspaper, as such publicity creates nothing but complications that will sooner or later cause hard feelings that may take months to rectify, if ever. We shall continue to follow the policy of know nothing, fear nothing.

NEW YORK

BUSINESS advertisement in the *Unadilla Times*:

FOR SALE—Or will exchange for a Model T Ford, three goats, the foundation of a numerous progeny; will eat anything from clothes off the line to tires from automobiles; also quite domesticated and odoriferous. Minnie M. Root, Wells Bridge, N. Y.

OHIO

CULTURAL note from Cincinnati:

A radio programme of the musical airs he liked best was given as a memorial tonight to Mike, the dog that put over Henry Fillmore's band on the radio. Mike died early today, apparently having eaten poisoned bread put out by his master to exterminate sparrows. A musical number was dedicated to him on a chain programme of the United States Marine band, and a quarter-hour programme from WLW also was played in his memory. It was at WLW that Mike got his start. More than four years ago, Fillmore had occasion to use rhythmic dog effects on a programme. Drums wouldn't work, but Mike did—so skillfully that listeners didn't believe he was real.

PENNSYLVANIA

THE grand old town of Bloomsburg, speaking through the Associated Press, contributes its mite to the horrors of the Depression:

The Poor Board here has decided that automobile owners, to be eligible for unemployment relief in the future, will have to deposit their car keys and license cards with the board. Nor will the Poor Board help persons with telephones.

SUBJECT of a sermon for young women at the First Baptist Church of Lansdale:

Where to Find the Fellow

TENNESSEE

THE great Christian town of Madisonville does its daily good deed:

A lot of bright-colored bathing suits, decks of cards and novels were missing from Madisonville homes today. They were burned in front of the Baptist church yesterday following a baptismal service in which thirty-five were baptized. The Rev. W. A. Carroll, who conducted a three-week revival, asked those in attendance to bring their bathing suits, cards and cheap novels. While "I'll Never Turn Back" was being sung the Rev. Carroll set fire to them.

THE Age of Specialization comes to the flourishing town of Gleason, and breaks into the advertising columns of the *Transcript* thereof:

FOR SALE—AT ONCE

All of my tools, and supplies of all kinds, for every trade, except printing.

I expect to follow the printing business the rest of my life, and want to dispose of my plumbing tools, shoe tools, cameras, watch making tools, a second hand steam press for pressing clothes, carpenter tools, and many other things that will not be used in the printing business.

I also have a Ford truck, and lots of used parts for other cars, and trucks. I want to clean up, and turn all into the printing business.

Call at the *Transcript* office, and let's talk it over, it will be worth your time.

Your Friend,

A. V. TREVATHAN.

WEST VIRGINIA

RESOLUTION introduced in the House of Delegates of this great State by the Hon. Mr. Davis:

WHEREAS, The members of the House of Delegates in this extraordinary session are in more or less of a dejected frame of mind due to their absence from their families and their businesses, which need their attention at this time, and due also to the fact that they are financially embarrassed, making it difficult to meet expenses here in Charleston and at home, and due also to the intense heat which permeates the Kanawha valley, and

WHEREAS, Said members are in need of cheer and entertainment in order that their minds may become normal and they be capable of meeting the great relief problems that face this session of the Legislature; and

WHEREAS, The Audit of the Finances of the State of West Virginia, 1930-1931, page 97, exploits the fact that the sum of \$2,513.86 was expended for Portrait and Frame, Governor Conley; therefore, be it

Resolved, That Governor Conley be respectfully requested to have transferred to the House chamber said portrait and frame, in order that it may be admired by the members of the House of Delegates, who need cheering up at this time.

WISCONSIN

UNITED PRESS dispatch from Hartford, Conn.:

Atheists should be barred from college and university faculties, in the opinion of Dr. Irving Maurer, president of Beloit College, Beloit, Wis. "America has enough able men in its teaching profession to make it inexcusable for university faculties to have among their members non-believers," Dr. Maurer declared in a sermon here.

THE HANGING OF CHUNG FOO

BY IDWAL JONES

GOING through this region of the Sierra, I so contrive my route that when night befalls it finds me at Garrotte. It is a tawny, granite cone with a sowing of pines, and half-way up a briar-grown tunnel. Beside it is a mill, reeking evilly of bats and coyotes, with immense, rusty ore stamps a foot deep in dust. The base of one, a block of iron a yard square, I once tried with a kick—when Polycarp's back was turned,—and my foot went through it as if the iron had turned to brown sugar.

That shows you how old Garrotte is. But it is younger than Polycarp, the warden. Except for his cabin, before which he sits warily, with a pipe thrust into his Mosaic beard, there is nothing left of the camp.

Nothing except aniseed. Umbelliferous clumps of it are on the slope; tall, swaying like children in the breeze, and so thick that the rabbits sleep hidden in the foliage. Here in the foot-hills it is plentiful. They say it grows only where people used to live. The scent was heavy this late afternoon. The day had been hot, one in the monotonous processional of August days, without change in the brass of the sky or on the ochre face of the earth.

Polycarp gave a grunt when he saw me looking up from the road. He prefers not to see anyone. Though if you are disinclined to push on, and look like a prospector, he may put you up for the night.

He lifted himself from his peel chair

and went in to putter around the stove. A half hour later we were dining off tin plates on smoked pork and a pile of dumplings like boiled tennis-balls.

"There was a cow around here last week. I should have had the sense to knock her over. Now it's too late."

He pointed through the haze at the hill opposite, a mass of octahedral columns of basalt, screened with sage-brush and morning-glory: a Cyclopean pipe-organ bombarded almost to powder. Eagles, with wings a-droop, wambled about on the detritus, uttering screams of distress.

"The epizootic came up my way since you were here last. It killed off a raft of squirrels and that cow. Those are young birds—last year's hatching, and they're getting acquainted with ptomaines. The old ones are wiser, and cleared out."

He brought out a clay jar, wrapped about like a mummy and soaking wet. The well inside was full of cool wine. Polycarp's arbor gives shade and also a wine of strange excellence, for the vine cuttings came from Chung Foo, the young gardener. And these grapes, as everyone knows hereabouts, the Black Duke grapes, are the roundest, the blackest and the most luscious in the world.

After a drink, he dragged out a fat watch and looked at it. Then he picked up his stick and set forth to make the last round but one of the day. I should not like to come upon the mine in darkness and unannounced. Polycarp has the quaint habit

of firing in the direction of any sound that strikes him as abnormal in the night hours. He is under the fixed delusion that someone is apt to haul off the tunnel or make away with the stamps. He will blaze zealously for as long as ten minutes to show his dislike for prowlers.

He was back under the arbor again, walking about, testing the velocity of the air with his hands. It blows powerfully here at times. In the Spring it sometimes loosens the pollen from the vine, tears off a leaf from his peach trees and does other damage of that grievous sort. He is proud of his peaches, clingstones waxey and perfumed. In a cage on stilts he keeps an eagle, an ignoble, scrawny thing with a bald head.

"Any news in the paper?" he asked, throwing the bird a handful of crumbs.

"There hasn't been any for a year."

"Huh. I suppose not."

Just a year before, this eagle laid an egg, and Polycarp had it hatched under his pet hen. The eaglet lived for a week or so. I wrote a piece about this exploit for the *Mother Lode Magnet*, and sent him a clipping, without knowing how he would like the *réclame*. But even a recluse is not immune to the joys of fame, it would appear, for Polycarp set out on foot for Jimtown, thirty miles away, to receive the approbation of the editor, to be dined at the Europa Hotel, where he made a speech, and to drink whatever was offered him. He stayed a week, and left only when he found that the next issue of the *Magnet* carried no picture of him.

"The aniseed is very strong this evening," I said, when he was sunk again into his chair.

He snuffed at the breeze, in which the silver hairs of his beard vibrated like antennæ. The memory-stirring powers of the scent unloosed his tongue.

"Yes. There was a whole lot of people here in Garrotte one time."

He leaned forward with his hands on his knees. There was nothing unusual to see below us. But wariness came into his eyes of washed-out blue, faded as if with long gazing at the sun.

"Right over there used to be the jail, with Benjy More's office upstairs. The shingle hung out, with 'Conveyancer and Attorney-at-Law' on it."

The road twisted white through a forest. A forest, not of wood, but of stone: spikes, minarets, towers of granite; glacial boulders higher than a church; rocks as harsh and jagged as newly forged spears.

"And over there, young Chung Foo kept his garden, back of the general store of his uncle, Tai. Tai was the one who got killed. Not that it was any great loss to Garrotte. I don't know whether I told you that before."

He indicated with his pipe a site above the rocks, at least twenty feet above the highest spire. That would place Chung Foo's garden in mid-air. Precisely. The azimuth of Polycarp's recollection is true.

The rocks were once packed under a fathom of loam, on which grew a forest of oaks and tall conifers, and through them wound the streets of Garrotte until the placer miners came and thudded at it with bolts of water until all was washed into the Stanislaus and the place was left as bare as a skull. Which was how Polycarp found it when he straggled back after ten years.

II

"They were friends, so to speak, Benjy More and the warden, who was beholden to him for the post."

Polycarp, the wind muffling the words in his beard, spoke with esteem of Benjy's

prowess with the law, his gloves and shining beaver hat. So great was his learning that he was often fetched down to San Francisco to defend a case. He put up at the Palace Hotel, and after his name in the guest-book, styled himself "Gentleman of Elegant Leisure." His testiness mixed him up at times in hasty pistol duels, but these were hazards unavoidable by a lawyer and an Alabaman in that rough age.

There are those who believe that More's learning fell short of adequacy. Nor is it true that he was ever a member of the bar. After all, Blackstone is not everything. And without some extraordinary talents More could not have risen to such prestige that his fame still hovers about this corner of the Sierra.

He knew by heart two orations of the first water, Webster's Reply to Hayne and Jefferson's first inaugural speech. Backward and forward he knew those speeches, and could patter them as handily as a sailor boxing the compass. In cases of ordinary torts, like the theft of a pig, claim-jumping or manslaughter, he turned Webster full blast on the jury, bellowing the Reply from the middle both ways until they were stunned and clubbed to a pulp. In more soulful cases, Jefferson was indicated, and with a grand jury this worked like an enchantment.

Polycarp retracted his head until the chin pointed at the sky, then emptied wine down his throat.

"There was never a speaker like him," he went on, after brushing off the red dew-drops from his beard. "His eyes were as large as that, he had flowing hair, a great pale face the size of a ham, and a voice that sung with magic. It was a steady voice that ate at your heart, that rose with a humming like a storm until it went into thunder and left everybody sagging in their chairs and sorrowful for

the wickedness there was in the world and Garrotte."

Not that there was much wickedness in the camp, beyond the normal amount of theft and homicide. Though the jail was commodious, and its monthly bill for hemp was steep, the inmates were few at any given time. The warden had not much to do except comport himself with dignity and oversee the girl who cooked the food and dusted out the office.

"It was the warden who brought in this Hermengilda. She was a Mexican, but high-class, and everybody allowed she had plenty of Spanish in her. In another year they were to be married. Considering what Garrotte was, this was saying a good deal for the proper ways of the both of them."

No Chinese had ever been locked up in this jail. Tai preserved order amongst his compatriots, and killings were few. An austere being he was, by all accounts: tall, with square spectacles and a face like a mask that had been smoked and crackled up a chimney. He sold everything from silk to blasting powder. He bought gold, and his riders, carrying supplies to camps and sandbars all along the Stanislaus, brought back gold dust in their saddle bags. He was the banker for a thousand Chinese and the head of the See Yups, the tong that had more adherents than any other in the foot-hills.

Here they foregathered, once a month, in the garden, to listen to the elders. And at midnight the See Yups sat down to roast pork and bamboo shoots and dined handsomely to music on the *moon-kwan*, with the huge gong weaving hoops of sound all over Garrotte, so that white men sat up in their bunks to shout in wrath or to listen and wonder.

But even then, Tai, the grand lama of the cash-boxes, did not join in the merriment. He hardly ever went out. He stayed

in his den with his hands crossed before him on his polished teak table. Aloof, with brain encased in ice, he sat thinking of profits and his million dollars at the London and Hong-Kong Bank.

Chung Foo, out in the garden, was a trial to him. He was kept there, banished from the front because of his unfitness for commerce and his inordinate thirst for wine. He was the disgrace of the tong. Every hour or so, Tai, brushing figures into his account-books, turned to the window. His girding, a screech as of the rasp of a nail on a slate, went out upon Chung Foo, tending the Black Duke vines or stretched blissful upon his bench, dreamy and intoxicated. It was like the colloquy of an ant and a slug, so one-sided it was. But, as entomologists will tell you, though the slug may be mute it is sometimes prone to quite rational actions.

"One day," said Polycarp, "Chung Foo, carrying a parasol and a jug, came strolling up toward the jail. He was in no particular hurry. Sometimes he stopped to look at the trees and the butterflies. Or just stood still, with eyes closed, and let the breeze blow cool upon him. There was not a pleasanter nor a more easy-going man in all Garrotte.

"The warden was pleased to see him arrive. He invited him into the office and after a pull at the jug, they sat down to a little game of poker. Chung Foo lost and lost, but kept on playing until it grew dark and all the coins were stacked before him.

"Instead of stowing them in his pocket, he pushed them over to the warden, motioning to him to keep the money in the safe.

"There they were, sitting and looking at each other, when a noise came drumming up on the wind. It was blurry and whanging. Can you think how Summer light-

ning would sound if it kept up for ten minutes on end?

"The warden went to the door and looked down the road. Then he knew it was the bronze gong at Tai's. Men were running in and out of the store with hands in the air. The pounding did not stop, so the warden turned to speak to his visitor.

"Something has happened to Tai."

"Chung Foo, braiding his pigtail, smiled calmly at him.

"D'you hear that?" said the warden. "Tai must be dead."

"Yes," Chung Foo said. "But long time ago. Four hours. His neck was very tough. He was very tough all over, like dried leather. But the vine knife was harder."

"The warden was upset at this. He put his fingers into his ears and said, 'I don't hear a word you say. I have heard nothing. Go up in the hills and don't come back.'

"He tried to wrestle with Chung Foo and push him out of the door. But it was useless. The man could not be budged. He motioned to the warden to step aside, and then went on toward the cells and entered one that had the door open."

III

For days the See Yups came pouring in, on foot, on horseback and by stage; came in from the river bars, the placer diggings, the deep mines of Mariposa, and in the white of mourning they filled Garrotte. Tai they sank deep with ritual in the graveyard, and ten joss-house men set on him trays laden with the blood and hair of bullocks, soup, wine and rice, all hidden under a mound of blue papers inscribed with prayers in vermilion.

At the old merchant's place there was clamor, with incense pouring out of the windows, and a couple of hundred See Yups inside, buzzing angrily like smoked

bees. And up in More's office sat the elders with gray pigtails, talking with him behind the locked door. All night the bronze gong was pounded so that hardly anyone could sleep for its throbbing, bleak voice. But no one complained, for the camp had been pretty dull and people were grateful at the advent of a gallows show. What enhanced the excitement was the report that the district attorney had flitted to San Francisco, and More was to prosecute.

The auguries were unfavorable for Chung Foo.

"Benjy thought he ought to have a little consolation—just so he'd go without a grudge against anybody."

"That was very thoughtful of him," I remarked.

"Well, he had to. It is in the statute books. So Benjy hunted around and after many inquiries got hold of a Scotchman named Mungo, who was known to have religious feelings. Mungo shaved and put on a black coat, then marched into the cell with a book, Josephus' 'History of the Jews', that belonged to the warden. It was the nearest thing to the Bible there was in all Garrotte.

"He read in a loud, massive voice two chapters. Chung Foo, with a long ivory pipe between his teeth, listened with courtesy. A strong wind blew all the time, and it slapped a blue paper from Tai's grave against the window and made the cell so dark that Mungo could hardly see the words in the book.

"He searched his head for something fitting to say. After a half hour he groaned powerfully.

"'Aye, ye're a bad 'un. A bad 'un, d'ye hear? Ye'll be crocked for it!'

"With that, he marched back to his diggings, stern, and with coat-tails flying in the wind, for he had lost enough time as it was."

IV

On the eve of the trial, Chung Foo made his one request. He was surprised, he said, that he had given Garrotte so much trouble. Now, there was in the safe that bag of coins he had won at poker. Would the warden kindly allow him to defray with it the cost of the rope? It must be a strong one, and from Uncle Tai's coil of it, fine merchandise, hempen and supple. The warden complied, and fetched him ten yards of it, and left him there on the cot, smiling and weaving the noose-eye with his own hands.

Late at night, the girl Hermengilda cooked a pot of *frijoles*, double hot with *chili*, for the prisoner's supper. The cell was dark when the warden went in, with a lantern slung on his arm and carrying the tray before him. Then he froze, stood there rooted. Under his chin dangled a pair of embroidered slippers. The bowl slipped off with a crash, and the warden jumped back with a scream of chagrin and fright. Chung Foo was hanging from a rafter.

The warden sped upstairs into More's office.

"Benjy, that Chinaman—he's hanged himself!"

"Who knows about it?" asked More, balancing a pen on his finger.

"Nobody yet."

"Good. Otherwise you'd be sacked for negligence of duty. That Chinaman is a worse scoundrel than I thought he was. He deserved hanging. In fact, the See Yups have promised me two thousand dollars to have him hanged.

"If it gets about that he stooped to *felo de se*, I shall, of course, get nothing. I shall tell them that the evidence was not conclusive, that he could have got off on the plea of self-defense. And I shall inform

them that you strung him up for me as a personal favor. For that you'll come in for half the fee."

The warden stood rooted before him, shaking and dumb.

"I have important matters to attend to," said More, taking up ink on his pen. "Good-night."

V

"Consider the predicament of the warden," sighed Polycarp. "What was there he could do? Rumors of the forcible hanging got around, and they were pinned on him. He stayed inside the jail and went out only when it was dark, and he went through the streets with his hat pulled over his face so that he might not see the reproach of men in their eyes.

"Even at Tai's place, they drew up their hands into their sleeves and looked at the floor without answering him when he spoke. Nor would they sell him anything. People came up at night and hurled boulders on his door.

"It was a trouble for him to stay on at Garrotte. He waited three months, four, five—waiting for Benjy to come near him. At the end of that time he went into Benjy's office.

"Though he stood there a long time and scraped his throat, it seemed that Benjy would never look up.

"Well, what is it?" he asked, laying down his pen.

"The money—the half of it that the See Yups paid. You remember you promised me half—"

"What for?"

"For stringing up Chung Foo."

More gave a start at this, and Polycarp described his surprise and how he loomed

up, slowly growing bigger and more menacing until he burst out with a roar that must have been heard all over the camp.

"A confession! A confession! So it was you that hanged Chung Foo! If there ever was an innocent, it was that unhappy youth. You had better go between two days. If word of this gets out, not God and His angels could save you from the gallows!"

Nor could they. The warden rushed down the stairs. He almost fell over the girl Hermengilda, who crouched, weeping, against the wall. She screamed when he tried to grasp her by the arm to explain, and ran out into the woods.

The warden kept fleeing, he ran down the Great Oak Trail, with the clapping waterfall in his ears and the shadows at his heels. At dawn he swung aboard a stage-coach and rode straight on to San Francisco.

He stayed away for years and years. And when he came back to Garrotte, there was no more to see than the Tertiary desolation that now meets the eye. The last to leave it were two sons of the widowed Señora Hermengilda, who had grown up and were white on the head.

This, Polycarp said, he had gathered from an old placer miner who had returned to get a cutting of the Black Duke vine that grew all over the hill, and who showed him where she had lived.

"At least," I said, reaching for the swathed pitcher, "the young gardener left much good behind him."

But Polycarp had retired to the other end of the veranda. With a musket under his arm he set out for the last round of the night, but paused a while to snuff at the aniseed, which seemed heavier on the breeze than before.

AN ARMY TRAVELS ON ITS BELLY

BY CLEMENCE HASKIN

IN THESE hard times the cookstove is as much a part of the average Protestant church in the United States as the communion rail. Over 400,000,000 meals were cooked in 200,000 church kitchens in 1931. The profits paid for pews, pulpits, paint and charity. They lifted mortgages and bought billiard balls, pipe organs, linoleum, and furnaces. Sometimes they also paid the preacher's salary. And when the pious ladies of the Aid Society weren't cooking for money they were cooking to fill up the empty pews on Sunday and to bring folks out for the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting. There is nothing, it appears, that peps up Sunday-school and church attendance like a Pot Luck Supper or a Chicken Stew. The church now travels, like an army, on its belly.

Take, for example, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick's skyscraper house of worship on Riverside drive. A typical day's schedule includes three or four luncheons, a couple of teas, and an evening dinner for 500 or more. During a recent month food for seventy-seven different functions was prepared in the ten kitchens, and 5,498 guests in all were fed. During one week light refreshments were served to 1,700. In charge of all this Christian work is a food specialist holding a master's degree in home economics and backed by ten years of practical experience as a restaurant manager. Under her is a chef in charge of the kitchen, which is equipped for serving as many as a thousand people at a time. An-

other cook, called a pastry chef, does nothing but bake, and there are general kitchen helpers and a staff of waitresses who serve on call.

At Riverside no attempt is made to show a profit, but the charges are planned to cover every item of food and labor. From small service kitchens connecting with the nursery kindergarten and primary departments milk is served every Sunday morning according to the dietary schedule of the modern child. The lunch period is now as much a part of Sunday-school as the weekly lesson. Every Sunday afternoon three teas are given, and at all times four shining samovars stand ready to dispense hospitality. The grocery bill is larger than that of many city hotels. Here are a few figures taken at random from one month's account:

Meat	\$671.08
Dry groceries	287.02
Fresh vegetables and fruits.....	210.14
Potatoes	56.32
Butter	87.03
Eggs	50.17
Cream	53.90
Ice cream	147.98
Canned vegetables	105.59
Flour	15.70
Coffee	65.20
Crackers	44.66

Riverside is one of America's largest churches. But its feeding programme is no more impressive, considering its size, than that of thousands of smaller churches where devout women do all the cooking

themselves, often serving weekly meals to business men's luncheon clubs as well as providing the refreshments for the usual church affairs. A recent survey made by the *Christian Herald* among churches ranging in size from cathedrals to village chapels shows that the average American church serves at least twenty meals a year, with an average guest list of 118.

I have before me the social calendar of the First Presbyterian Church of Springfield, Mo., listing its past year's activities. In this typical Middle Western church, food was served 192 times—sixteen times a month—or a little better than every other day. There were banquets, dinners, luncheons, suppers, teas and socials. The numbers served range from 350 at the annual Mothers' and Daughters' banquet down to the ten or twelve men present at the weekly luncheon of the session members of the church.

The Freedom Plains Presbyterian Church at Lagrangeville, N. Y., with a membership of fifty families, has large affairs each year, and at each from 100 to 200 men sit down to dinner. In October the faithful have their annual roast goose supper, and in September they wrap themselves around several thousand baked clams. In addition to these wholesale gorges, there are from three to four organization meetings a month with refreshments served.

The Friendship Park Methodist Episcopal Church at Pittsburgh, which has a membership of about 100 families, has fifty eating functions a year, with the average guest list running over 100. The Parker Heights Church at Donald, Wash., serves food at least twenty-five times annually—certainly a good lot of eating for a constituency of less than forty families. The Presbyterians of Clay Center, Kansas, a prairie town, gather together for eating

purposes twice a month. The most talked of function is the annual Pot Luck Supper, at which some 300 guests bring food and share it. According to the church reporter these "exquisite collations dust the cobwebs right off the appetite."

A small country church in Canton, Conn., with a membership of seventeen families, serves fourteen dinners annually, with a Ladies' Aid tea every other week. Its Chicken Pie Supper usually draws out a crowd of 150. Out where the corn grows tall, in Union, Iowa, a town of 600 population, the Federated Church stimulates piety and good will with victuals forty times a year. The Women's Guild of the Massachusetts Congregational Church of Belchertown serves a monthly public supper to 150 guests. At Peru, Neb., the little Baptist church serves food three times a month to the Kiwanis Club, in addition to maintaining a hearty eating programme for its own membership.

II

American church organizations, it would seem, must eat or die. The Girls' Friendly Society, the Sunshine Circle, the Women's Bible Union, the Men's Club, the Ever-Ready Band, the Glad Hand Juniors and the I'll Try Boosters all keep their hearts in tune with the infinite around the community table. Church after church holds its business meetings fork in hand. Says Mrs. F. D. Hinton of Yoder, Colo., in a letter to the *Christian Herald*: "A well fed congregation forgets its grudges and its cussedness. With our substantial eating programme we keep our church machine running as smooth as cream." To which Earl Hood, of the Hyde Park Community Church of Cincinnati, adds: "The church kitchen is one of the best feeders to church membership."

Ten years ago the Highland Park Christian Church of Los Angeles, began serving an inexpensive dinner before prayer service. The plan proved "a real means of grace." Outsiders began dropping in, and presently whole families came, finding it less expensive to dine out than to cook at home. Today the church is the largest in the city. Looking back over the years, its members "feel that a greater part of its strength lies in that spirit of friendly co-operation brought about when, as one family, we shared the evening meal."

To pay off the \$2,500 debt on their parsonage, the women of Sulphur Springs, Texas, organized to serve meals regularly twice each month. They saved the parish from bankruptcy, and much to their surprise the church membership trebled, the Sunday-School attendance doubled, a mother's class was organized and a Junior League started—all within twelve short months.

The Missionary Society of the First Presbyterian Church of El Monte, Calif., serves a dinner before its monthly meeting. "It keeps attendance up" so well that the members now list better cooking among the spiritual goals of the society: "Read more intelligently. Pray more earnestly. Give more sacrificially. Serve more willingly. Cook more healthfully."

Baked ham and apple pie proved the salvation of the Presbyterian Men's Club at Olean, N. Y. Three years ago a hundred or so Presbyterian husbands were gathered into a monthly club by the minister with a view to good suppers and a good time. Other men smelled the baked ham and apple pie and promptly joined. With recruits pouring in from all the Protestant laymen and clergy of Olean and nearby towns, and with a hundred Catholics and several Jewish friends joining, the membership jumped to capacity limits—

453—and there are now fifty on the waiting list.

Several years ago the Trinity Methodist Church of Berkeley, Calif., decided to rebuild. There was land to buy, a valuable city block; moreover, a new organ was needed, and equipment for Sunday-School rooms, recreation hall and kitchen. Every member gave his utmost, but the fund still ran short.

Could the women raise the money? They said they could and they pinned their faith on cooking. Since then lunches, dinners, suppers, teas and banquets have been turned out of Trinity kitchen in a never-ending succession. The Sunday-School Board meets and wants a simple supper; the Men's Brotherhood needs a dinner to hear a noted layman; the Mother-Daughter Banquet and the Father-Son Jinks are special events; the Missionary luncheon is a once-a-month affair; the Poultrymen's Conference from the University would also like to be served. The charge is always small—thirty-five, fifty or eighty-five cents—but the menus are so planned that a profit is assured.

Six years ago the First Methodist Church in Maryville, Missouri, was practically on the dead list. The building needed repairs—about \$55,000 worth. A new minister arrived, bent on improving things. He got the Ladies' Aid interested and they offered to shoulder \$11,000 of the debt. By the time the building was ready for dedication the women had \$4,000 paid, and were promising \$1,000 a year on the pledge. They have stuck to their bargain and, in addition, are spending \$800 annually on the upkeep of the parsonage. Every cent has poured in through the back door of the church.

The ladies of the First Baptist Church of Eureka, Mont., make their church suppers pay the \$20 a month they send to New

York for foreign mission work. Valley City, N. D., a town of 300, sometimes clears \$800 on a supper. People come from two or three counties around. Every week the women of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of the mining town of Frackville, Pa., bake 200 pies which are sold through the local stores at a profit of five cents each. All the making and baking is done in the kitchen of the church. In addition the fifty dignitaries of the local Rotary Club are served a luncheon once a week.

It's big business, all this money making, and it requires efficient organization. Sometimes it takes a staff of forty women to put on a supper. Each worker has her duty as clearly defined as that of a member of the military staff at a brigade headquarters. Not a detail is left to chance. The supper committee is divided into sub-committees each having its own particular chairman and its own particular job.

At old time church affairs the bills of fare knew no boundaries. Everyone brought what he felt like bringing and ten times more of it than he could eat. Spread out the length of five or eight family tablecloths was food enough to feed the standing armies of the world. It took cast-iron vitals to weather one of those community meals. But all this was before the dawn of the present thyroid times and the advent of the efficiency expert. Then churches could worry along on a shoe string. Now their vast array of secular activities puts a heavy overhead on them, and they must be business-like.

Here is how it is done in a typical Kansas church. The ladies of the College Hill Methodist congregation of Wichita are busy every day cooking off their \$16,000 pledge for payment on the new educational building. They have to be efficient or they could never muscle through all

the work they get done. The group is organized into fourteen circles of from twenty to forty women each, with a general Aid Cabinet in command.

III

The Aid goes after catering jobs, bidding in competition against the local hotels. One woman supervises the kitchen and its equipment, which is adequate for serving 500 guests. One has charge of the dishes and linen, another heads the waitresses, one acts as head chef. All the work is supervised by units. When an order for a dinner is placed, the specifications must state the number to be served and the price to be paid per plate. Then the quantity menu file is consulted to determine on a bill of fare within the price and allowing a profit. There is no guess work. From soup to nuts every dish is figured out on a cost basis. So are such miscellaneous items as gas, ice and flowers.

With food thus being turned out in hotel quantities, the churches are finding it necessary to equip their kitchens on the hotel plan. They are being electrified to the danger point, and are almost frightening in their shiny perfectness. I've seen committee women stand around afraid to touch a thing, and feeling medieval in the welter of mechanical aids. Usually a couple of machine-conscious executives are put in charge. Their job is to see that the ladies of the day's kitchen committee find their way about, and to introduce them to every nut, bolt and valve.

Let's take a look into the kitchen of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Bridgeport, Conn., typical in its modern conveniences. The equipment alone costs \$10,000. It is divided into as many areas as the Western Front. Forty women, working three hours, can turn out a dinner to

serve 500 people and do it without confusion or haste. The guests can be served simultaneously within a period of ten minutes to a course. Here the working units are so arranged that groceries coming in the service door go right around the kitchen from refrigerator to service tray with Ford-like precision. All along the way, invisible helpers, creatures of science, mix up batter, beat cream, wash and wipe dishes, and carry heavy loads.

In this Bridgeport church the youngsters have a kitchenette to themselves, off their own recreation room. There's a third kitchen, too, adjoining the women's club-room, adequate for serving a luncheon or a tea to 100 guests. At the Riverside Church in New York the Junior Department has its own kitchen, equipped with a small gas range, an ice box, and a cupboard and sink. It is complete even to a small ice cream freezer.

Last Winter I visited a number of these *de luxe* church kitchens. Now I can appreciate the remark made by the priest of a Catholic church in Pennsylvania to a merchant of the town who stood gaping at the new Methodist church. "Father," asked the merchant, pointing to the burnished cock topping the ventilator of the educational building which houses the modern kitchen and dining-rooms, "what does that bird symbolize?" "That," said the good father with the merest shadow of a twinkle, "stands for the chicken-pie department."

Meanwhile, the Church Kitchen Engineer has come into being. The John Van Range Company of Cincinnati has several of these experts on its staff. Their work includes everything from helping the architect select the spot for cooking activities in a new church to showing the women how to get the most out of volunteer labor. The Church Kitchen Engineer must be a

food expert as well, with a practical knowledge of the restaurant business.

To increase its circulation, one religious magazine has already used kitchen pots and pans as premium offers. A year ago a Christmas catalogue of gifts for churches gave over three complete sections to kitchen and dining room. The premiums ran all the way from electric dishwashers to mechanical bread slicers. From the preface to this catalogue I quote:

For the church kitchen one can choose lingeringly from a rich selection of every conceivable tool for saving labor in the preparation of meals for many. Here's a device that does five different tasks. It can whip, it can beat, it can mash, it can extract fruit juice and grind what you please. Here's a roaster, turkey size, with a glass cover; you peep right in without lifting off the lid. And here is a tool every woman covets, for it will wash hygienically clean, rinse and dry to a glistening all those stacks upon stacks of dirty dishes that pile the tables high when church suppers are given. An electrical dishwasher would fit the church's Christmas stocking to a nicety. You might put an electric kitchen clock into the toe and a set of dishes in the top and there are innumerable other merry gifts to put in between. For the dining-room silver is the gift *de luxe*. Its usefulness tokens the hospitality which the church extends to all who gather at its tables.

Equipment manufacturers are not the only fellows the religious publications are putting wise to the new eating programme of the American churches. For years their advertising salesmen have been looking enviously at the page and double page food advertisements in the women's publications, and saying to each other and themselves "There's where the money lies." Now with the churches spending thousands of dollars on their kitchen and dining-room equipment and their monthly grocery bills doubling and tripling the

amounts spent for Sunday-school supplies, these energetic young men are up and awake.

The largest magazine of the group has established a Church Housekeeping Bureau to provide authoritative help to women cooking their way into St. Peter's good graces. An article on preparing food in quantity is published each month, and a service department in connection with the Bureau offers economical and easy menus with recipes in quantity amounts. Some months as many as 500 churches ask this Bureau for help with their meals.

All the menus given are of the money making sort; that's what the churches demand, for they have learned by experience that the ability to capture a profit requires more than a committee of good cooks. The articles emphasize economy measures, with subtle little tricks for fooling the eaters into thinking that they are getting more than their money's worth. One food editor thus expertly advises her readers:

Each diner must feel that the food is abundant, satisfying—if he is to be inveigled back again. Community cooks of the past have spoiled their guests by serving a great too-much. A tradition has grown up that a public supper isn't much unless it's a regular gorge, no matter if the price is only thirty-five cents. So forever keep in mind the wisdom of choosing foods big to the eye and little to the purse.

It seems that there are many benign tricks for keeping appetites within the price limit of the meal. One scheme is to serve a soup or a cocktail course. It costs little, it is filling, and it makes the meal imposing. And here is a trick within a trick: with a sea food cocktail, bolster up the fish by adding chopped celery in the bottom of the glass. For salad, gelatine is the greatest little nickel stretcher you can find. And don't forget always to shred

the lettuce; it goes twice as far and even the coarse outside leaves can be snipped right in.

"Have the waitresses pour the coffee already creamed," advises the *Christian Herald's* expert. "Two quarts of grade B milk mixed with one quart of heavy cream is a good enough mixture for coffee, and will serve more than 100 cups. Set the cream on the table and there will be no end to the amount that's used; sometimes five quarts! . . . The business of dishing up is important. Get some servings bigger than others and you hear about it in a joking way all around the tables, but your budget doesn't joke if you serve with a too-big hand."

Another expert tells her readers that "a badly balanced meal can produce a social peevishness that only the most optimistic could mistake for brotherly love. Good fellowship cannot flourish on flavorless sauces or vegetables boiled to a state of despondency, no matter with what elaborate gestures they are dished and served. There must be food that invites companionship and the communion of hearts spreading as by contagion the simple, happy spirit of Christianity."

Among the right sorts of food for this happy communion of hearts seem to be canned soups, canned milk, canned beans, marshmallow whip, gelatine (fresh fruit flavored) and two-in-one dishes that call for plenty of spaghetti and macaroni—fifteen boxes or so to serve 100 guests.

IV

One of the religious magazines does more than give advice. Three years ago it put a woman in the field to prepare demonstration church suppers using advertisers' products. The supper of course was followed by a short talk, with advice on

preparation and service. The plan was for each church to sell 100 tickets at fifty or seventy-five cents, thus giving the society a clear profit of \$35 to \$50. A committee of twenty women was recruited to help the demonstrator prepare the meal.

The schools are going over big with both the advertisers and the church women. Here are some excerpts from one's demonstrator's reports to her employer:

Committee and audience greatly interested; came up and asked questions, especially about baking powders. Several much gratified to know I swear by Royal.

It fascinates me the way most of these women seem to accept everything I tell them and the way they pat themselves on the back if they use all of our products.

Today we served tea, no coffee. Committee accepted it without question. I gave the tea talk while the tea was being served, to arouse interest in the drink itself and help to break down any resistance the people might have to tea. They must have enjoyed it, as they had several cups all around.

In some places the demonstration supper is turned into a cooking school, with a light lunch as the grand finale. The churches sell tickets at twenty-five or fifty cents. The products of sixteen manufacturers are represented, ranging from Borden's Eagle Brand condensed milk, India tea, Burnett's vanilla and the Kelvinator to Rinso for the washing up. In ten months 133 schools were held, with an attendance of 8,886 women.

Shortly after the organization of this cooking school, the magazine began advertising to advertisers in *Printers' Ink*, telling them about the 400,000,000 meals being served annually by American church cooks. "A tonnage market at pound

prices," said the ads. "The first manufacturers who advertise to these editorially stimulated women readers will reap the reward of all pioneers who open fertile territory."

The Corn Products Company, makers of Mazola, give church luncheons in districts where sales are low. The church women sell tickets and get the cash. The company provides the luncheon and it is followed by a demonstration of the various uses of the Mazola cooking oil. Two different aluminum companies put on demonstration church dinners with the women selling the tickets at their own price. Six food companies have demonstrators in the field working with church groups.

Any number of companies are putting out quantity recipes for the prima donnas who preside over church meals. The H. J. Heinz Company have a little folder called "Savory Church Suppers" with menus using their baked beans, plum pudding, baked ham, Worcestershire sauce, olives and mince meat. George A. Hormel and Company, poultry and meat canners, have a leaflet of three menus with order lists for fifty servings, and during the past year they have made arrangements with church organizations for supplying cooked and canned hams at a special price. The Gold Medal people have a leaflet for the church cook called "Dinners for Fifty," and the National Dairy Council provides booklets on "Feeding Fifty Folks."

Is the church selling its birthright for a mess of pottage? The ladies of the Aid Society say no. The more money they can make for the Lord, the more folks they can gather to His dining-room, the more stars for their crowns. The church supper is the new pass-key to Heaven.

MESSIAH VS. MESSIAH VS. MESSIAH

BY JAMES ONEAL

THERE were eleven so-called third-party tickets before the American voters in 1900, the largest number ever seen in a national election, but if the election laws were as liberal now as they were then there would probably be fourteen or fifteen this year. The number is less only because the ruling parties, during the past twenty years, have more and more surrounded the election laws with restrictions, so that in many States minor groups are now practically forced to vote either for Republicans or Democrats or to stay home.

The third-party movements of today range from a new-style Populism that would flood the nation with paper money to several varieties of Communism. Programmes to end the Depression are as thick as Autumn leaves. With disaster facing millions, swift deliverance is promised by every author of a new chart to the New Jerusalem. Tin pot Napoleons in great number are marketing these programmes. Hardly a week passes without another announcing his Message.

The two established minor parties need not detain us. The Socialist party and the Socialist Labor party, the former organized thirty-one years ago and the latter in the '70s, have nominated candidates and adopted platforms, but they face the usual difficulties in raising funds.

The first of the new sects born of the Depression is the Liberty party, whose members assembled at Monte Ne, Ark.,

last year. They came at the invitation of William H. (Coin) Harvey, of Free Silver fame. The meeting was held in a huge tent, and a keynote address of the Master was read to the rural Jacobins. Harvey will be recalled as the author of "Coin's Financial School," a pamphlet which sold over a million copies in 1896. In this work he instructed students, statesmen, bankers and professors in the mysteries of finance, and had no difficulty in flooring objectors with the ease of a Manassa Mauler.

Despairing of civilization, the philosopher migrated to the Ozarks of Arkansas in 1900 and became a realtor. There he was inspired with the ambition to erect a memorial museum in the form of a pyramid 130 feet high, which would preserve the records of the decay and collapse of Christendom. Within this monument a key to the English language was deposited, together with models and objects that would help scientists of the future to understand what had happened to us. No doubt a copy of "Coin's Financial School" and one of Bryan's "The First Battle" are included in these records. It was within the shadow of this tomb of civilization that the Liberty party was ushered into the world.

The Master is also the author of another work, called simply "The Book," which was published in 1930 and is recognized as the text-book of the new party. It is having a large sale in the rural West. Its theme is "Usury and Its Satanic Reign,"

which is traced over the centuries. The author has promised to reprint one short chapter on paper boards "with pictures of Saint Peter, Saint Paul, Luther, Calvin, and King Edward III," so that it may be "tacked on the walls of every home." With "The Book" supplemented by a semi-weekly organ, the *Bugle Call*, the money revolutionists already had a literature before they met in the foyer of the pyramid.

Harvey was nominated for President and Andrae B. Nordskog, of California, who is known as the Dynamic Foe of Monopolists, was nominated for Vice-President. The platform opened by declaring that "the money subject is the paramount issue and all other issues should be postponed until the government is reclaimed" and ended by "relying on Almighty God and the justness of these principles." A national committee representing sixteen States was elected and preparations were made for a whirlwind campaign. At that point, unfortunately, the old serpent of plutocracy wriggled into the party councils and a row followed.

By December the national committee was split. Some members were appalled by Harvey's age—he is eighty—and wanted to substitute Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska. Three members had the promise of a millionaire oil man that he would contribute \$1,000,000 to the campaign fund within thirty days if Norris became the candidate. Harvey answered:

As against all influence to divert us from our Holy Cause I shall stand firm, and, knowing as I do, the science of money and the philosophy of civilization, if elected I will lead the people out of the wretched condition that now exists into a new civilization where wonderful discoveries will be made relating to the organism of government, health, the prolongation of life and the universal prosperity and happiness of the human race.

II

But this assurance of the sage did not heal the breach. The rebels seeking the oil contribution captured the *Bugle Call*, and Harvey began the publication of the *Liberty Bell*. Nordskog, the candidate for Vice-President, became involved in the scrap, and in March of this year the Master demanded his resignation. This action confirmed the view of the rebels that Harvey wanted only a private party of his own. Facing a decline in prestige and support, the pyramid-builder made advances to Father James R. Cox's Pittsburgh Blue Shirts for a united front and the outcome was the consolidated Liberty-Jobless party. What the Master had to contribute to this union is a mystery, for most of his Jacobins had left him. Last April the Harvey-Blue Shirt alliance turned to a Farmer-Labor convention in Omaha in an effort to effect a triple united front.

The Farmer-Labor party of today is a waif, and not a descendant of the party of that name which made a stir ten years ago. It has been shifted from one keeper to another for five or six years, an anæmic infant seeking a nurse. What there was of it nominated Frank E. Webb of California for President four years ago. Webb is a mysterious stranger. He turned up at the Omaha convention and was renominated. General Jacob Coxey, who had led a ragged army of proletarians to Washington in 1894 and who last February entered his name in the North Dakota primaries as a Republican candidate for President, was named for Vice-President. A document presented by the Harvey-Father Cox alliance urged the Farmer-Laborites to organize Blue Shirt units, to refrain from making nominations, and to send delegates to another united front convention to be held in Kansas City on July 1.

Candidate Webb faced a difficult situation. He made an appeal to the brethren to hold the nominations in abeyance and try for a united front at Kansas City. But the chairman ruled him out of order, confusion followed, and the convention adjourned. Was Webb really the nominee? Nobody seemed to know, but in the middle of June Roy M. Harrop, chairman of the party's executive, announced that he was deposed, and that the nomination would be offered to the Hon. Huey P. Long, the Louisiana Kingfish. Harrop at that time declared that the mysterious Mr. Webb was a secret agent in the employ of the Federal government. The Kingfish declined the honor and the party was for the moment without a candidate.

The drama of the united front then shifted to Kansas City. The call for the convention there declared that it was inspired by a desire to have a "unity convention of all the different groups" and concluded by asking, "Shall we hang together or die separately?" This sinister inquiry brought several hundred together and it was announced that the Liberty party, Farmer-Labor party, Socialist party, Monetary League and Farmers' Union had been amalgamated under the name of the Liberty party, but the Socialists were quick to repudiate the accusation. Webb and Nordskog were nominated, but the presidential candidate, in accepting, rejected a section of the platform that favored government ownership of public utilities. Thus Webb, rejected by his Farmer-Labor party as a government agent, was adopted by the Jacobins at Kansas City. Meanwhile, the Harvey-Father Cox army of Blue Shirts called a national convention to meet in St. Louis in August, and the Master issued a bull forecasting momentous events. A "campaign by airplanes and weekly universal

radio . . . will elect the next President of the United States," but don't rejoice too soon. If the next President "is denied the office by a dictatorship with a Nero at Washington we will set up a constitutional government in the West and inaugurate our President."

Harrop, chairman of the Farmer-Labor executive, lately announced that General Coxey had been selected to replace Webb as the party standard-bearer, but he himself is accused by a former chairman, Frank Lowson, of issuing a "spurious" platform. Harrop answers that Webb and Lowson "are hired by the Federal Reserve Bank to wreck all third party movements." Thus Satan always turns up to balk the agrarian revolutionists.

There is a marked strain of Baptist piety in the Harvey and Webb movements and the union of the former with a pastor of Holy Church is the most romantic we have ever had in American politics. In 1904 there was a United Christian party which acknowledged "Almighty God as our Father and Jesus Christ as Governor and King" and in the same year the Prohibitionists declared that the chief end of government is the "establishment of those principles revealed to men as the will of the Ever-Living God." But something even lovelier has appeared this year in the organization of the Soldiers of Christ as a feeder to Socialism. They ask, Why haven't Christians who believe in Socialism obtained better results? They answer, Because either their Christianity or their Socialism is too much diluted. So the Soldiers of Christ adopt a bold programme: Convert the capitalists to Christ through united prayer, Bible study, and Christian militancy, and by "recognizing as our leader Him Who is invisible."

The Ku Klux Klan, still a power four years ago, is now in the doldrums. Its

prosperity has greatly declined, although small groups of bedsheet warriors still slink in the shadows, awaiting a more propitious time for the coming of the Invisible Empire. Its former Imperial Kleagle, the Hon. Edward Young Clarke, came to a sad end last June. The Depression had deflated the market for bedsheets and Kleagle Clarke turned to the task of deflating the Depression by founding Esskaye, Inc., a back-to-prosperity movement. Esskaye, Inc., was even more ambitious than the Klan. The membership fee was fixed at \$100 and Clarke forecast 2,000,000 members within six months and a war chest of \$200,000,000. In some way or other Esskaye hoped to force Congress to fix the price of farm products at pre-war levels and so rout the Depression. But this great scheme was dashed last June when Chicago alienists had Clarke committed to the Psychopathic Hospital for observation.

The Jobless party, now allied with Harvey, was founded by the Rev. James R. Cox, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Pittsburgh. Father Cox led a hunger march into Washington last Winter. Late in February he preempted the name of the party by filing papers in the county court at Pittsburgh and by taking similar steps in other States. In April he announced that every member of the party would wear a blue shirt and that his soldiers would meet in St. Louis in August to adopt a platform and nominate candidates.

Father Cox simultaneously announced his candidacy for President, and early in May the Jobless party was dedicated to the mothers of America at a solemn meeting of his Blue Shirts. "Mother Machree" was selected as the party's campaign song. Coxtown, a settlement of the jobless, was founded near Pittsburgh at the same time, and script known as Coxtown currency

was printed to pay for the erection of homes, and for the purchase of food, clothing, haircuts and other necessities.

Father Cox turned up in Rome in the middle of July, where he visited the Pope and also boosted his campaign for the Presidency. In an interview with a Roman editor he declared that it was all over but the shouting. About 17,000,000 votes, he said, were awaiting him in the United States, and he invited the editor to call at the White House for lunch some time after next March. After he becomes President he proposes to consolidate the wealth of the nation into a general fund, assume control of all banks, and draw up a programme of public works to provide employment. All our troubles will then be solved and a happy proletariat will salute the great liberator.

A press dispatch from Paris reporting that Father Cox would ask Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini for advice alarmed that section of the Liberty party which had parted company with Coin Harvey. Calling attention to Harvey's flirtation with Father Cox, the *Bugle Call* demanded, "Do we want a dictatorship fashioned on the patterns Father Cox will cut in Rome and Berlin?" It answered its own question by charging that the issue had become "the flag of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln—or the blue shirt of Father Cox." Harvey ignored these questions and said he looked forward to the Blue Shirt convention to solve "the money subject."

III

The Conference for Progressive Labor Action is a variation from the usual type of third party. Organized in May, 1929, mainly as an educational agency among the trade unions, it has within the past year become something of a parlor Bol-

shevik group, for it has admitted a few Communists who were exiled from the Communist party for mysterious violations of the Moscow creed. Brother A. J. Muste of Brookwood Labor College has the C.P.L.A. in charge and his one ambition is to unite the disunited into one party. His organization is not itself a party but it is marketed as having some special charms that will bring dissenters together. True to type, Brother Muste issued a call in July announcing the "CPLA strategy in this breakdown of Capitalism." That strategy is "the declared purpose of bringing together and unifying all labor elements" agreeing with him and "building a unified mass labor party of city workers and farmers." Every few months Brother Muste issues another manifesto surveying the scene, and announcing "principles" and "tactics," all to the end of unifying those who refused to be unified.

For eight years John Zahnd has maintained a National party at Indianapolis in the hope that it will one day be the rallying center for all those Americans who yearn for a Populist paradise. Zahnd raised the presidential flag in 1924 and 1928 but few would flock to his banner. Early in May of this year he summoned a few of the faithful to Indianapolis and they nominated George Irving Wilson, a 72-year-old New Jersey druggist, for President. The day following his nomination Wilson declined. He favored, it appeared, a united front of the National party with the Farmer-Labor party, the old Progressives, and Coin Harvey's Liberty party, but the National party chiefs would not agree. Wilson suggested General Coxey as the standard-bearer, but his own declination brought paralysis and inaction.

The Prohibitionist party, once so full of life, is somewhat decrepit today. When its national convention met in Indianapolis

early in July its leaders hoped for a united front of all organizations supporting the Eighteenth Amendment. Senator Borah, who had denounced the Republican platform plank regarding liquor, was considered the white hope of the hosts opposed to grog. His nomination was followed by the singing of "Onward, Christian Soldiers" but he refused to lead the drys.

However, there was a willing brother present and the delegates turned to him. He was the Hon. William David Upshaw, the Georgia Cyclone or Rolling Chair Evangelist. Willie immediately challenged Hoover and Roosevelt to debate the liquor issue with him anywhere, any time, and either jointly or singly. He is carrying on a no-compromise campaign against the hellish forces of rum which he will pursue even beyond our frontiers, for his platform demands that representatives of the United States in foreign nations and representatives of foreign nations in this country shall be required to observe the Eighteenth Amendment. Willie's hope of a united front, however, has not been realized. Deets Picket of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals announced on the day that he was nominated that while the candidate was "absolutely clear cut on our issue" his nomination was not a "practical proposition." So the Gideons of righteousness remained without a unified command.

Among the minor groups the Progressive Workers party, also known as the Beavers, is unique. It publishes a bi-weekly at Hackensack, N. J., the *American Worker*, and declares that a united front is not desirable. Each on his own front and a front for each until the Beavers can nominate a President: that is the strategy. You may believe in almost anything and still be a Beaver if you label your belief Progressive.

A recent number of the official organ announced names of the "generals of the Progressive army" who the editor hopes will adopt "the great platform of the Beavers—the Four Aces." Ace No. 1 guarantees "steady work for all," Ace No. 2 promises "money without interest," Ace No. 3 assures "fine incomes for all," and Ace No. 4 brings us "old age annuities." The generals proposed include such notables as the Hon. Huey P. Long and Senators Brookhart, Borah, Wheeler, Hull, Dill, Cutting, Norris, LaFollette and Shipstead.

The Beavers received encouraging news when their organ on July 15 announced that a test vote taken in California, Massachusetts and Ohio showed that 70% of the voters will support Progressive candidates in November. Every voter consulted, on being shown the Beavers' programme—"our short but eloquent platform, the Four Aces"—was told that they meant business. Only 10% showed no interest and only 20% "were straddlers, sitting comfortably on the fence." Evidently, Father Cox will have to reckon with the Beavers in November.

If you don't like their idea of a front for each and each for a front, perhaps the Progressive American League, which is of Chicago origin, will prove more satisfactory. Its organ, the *Progressive American*, is "battling for the People's Rights" and promises to announce its candidates for President and Vice-President some time before the polls close. It assaults the monster, Party Spirit, and yet has a good word to say for all the minor parties. Who are the marchers "in this great campaign to make the world safe for Humanity"? The *Progressive American's* answer recalls the Kingfish's great fraternity, the Mystic Knights of the Sea: "Progressives, Farmer-Laborites, Socialists, and Communists—

PROGRESSIVES all! Each group has its own standard, platform, followers and candidates, but in spirit all of them are ONE—staunch and inseparable comrades in that great Brotherhood which recognizes humanity's welfare ONLY, and NOTHING else!"

The P. A. L. accepts the Declaration of Independence in toto, and an inspired poem by its founder, Louis A. Kurtz, runs as follows:

We never will get justice from the hands
of Moloch's tools,
But we have constitutional rights to abolish
unjust rules!
We must exert those rights by supporting
parties free
From chains of greed-soaked bosses and
czaristic treachery.
The P. A. L. is your bet—not tomorrow,
but today!
To win the fight we must unite! There is
no other way.

IV

It need give no surprise if Erudition contributes its mite toward a union of all the minor parties. Following the Hoover sweep in 1928 certain Progressives, Liberals and Socialists founded the League for Independent Political Action. It gathered in a few editors, college professors, pastors, and others of the *intelligentsia* and late in 1930 it appealed to Senator Norris to take the leadership in founding a third party, a party that would give birth to a society that "was the dream of Him whose birthday we celebrate this Christmas Day." Senator Norris declined the honor and on second thought the *intelligentsia* announced that "we have not placed ourselves by this action in the position of tying the third-party wagon to any one man's fortune."

No harm was done, of course, for there

was really no third-party wagon to deliver to anyone. Early in the year the League issued an Address to the People of the United States announcing a Four-Year Presidential Plan, 1932-36. It affirmed the need of a third party that "will recruit its strength from the ranks of workers, farmers, professional people, small merchants and those numerous other Progressives who believe in a socially planned economy." A long programme was presented and in July the *intelligentsia* met in convention at Cleveland. The proletariat was absent but the convention awarded an endorsement to Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate.

Among the downright looney sects the official Communist party must be awarded first prize. To understand its actions one must recall a fundamental of its creed. Although militantly atheistic, its interpretation of life is paralleled only by Christian theology. As that theology interprets all things in terms of a war between Good and Evil, Flesh and Spirit, God and Devil, so the William Z. Foster band divides all mankind into two such fundamental divisions, the Communists and the Scoundrels. One must be either one or the other. The Fosterites have their Holy Land in Russia and a Holy Synod to hand down the law to the Faithful. Over and over again the synod has cautioned them against the Scoundrels. Many Parlor Bolsheviks outside the Communist fold—for example college professors who have made a few weeks' tour of Russia, theological students of a pink persuasion, sentimental middle class pastors, and romantic Y. M. C. A. secretaries—also think of the Holy Land with reverence.

The Communist party is so anxious for a united front that the Faithful slug all who stand in the way of it. "For working class unity in the election campaign" is

the slogan introducing its long platform. But how unite when the multitudes outside are all Scoundrels? The answer is simple. Pursue them into the halls and the streets where they hold meetings and break them up. I do not exaggerate. In recent weeks organs of the Socialist party, the Socialist Labor party, the I. W. W., the Lovestone Communists and the Cannon Communists carry stories of Communist party raids on their meetings. Foster's zealots carry on the war with yells, brass knuckles, clubs and knives. It has become so fierce that their victims have in a number of instances appealed for help to Roger N. Baldwin of the American Civil Liberties Union.

Of course, that is one way to get a united front; simply kill all dissenters. If everyone outside the official Communist pale is a Scoundrel the holy boys are perfectly right, but they are having difficulty in convincing others of the soundness of this view. In fact, as these lines are written there is some talk of a united front of the Scoundrel groups against Foster's raiding squads. Meantime, a Foster raider will sob when he is thrown into the hoosegow by some reactionary cop for broadcasting the virtues of the Holy Land, and the parlor Bolsheviks all go into action for his civil rights.

The Communist party has given birth to three groups of heretics, the Lovestone Communists, the Cannon Communists and the Weisbord Communists, and these heretics are even more hated than the Scoundrels outside the Communist fold. Their plight is a sad one. They must either vote for the Communist candidates or not vote at all. To vote for Socialists will be a sin against the Holy Land, while to vote for Foster will be to vote for the general whose soldiers beat them up. So the Communist front is badly messed up.

DESIRE

BY LOU WYLIE

THIS is a night wherein I have become as the growing grain
That tosses its arms in futile gesture, upward,
But whose desire is earthward,
Clutching with tenacious fingers
The earth's brown breast.

This is a night wherein the stars are remote and forgotten,
And the flaccid moon beckons fruitlessly,
For my desire is earthward
And I pulsate to the rhythm of all things growing.

Reach I down through all things growing,
Entwining my fingers into the roots of oak trees
And the thin tendrils of wheat,
Into caverns of life slumbrous,
And of things quickening and striving upward
For an allotted space in the sunlight.

I have placed my face to the ground,
And my body weight presses down grasses,
And there is beneath me the passion of the earth,
And of all things growing. Of wheat growing
And of grass upward thrusting, but holding snugly underneath.

I am at one with birth, and with the hour of consummation.
I am life drunk with the sap of strong oak trees,
And quick with the movement of petals outward opening.
Let your lips be ready when you come to me,
And your arms swift,
For I would be at one with the earth in creating.

REPORT OF A RETURNED NEW YORKER

BY BOB BROWN

I HAVE been back in New York just one month today, after fifteen years of living abroad. Everything is new to me. Oke. Swell. I'm thrilled. My friends assure me that in another week's time I shall be reacclimatized. That is to say, I shall be bawling like a baby for bathtub gin around the speaks, and my hand will tremble so that I can't hold a fountain-pen.

In the more snooty circles of the town I have found everything rather more British than it was before the Revolution. Week-ending, pub-crawling, town houses with lifts, country houses with kennels, braces, cheerio! My word!

I felt out of place in every penthouse I visited. I admired the view and the skyscrapers; I admired the electrolux disguised as a victrola, the victrola disguised as an electrolux, and the throaty purring of the radio in the Queen Anne clock. But I felt a little giddy all the time and was afraid of falling off the roof into Sixty-eighth street.

In the orchid atmosphere where the *Spur* and *Town & Country* laze on drawing-room tables I heard talk of borage and fennel, of fox hunts and kennels. I couldn't make head or tail of it. Downtown it was different. I felt more at home in Eighth avenue. Give us a light, Bo. How much it costs, the spuds? A lotta garbage cans all around. Street-sprinklers spraying the heels of down-and-outs. A lotta bums, the color of ash cans, poking in smell-boxes for plums. One picks up a kiddie car, leaning

against a grape-fruit crate full of something spoiled, and starts to make off with it. Not a chance. "Hey dere! Dat belongs to de kid next door. He left it out. Leave it alone!" Cuddling parties on every doorstep. This is the part of town that keeps up the birth-rate.

I am glad to get a home, a tattered flat in Twentieth street. It costs \$65 a month. I've been paying \$20 for a four-story house in France, all furnished. But catsup, which was forty cents a bottle in France, is ten cents in Eighth avenue, and canned corn, which is three for a quarter here, was pretty near fifty cents a shot in Paris, and not so hot at that. Tooth paste is cheap now and whitens the teeth; in other countries it turns them a pastel grey and whitens only the gums.

My flat takes the edge off my long expatriation. The only up-to-date contraption in it is a sanitary garbage-can: you press the pedal with the ball of your foot and the lid lifts. Hooray! With all your inventions, Marconi, you have got nothing like that in all your Italy. When I lived in your town, Mussolini, we used to put the garbage out in front of the house in a macaroni box after dark every night, and the cats and dogs fought over it till dawn.

I find that a great part of New York life is garbage. Garbage and cops. Traffic signals and cellophane, *Ballyhoo* and *Hooey*. New Yorkers use more ejaculations than any other folks on earth. Oke! I'll say! And how! Oh boy! In Buenos Aires the

Argentines get along with a bunch of fire-cracker exclamations, but they are all old words, mostly synonyms for "Look!"—"Olha, che! Diga! Meida! Veia!" The Parisians use only the worn "Voilà!" and one up-to-date greeting: "Sa-gaz?"—"How does it gas? How does it effervesce?"

I am properly impressed by the number of Coffee Pots, Gypsy Tea Kettles, and Sour Milk Shops, and by the purchasing power of the nickel. It is as effective in the commerce of New York today as it ever was. It still seems like a piece of money, for it buys a big chocolate-coated peppermint wrapped in tin-foil. The dime has depreciated to half its former value, for today it buys only a Sunday newspaper. All the current quarters are counterfeit. Baseball parks, even barbers, look down on the half dollar. A silver dollar will barely buy a chicken dinner. But the nickel has stood up.

In the corner grocery I see an empty waste-basket with a sign reading: "Drop a package of food in here and it will be delivered to a hungry home of the needy." Signed: "The Committee of Your Block-Aiders." Along Eighth avenue, I stick my nose into seven of these gaping baskets. At the bottom of one is a nickel package of biscuits (reduced to three cents). I hear that some Blockaiders, uptown, raise as much as \$500 a week and don't know what to do with it because there are no poor in their blocks. I read in the papers how the millionaires suffer during this Depression. It makes me shiver.

A Bristol Brush salesman wedges his toe into the crack of my door and keeps it there, to tell me that he was a colletch man till the hard times came, but now he is manfully working his way through apartment houses instead. In my old New York days door-to-door canvassers made no pretence to culture and sold egg beaters and

water filters, or sachet and love philtres. This new one says anybody can make a living today if he wants to work. I ask him how. He says by selling brushes, hanging brushes on housewives, pinning them on supine apartment dwellers; they can never have too many.

"But the steel mills are working at twenty percent capacity," I say. "Suppose you were a puddler and were out of work and couldn't talk good English and had only a pair of overalls left. Would your company take you on then to sell brushes?"

"Hell, no! But I'd learn English and get some collegiate clothes. If I was right up against it I'd even sell apples."

"But from handling pig iron all your life, perhaps your hands would be so callous you'd fumble the apples, bruise them, make a —"

"Aw, listen, I got no time to waste. Do you want to buy a brush or not?"

II

I wasn't in New York more than ten minutes before I began to see the pattern of the town clearly; the grain of the old wooden nut-meg stood out distinctly before my eyes.

I buy a newspaper, a regular daily issue, but as big as a Sunday edition of old. I read the ads:

Earn \$200.00 a Week.
This Man Did It! Look At His Picture.
You Can Do It! You're Better Looking
Than He Is.

Be Independent For Life
Just pay us \$1.95 a day and at eighty
we will pay you, or your heirs——

Buy this Building Site for
Only \$42.25 [Every month for nine years!]

I see armored trucks, cops whizzing by on motorcycles behind shields of half-inch

bullet-proof steel. Cops on horse-back; crooning radio cops, cruising in Fords. A young thug leaning on the door of one car, talking to the cop driver: "Yeah, I'll bring it when I go down to get yuh the beer."

I am impressed by the number of mounted cops, and by the drifting mass of blanched-faced down-and-outers, from Sixth avenue all the way over to either river. I feel pricking points of fear. The long arm of Al Capone shadows over the city—even the kids play gangster, with long black wooden guns that shoot with red rubber bands. I see life being forced down, humanity crammed in garbage-cans, with cops sitting on the lid. Bums sneak by, nosing in the refuse of life, carrying greasy burlap bags over their shoulders, full of smelly loot.

New York prices are down too. A brand of baked beans in one window for ten cents; same brand, same size, next door for a nickel. Everything is prices. Some are up. Haircuts cost forty cents; fifteen years ago it was a quarter. O vanity, O movies, O *mores*, O wops, O Argentine gigolos, O babbling barbers, what have you done to my home town?

It's still a collection of villages, with Chelsea Village Country Fair and Circus and Greenwich Village Week like Saturday night in a country town. Every villager calls every other villager "Boy." The ice-man says "Hello" to my wife. Maybe ice-men are privileged. But no: the butcher says "Hello" to her too. It's oke with me, but neither of us is used to it. Abroad there wasn't any ice-man and the butcher said "Ah, Madame, good morning, what a lovely day, and how is your husband, the Monsieur? My sweetbreads are very nice today." My wife would then inquire about his liver; they would exchange pleasantries, formal bows and *au revoirs*. Now my wife

says: "Hello, Gus." The butcher says: "Hello." Wife: "Quarter's worth of spare-ribs." Butcher: "Oke." We're home.

Our townspeople look pale, a little drunker, sourly hangoverish, not so well shaved, not so well dressed. It's now a dirty town. Everybody shows wear and tear, everybody is slightly worn. I see a lot of patches on pants, on faces, on careers. A lotta bloat. A lotta bilge.

I call on an old friend. She puts me in a rocker, and says, "Hello! You haven't changed much, except the gold tooth. Now, listen, child." Child your grandmother! I'm forty-six.

I sit in a rocking-chair for the first time in fifteen years. It is an amazing sensation. I get a big kick out of it. It's as thrilling as a Coney Island ride. I hold on to the side arms and teeter-totter to the tune of "Rock of Ages." I'm afraid it'll fold up under me like the old folding-bed I was born in. Outside America the only places in the world where I ever saw a rocking-chair were a café balcony in Palma de Mallorca, and the bungalow of an American missionary in Singapore. When he wanted to punish the natives for not getting their Bible lessons, the missionary used to make them rock in the chair. It was a terrible punishment, and only a missionary could have thought it up, for it made them sea-sick.

My friend tells matter-of-fact tales about gangsters shooting up a store next door, gagging the corner druggist and emptying his till. She thinks the laundry below her apartment is a blind for a bootlegger. She took them a bundle of clothes and they said they were sorry they did only wet wash. Wet is right.

When I leave at midnight my friend says I had better take her gun. But it's only a joke: the kind of kidding of which Americans are so fond. The kind of kid-

ding that leads to duels in more serious countries.

On my way home, I see a lot of lunch-wagons on vacant corners where saloons used to be. Vacant lots everywhere, where kids play baseball from dark to dawn.

III

On my arrival in New York I found an airmail letter of welcome from an old friend, summering out the depression in New Mexico. He enclosed a card to the New York Athletic Club:

Fellas: This is Bob Brown of Brazil, China, Spain and France. Please fix him up with a nice deckle-edge guest card. I'm going his bail. Thanks.

I buy a lot of magazines. They look sick, lack vitality. Now that there are no ads there's nothing to read in them. I swim through newspapers, breast-stroke, sailor fashion. Ads of neckties, bacon ten cents, beer parades, lingerie with alluringly shaded spots. The newsies are oke. "N. Y. Woman Loses Race To Die On American Soil." What would she have won if she hadn't lost?

There's excitement in reading the papers. Who'll win? Hoover or the Depression, or both? The Red Sox or the Yanks? *Ballyhoo* or *Hooey*? Standard Gas or G. E.? It's all a race. Neck and neck. I'm spreading out, my nostrils flare, my flanks quiver under the whip. I'm in the race again. I'll win. Oh, boy! Of course, if the worst comes to the worst I can sell Bristol Brushes.

The new brands of cigarettes, Old Gold and Spuds. Herbert Tareytons used to cost twenty-five cents; now they are fifteen. Richmond Straights used to cost fifteen; now they cost a quarter. Supply and demand. Up and down, on the up and up, down and out. Take those Spud cigarettes.

A novelty. Spuds used to be potatoes. I smoke my first Spud. It's an elongated moth ball. I remember the first olive I tasted. I'm oddly old-fashioned. I date. I have been away fifteen years.

I hardly have a chance to note that everybody is drinking tomato juice when somebody tells me it has been the rage for years, because of the vitamins.

"Judgonyon. It's the onion itself." Onion juice in bottles. Banana oil. Tricky cellophane packages, five doughnuts for a dime (probably counterfeit), an ounce of powdered sugar tied at the top. "You see, some people likes 'em sugared and some don't. If you want 'em sugared, jest pull the string and shake the bag."

Oke.

Hotel rates are cheaper now. Go to the New Yorker: rooms from two dollars. Go to the Commodore. Try the Times Square: radio in every room. Try the Pennsylvania, the McAlpin. They won't stick you. I go to the old Chelsea in Twenty-third street. Out of sentiment, I weep in the soup. Negroes serve it in my dusty carpeted room, soft-footed, soft-voiced, those Arch-angels, those Fallen Arches Blu-u-u-u-e-e-s. Good place, the Chelsea, good natured, old-fashioned as hell. Telephone still stuck on the wall: you have to stand up to it and salute it, stand at attention like a buck private and speak when you're spoken to. Chandeliers still in the middle of the room. Anyway, *that* hasn't changed.

The city demonics have improved; there is more terrorism. In the night, maniacal shrieks of fire engines. Bootleggers and gangsters depositing their loot. Moving picture owners and late lunch-room proprietors slipping their day's receipts into all-night banking slots. If I get away with the swag one of these nights, I'll rush to the nearest slot and drop it in, in an

envelope with my name on it; then it will be mine until somebody gets it away from me or the bank fails. Money, money, who's got the money? These night banks are new to me, as new as the closed banks on every corner. The only similar contraption I have seen in my travels is the depository for unwanted babies maintained by the convents in France and Brazil.

"He gimme hell!" shouts a demure Italian-American lady. I am surprised—that's no way for a perfect little lady to speak. The American language flung about everywhere. I'll say! And how! Oke! I grope through a chorus of okes. New to me, yet old-fashioned and Elizabethan, familiar as Shakespeare, at the same time. I had thought my own speech had grown loose abroad, that I would have to curb my tongue at home. Christ! Not so! Damn it all! I soon found I'd have to catch up.

"Hello, Joe. D'ja bring a bottle? Oke."

Hearty meaningless familiarity. "Hello, old dear. How the hell are yah? Oke. Now listen, child. Oke."

Offices in a whirl of telephones. "Tommy, put me on the other wire. Hello, hello, there now, listen, son." As much telephoning in New York as in Berlin.

Radio City. Radio New York City. Every office a broadcasting station, brains tripping up over telephone wires, spilling their contents into speaks. Hurry, hurry, hurry, Prosperity's just around the corner! Which corner? Prosperity's coming, Bill—and so's Christmas.

Rotarianism at last. All the old formality broken down. Everybody slapping everybody else on the back. Hello, Ed! Hello, Bill! Hello, Slim! I'd been warned that when a New Yorker pats you on the back, he is not doing it out of friendship; he's only feeling for a soft place to stick a knife. But when complete strangers

called me Bob in the first five minutes of conversation, I was charmed, disarmed. "Now, Bob, don't take it like that," said a business man I had never even heard of before entering his office. It made me feel at home. I leaned back in my chair, felt like putting my feet on his desk. My great-aunt, after forty years of marriage, used to address my great-uncle: "Well, now, Mr. Patterson, what'd you like for supper?"

In walking around town I find with surprise that New York is a hilly town. I had remembered it as flat. It isn't. It's almost as hilly as Rio de Janeiro. I puff up Murray Hill, shed a tear over the tearing down of the Union League Club, note the tragic faces of the alligators in the other overstuffed clubs, who still sit peeping fearfully out into Fifth avenue. People wear darker clothes, perhaps for economy. Fifth avenue seems to be in mourning. The subway is now as dingy as the El used to be. The El is unspeakable, and the wobbling, rickety surface cars are as out-of-date as the old horse cars.

All the other cities in the world put together haven't half as many shoe-blacks and shoe-shining parlors. "Shine, Buddy! Shine 'em up, Doc!" There are barbers everywhere. Parades every day, and when the flag passes people scrape off their hats, stand as reverent as the bowing Japs crying "Banzai!" when their sacred Mikado passes. The cigar stores are stingy with book matches. They used to hand out bunches; now they sell the excess two for a cent.

Swell shops have returned to their simple origins. Snooty photographers with big names put signs in their windows like Coney Island tin-type artists: "Come In and Get Your Picture Took. A Dozen for a Dollar. This Week Only." If you pass next week it will be seventy-five cents.

Things are rapidly going back to fair prices and fair profits, as they were in the beginning. Perfumers put up their products in smaller packages to be sold in five-and-ten-cent stores. Fashionable milliners sell hats for three bucks now, hats that cost them fully thirty cents. They used to get forty bucks for a better article that cost them forty-five cents. Stationers charge a nickel now for two-cent pads, instead of a dime.

I like New York better now that it has come down off its high horse.

It is homey to see old men sitting on front door steps, warming their shins in the sun. The song of the old clothes man is music in my ears. I find it pleasant to watch the wobbly little trundle-carts used by the clothing trade, bumping along with suits on hangers, swathed in pieces of cloth to keep the dust off. Everything on wheels. A Travelling Market in a truck, an ice-cream store in a Ford, merry-go rounds in autos.

I see signs advertising one and one-half rooms to rent. That's drawing it pretty fine. I note that landlords brag of their closet space and show wardrobe niches as though they were rooms. There are countless convenient gadgets, tools and squizzles—many things I have never seen before. A pencil made all of lead, no wood casing. Comic ads in the Sunday papers, not funny, but amazing, breath-taking.

The new dry ice is a never-ending marvel to me. I have seen nothing like it since I attended a lecture on liquid air last time I was here. Kids cop pieces off the ice-cream man and carry them around in their caps, tossing them like jugglers from one hand to the other. "Geez, it's hot! Geez, lookit, it burned a hole in me hat!" They drop the dry ice down each other's necks and into street puddles, making miniature Vesuviuses, puffing, sizzling, smoking.

Over the beer parade I see a blimp directing traffic. That's new. I learn that the New Yorkers of today can tell the type of an unseen airplane by the sound of its motor, as experts of a dimmer day used to be able to tell a Rolls Royce from a Model T Ford.

On Eighth avenue I encounter a Standpipe Siamese, the first time in my life. A sign says that's what it is—a sign above a two-headed water pipe sticking up into the street. I get the point; a twin standpipe, joined together forever by a one and indivisible umbilical cord of iron. That delights me. It's New Yorkese. Quick-witted. Smart. The Londoners never would have thought of calling that standpipe by such a name. They would have hemmed and hawed and ended up by naming it an Interlocked Dual Standpipe With Twofold Dual Interpenetration.

IV

For years, with mild distaste, I've heard Yankees abroad hollering for ham and eggs and a stack of wheats; Virginians calling for fat back and corn pone; Texans for sow-belly. But now, just lead me to Childs'! Let me taste a Manhattan butter cake, some fried scallops, cherrystone clams, shad roe, and cheese cake! Oh boy!

I find my chief interest is in food. I buy cans of corn, munch cracker-jack, and pry open cans of baked beans. It is nice to be back in a country that produces containers that really open. In other places necks are broken off bottles and cans are jumped on to get at their contents. Here, it's a simple twist of the wrist, and a key comes with nearly every can.

All food is clean, appetizing and nicely handled. North Dakota baking potatoes wrapped in tissue paper, treated as respectfully as alligator pears. Eggs graded ac-

cording to size and color. New Yorkers are the only Americans who will pay extra for white eggs. Throughout the rest of the country it is well known that the brown egg is sweeter and more nutritious. Tell a Manhattanite that, and he will come back with, "But white eggs are much more delicate." It was so fifteen years ago. It will be the same fifty years from now. All America is occupied in shipping her best food to New York. Butter from Minnesota, avocado pears and Sunkist fruit from California, shaker salt from Salt Lake City. At present prices it is a pleasure to buy raspberry jam, two pounds for a quarter. Butter, too, is low and lovely. It melts in my mouth. Nuts are sold everywhere—and pistachio nuts are now dyed red.

People in the poorer sections go about lugging great bags of groceries, especially on Saturday nights. It is safe to say that in all France there are not as many paper bags as one wop fruit stand uses here on a single Saturday night. In France, a grocer would rather wrap up your spinach in his shirt than part with a real paper bag.

Get the big package. Blimp Breakfast Food in the Big Bag, still consisting of two cents worth of blown up chicken feed and thirteen cents worth of ballyhoo. Everything is as over-sized as the fountain-pen used in business conferences. Many foreign foods have become native: alligator pears, broccoli, artichokes. Pretzels are cheaper than they are in Germany. Olive oil is the same price as in Italy.

The only thing I miss is good beer. For the first few days I got by on near-beer, "good to the last drop." I learned that near-beer is as much of a mocker as wine is reputed to be. Then I tackled real beer at a quarter a shot. It isn't much. I am told that New York has the worst beer in America, and I believe it. But I have found one saloon, functioning exactly the same

as it did the day I left. The same sawdust on the floor. The same picture of George M. Cohan. The same sign reading "We Trust Here" and pointing to the appropriate part of a pig's anatomy. But the ale has slipped sadly. It is made down cellar now. It still stands up, but only for about thirty seconds; then the gas gasses out of it.

I have lived in my time all the way from Fourth street up to One Hundred and Eighty-first. Most of the houses I have lived in have been torn down in my absence. All of the sections most familiar to me have changed on the surface, but are still the same under their skins.

Harlem is a real surprise to me. It has grown so black. But all New York is now full of Negroes. There are many more Chinamen in Chinatown, and Latin-Americans are all over the place. I see a local paper, *La Prensa*, for sale everywhere. The Italians seem to have been assimilated; when I was here before, the New York *Herald* ran three or four columns daily in Italian. Now I find in Mott street three different papers in Chinese. The Jews seem to have been absorbed too. On Hester street some grandfathers still cling to their white beards and some grandmothers to their lopsided wigs, but their offspring are now the Americans by which I judge the more obvious foreigners, Greeks, Chinks and West Indians.

East Side, West Side, all around the town! I feel a little foreign, out of place. My Munich overcoat is bizarre, my Austrian hat is not the thing, my Paris suit seems pink. I got my shoes in the Azores. People look at me. I am a Manhattanite no more.

Being a foreigner by expatriation, I drift downtown with my kind. Uptown life centers around the Chippendale electrolux; downtown life is conducted around the pedal-push garbage-can.

I feel most at home in Mott street, among the Americanized Chinks who wear queues no more and have thrown away their blue silk quilted jackets. They don't eye me so much, though all of them wear more New Yorkish clothes than I. The ornate clocks above the chop suey joints haven't been wound since I left. They still point dustily to the same old hour and minute.

In the go-carts I see slant-eyed babies pushed by happy, well-fed, smart Nordic mothers who talk about Grade A, Grade B and Loose. I learn that the root word milk has disappeared from the language, has been split into three. I think these Sino-American offspring will turn out Grade A and introduce some oriental culture where it's needed.

Among the umbrella menders, key fixers and old clothes men I hear the real language of my town. "Well, what can yuh do? The peoples wan' it this way. Let 'em suffer. Cops chase everybody dese days." Tin Pan Alley is gone from Bayard street. Rags are sold, clandestinely, in empty stores up in Houston street now, when the cops go on traffic.

The very same pot of coffee is boiling away on the back of the stove down cellar in the Doyer Street Mission, though a new crop of bums is drinking it, and the sons of the old-time sports are having their black eyes painted natural around the corner on the Bowery.

Chrystie street has been widened into a belt of baseball parks. With the sport racket going full tilt all embryo gangsters are in training for future stardom. They overflow into the narrow streets, where they can play only with rubber balls. They use their hands for bats; the dirt on them is impressive; they hold up traffic, play for blood; the winning team divides up \$20 or \$30 side money.

Cars toot. "Gotta let 'em through. Can't block de traffic." "Aw let 'em blow dere horns off. Hold it!" Young men not in the game volunteer for traffic cop training. Diplomatically they approach the stalled drivers and explain: "Can't yah wait a minute? Dere's two out an' one foul."

They out-holler the horns.

"Oke. He's out. Let 'em come through."

The darkest jungles around Allen street and the East Side Els have been opened up. A straggling line of stunted trees is planted. There are more park benches and many more bums to sleep on them. The city has made provision for its jobless.

In Orchard street there are card games on tables, played for money out beyond the curb line. The parking of autos has seriously interfered with the push-cart traffic, but it can never break up the crap games. Orchard street offers second-hand grape fruit, over-ripe dill pickles, fruity pickled herring, pregnant pretzels and baby carriages equipped with consolers. Hot potatoes, both murphies and sweets, are sold along the sidewalks. The clam carts of Mulberry street are unchanged, though the clams are bigger and now cost three for ten. But the Sicilian roasters of goat meat are gone from the vacant lots where they used to build their clay ovens and spit nursing kids to a turn.

"What 're yuh lookin' fer, Cap?"

"The old goat ovens."

"Oh, dey's been gone years. De cops chased 'em."

I drop into a speak to weep. I take my first drink of Scotch. Near-Scotch. Why don't they call it by its right name? I'm beginning to grouse already.

I had better get down my first impressions. Soon it'll all be old stuff. I won't be interested. Pretty soon I'll be drinking anything, thinking anything. I'll say! And how! Oke!

SOUSA

BY ISAAC GOLDBERG

CHEEKS bushily bearded beneath glittering eyeglasses . . . chest encased, as in armor, by a braided military coat a-tinkle with medals . . . baton swung like a command over the heads of a soldierly band—this is the Sousa that we knew as children in the childhood of America's imperialism,—the Sousa that Fame, unmindful of years and barbers, has fixed in the gallery of national portraits,—the Sousa so beloved of vaudevillian imitators at the turn of the century. A wave of the stick, a clash of cymbals, a banging of brass . . . and the imitation, like the portrait itself, was complete.

He was a happy warrior, in tune with his infinite,—a pollyannic combination of patriotism, piety, priggishness and piffle, sanctimoniously rendering unto God that which was God's, and unto Sousa that which was Sousa's, and frequently making the discovery that the two kingdoms coincided remarkably. Whom the gods love die not always young. The March King sat enthroned in good fortune from the very beginning unto the very end. He was happy in his parents, happy in his childhood, happy in his marriage, in his children, in his work. Small wonder that, strongly influenced by his mother, he saw the hand of a beneficent God in everything, and that his music-making took on in his own eyes the nature of a credo and a thanksgiving.

It was not any personal superiority that won him fame, he testified. It was a capi-

talized Somebody who sent him his tunes and helped his public to lay hold of his meaning. Success early attended him and never forsook him. He rose like a rocket into national and international fame; even his descent was graduated feather-like, over decades. His father lived to be seventy, dying on April 27, 1892; his mother died on August 23, 1908, at eighty-three. "She came to hear my band only once," he records. "It made her so nervous that she never came again."

The king himself, born into the primeval, mud-hole Washington of 1854, spanned with the seventy-eight years of his career virtually the entire panorama of our national popular music. The minstrel show, at his birth, was little more than ten years old, and was fast superseding, with its sad tunes and its gay, the long era of patriotic ditties. Soon the waltz, the two-step, ragtime and jazz would vie, between one war and another, for popular favor. Yet throughout these changes in taste would beat the simple, fundamental rhythms of the military march, advanced to its final form by the simple, fundamental gifts of this 100% American, in whose veins flowed not a drop of American blood. On his mother's side he was German; on his father's, Spanish-Portuguese.

Nor was his musical Americanism blurred with echoes of the African jungle. Sousa had little use for jazz; for that matter, though he came to maturity in the

90's and was, indeed, one of the factors that helped to make that decade gay, he was never really of the ragtime era. You will find, of course, occasional syncopations in his melodies, but these are chiefly of the routine material in all composition; ragtime never got into his blood. His Americanism was as straight as a Washington boulevard.

It was born, in fact, upon the streets of the national capital,—transfused into his veins to the pulse of a returning soldiery marching to the blare of brass amid the mad shouts of a holiday populace. Sousa, from childhood to senility, remained as fond of pomp, uniforms and decorations as a South American dictator. Washington, in his boyhood days, was an armed camp, and bands were naturally as plentiful as asparagus in May. The Grand Review at the end of the Civil War took place when he was eleven. It made so profound an impression on him that he used a long description of it, as seen through the eyes of a child, in Chapter XI of his novel for youngsters, "Pipetown Sandy", written forty years afterward.

It is not at all unlikely, indeed, that it was this Grand Review which laid the seeds for his career as a composer of national marches. To be sure, his father had been a trombonist in the Marine Band since 1850, and little John Philip had made friends with the musicians as early as his tenth year; the child, in fact, had learned by this time to manage the triangle, the cymbals and even the E-flat alto horn, so that the rhythms and the *oom-pahs* of the military stride were ingrained both by training and by patriotic pageantry into his nature. In the seventh month of his thirteenth year, J. P. was officially enrolled in the Marine Corps.

To his instruments was now added the violin under an instructor named Esputa,

and while he was still a pupil—he was a pepster and a go-getter from the first—he formed a little quadrille band that achieved a certain popularity in Washington. It was a modest organization: first and second violins, a viola and a bull fiddle, clarinet, cornet, trombone and drum. The players were all old enough to be Sousa's father, or almost; but there was J. P., already a leader, with an organization of his own.

II

Sousa's record, from the time that his father had him entered with the Marine Band as an apprentice musician, until his marriage, was geographically and commercially a checkered one. Yet it was a blue-print of his entire career, and Sousa was pretty much the architect of his fate. Gradually his environment widened, carrying him out of the Navy Yard into the society of the Northwest section of the capital. For a literary club he wrote ambitious articles; he joined the Orchestral Union, then led by Felix Benkert; at the home of William Hunter, assistant Secretary of State, he listened Tuesday evenings to a string quartette, and occasionally took part, becoming thus acquainted with the classics. He wrote a march, "Salutation", to celebrate the change of leadership in his Marine Band, and winced under the condemnation of the assistant leader.

He even had a chance, through the patronage of the philanthropist, W. W. Corcoran, to go to Europe for study, but through pride let the opportunity slip by. Later this episode, by a rationalization easily to be understood, reinforced an already over-protecting musical Americanism. He taught cornet; he led the orchestra of Kernan's Théâtre Comique, the leading

variety house in Washington; with Benkert he continued his study of the violin and the piano, but Benkert discouraged his cultivation of the keyboard. As a matter of fact, Sousa never developed into a good pianist, and Harry B. Smith, who worked with him in 1906 on "The Free Lance", next to the last of the Sousa operettas, records that, as played by him on the piano, one march sounded very much like another.

Before his twenty-first year he was the composer of a small repertory of pieces for piano and violin: an "Album Leaf", a set of sweet waltzes entitled "Moonlight on the Potomac", a galop christened "The Cuckoo", a march called "The Review". He sold them for a hundred copies of each; a few bands played them. It was a beginning. Sousa was no lazybones. When, during his first-violin days in the orchestra at Ford's Opera House, Washington, he was suddenly called by the illness of the conductor to assume the directorship, he was ready for the position. And when as a result of an ill-starred calf-and-puppy love affair he decided to leave Washington, make a name and a competence, and come back to snatch the girl from under the parental wing, he accepted an offer to conduct on the road. It was through Milton Nobles, actor and playwright, that he got the job; Nobles was playing his "Bohemians and Detectives", which Sousa induced him to rechristen "The Phenix". It is from this play, by the way, that we yet quote the line, "The villain still pursued her."

Through the Middle West Sousa pursued his job, learning, at times most uncomfortably, to know our musical hinterlands. The tour at an end, he found a position in his old theatre, where Washington, through "Matt Morgan's Living Pictures", was soon gasping at feminine near-

nudity. Sousa was shortly leading the orchestra again, later touring with the undraped ladies. But back in Philadelphia a centennial was being celebrated. Offenbach was leading a band in a park named specially after him. Gilmore's band was there. To this magnet Sousa was as a scrap of filing. Once more he kicked the traces and made for Philadelphia.

During all of Offenbach's season, which ended in July, he played under the famous French Jew. He wrote an orchestral mélange called "The International Congress"—Sousa's titles were usually opportunistic—in which he fugued "Yankee Doodle", interpolated national anthems, and wound up with "The Star-Spangled Banner", treated like the finale of the "Tannhäuser" overture.

What now? Back to Washington? On to New York? Or remain in Philadelphia? A position in the orchestra of the Chestnut Street Theatre, largest of the theatrical bands of its day, decided the issue. Though he had made good, Fate had decided that his Washington sweetheart would not be his wife. But Philadelphia held rich compensation. Gilbert and Sullivan had just amazed London with "Pinafore". And it was Gilbert and Sullivan who, fortuitously, brought him together with his bride.

It happened on Washington's Birthday of 1879, in Philadelphia, where "Pinafore" was being given. The Hebe of the company introduced Sousa to her understudy, —a Miss Jennie Bellis, who at once fascinated the young musician with her speech, her face, her voice, her dress. The company was celebrating a birthday; not Washington's, but Jennie's—her sixteenth. Had they but known it, they were celebrating a betrothal, too, for before Miss Bellis had turned seventeen she was Mrs. John Philip Sousa.

Marriage—and the home propaganda of Sousa's father, no doubt—brought new luck. For, on the heels of the tour with "Pinafore" (for which the young musician had made the instrumental arrangement, later praised by Sullivan himself) came a letter from his father telling him that he was wanted at Washington to lead the Marine Band. There was a minor battle to free himself from the now onerous theatrical contract, but it was won, and he reached the capital on September 30, 1880, ready for his new duties.

It was to be an uphill struggle. The musicians were undisciplined, underpaid, grouchy; the audiences were composed chiefly of nurse-maids and baby carriages; the repertory was anemic. Yet soon the White House grounds were being besieged by thousands. The concerts, within a year, had become social events, and visitors to the city carried the news back to the rest of the country.

Public events—the victory of Russia over Turkey, the resumption of specie payments—called forth commemorative marches, which began to find popularity with bandmasters. Young Sousa was in a strategic position. Though his better-known work in musical plays belongs to the end of the century, he had already tried out his hand early in the eighties. For F. F. Mackey, just before marrying, he had set to music a libretto by James Bird Wilson, entitled "Our Flirtation". It was produced at Abbey's Theatre, Philadelphia. Colonel Wilson Vance now approached him with an idea for a libretto, for which Sousa salvaged music from a virginal attempt entitled "The Smugglers". A few years later the bandmaster got his real start on the stage with "Desirée", done to a book by Edward Taber, produced by McCaull at the Broad Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and notable in our

theatrical annals as having served to mark the début of De Wolf Hopper.

In 1886 came the one-act operetta, "Queen of Hearts". A certain restlessness was already evident in the young composer's activities. He had begun, virtually, in the service of the government, and always, in national crises such as the Spanish-American War and the War of 1914-1918, he would be drawn back to his first love. Yet ever there was a strong call to the outside world. His eyes had begun to turn to the other shore of the Atlantic.

So, in the tenth year of his leadership of the Marine Band, he made his first journey to Europe, following the path that had been blazed by Patrick Gilmore, and leading in turn the way for the Paul Whitemans of the future. It was Europe—more particularly England, through an obscure journal devoted to the interests of the brass band—that crowned him the March King.

The king, meanwhile, was yearning for even wider conquests. In May of 1891 he had made up his mind to ask his release of the government. Already he beheld in his visions the Sousa Band that was to circle the world in trumpeted triumph. And, surely enough, on September 26, 1892, tucked away in Plainfield, N. J., his newly assembled band opened a road tour of eight weeks. On that very first day of the tour Patrick Gilmore died in St. Louis, and Sousa, in tribute to the dead pioneer, played as the first public number ever to be offered by his band, Gilmore's "The Voice of a Departed Soul." The king was dead; long live the king!

Sousa at once took into his organization nineteen of Gilmore's best players, including the famous cornetist, Herbert Clarke. March after march paraded from his pen, leading operettas, as it were, in their train: "The Washington Post", "The High

School Cadets", "Semper Fidelis"—most of them sold by contract to Harry Coleman, a music publisher of Philadelphia, for \$35 apiece, *including* arrangements for piano, orchestra and band! For "The Gladiator", which Sousa considered the march that inaugurated his career, Stopper and Fiske of Williamsport, Pa., refused to pay \$50, but Coleman accepted it at \$35. Sousa would get his revenge. After 1892 there were no more outright sales. "The Liberty Bell", before the Twentieth Century was five years old, had brought him in over \$35,000.

To fame in the concert hall was being added fame in the theatre. To 1896 belongs the operetta, "El Capitan", with a libretto by Charles Klein. De Wolf Hopper recalls, from the original opening of the piece in Boston, at the Tremont Theatre, on May 13, 1896, the superstitious fears of both Klein and Sousa. Not only did they protest against the date, but when overruled they refused to attend the performance. The jinx once conquered, however, they were there on the second night; the operetta, mocking their childishness, ran for two seasons. Klein, of course, was soon to win fame and fortune on the so-called legitimate stage with "The Lion and the Mouse", "The Auctioneer" and "The Music Master". At the pinnacle of his career, in Sousa's devout words, "God called him home." He sank with the *Lusitania*. But Klein, born an English Jew, had sunk long before his death; he had joined with fervor the Church of Christ Scientist.

On December 28, 1897, book and lyrics by the composer, came "The Bride-Elect", produced by Klaw and Erlanger. August 29, 1898, disclosed "The Charlatan", book by Charles Klein, written expressly for De Wolf Hopper's opera company, and produced originally at Montreal. Minor ventures brought Sousa's gay 90's to a close:

some of his music, together with selections from Lecocq and Herbert, was injected into "The Circus Queen", an arrangement from the French. "Chris and His Wonderful Lamp", to a book by Glenn McDonough, opened at the Hyperion Theatre, New Haven, on October 23, 1899.

There would be other operettas—"The Free Lance", in two acts, book by Harry B. Smith, with its première at the New Amsterdam, New York, on April 16, 1906, and "The American Maid", book by Leonard L'ebing, produced at the Broadway Theatre on March 3, 1913—and other marches. There would be trans-continental tours of the thrice-famous band. Yet by now Sousa was, historically, done, *ausgespielt, ausgeschrieben* . . .

III

Ausgeschrieben? Not quite. His eagerness for new triumphs was insatiable. He fancied himself not only as an all-round musician but as an author. His autobiography, "Marching Along", appeared only four years before his death, though it was largely a mosaic of previous articles and interviews. He was a man with a Message.

His chief hostage to literary fortune, of course, is the so-called novel, "The Fifth String", published in 1902. It appears to have been, for a time, something of a best-seller, and carried illustrations by the best-seller artist of the day, Howard Chandler Christy. I say "so-called novel", because the tale hardly runs to 18,000 words. It is a poor thing, in all conscience, and not even Sousa's own—the tale of a fiddler Faust wooing with Satanic aid a gelid Gretchen.

Also it is an impotent allegory of jealousy's destructiveness. For the fifth string on Diotti's violin, through which he is enabled to win the love of Mildred Wal-

lace, is the string of death, upon which he has been forbidden ever to play, under penalty of losing his life. How, in his concerts, he manages to avoid this middle string—how, until Mildred's uncle detects it, it eludes the notice of Diotti's regiments of admirers, I leave to keener wits than mine. Perhaps it was more of the Devil's work. At any rate, Mildred's jealousy, inventing a Tuscan sweetheart whose hair is wound about the string of the taboo, demands that her violinist play upon it. He does so, and falls dead upon the stage. Moral: don't take in Lucifer as your silent partner.

The story, short as it is, clatters with clichés. It provides, too, an oblique insight into its author, his mentality, his attitude toward music. If ever style was the man, this style is this man. The prose stands stiff and uncomfortable behind the linguistic boiled shirt. Every noun is chaperoned by the proper, time-worn adjective; praise is ever fulsome, song is ever plaintive, plaudits, of course, are lavish, the night is bitter cold. People don't ask questions; they interrogate; handwriting is chirography, and so on, *da capo al fine*. "Diotti's was the face"—Mr. Christy unconsciously gave the fellow a marked resemblance to Oscar Wilde—"of a man who trusted without reserve, the manner of one who believed implicitly, feeling that good was universal and evil accidental." The story, then, is a medieval hangover—a dissonant anachronism even in American letters.

Spurred on, perhaps, by its success Sousa was ready, in a few years, with his curious commingling of juvenilia, melodrama and Saharan dulness called "Pipetown Sandy". What under the canopy of Heaven could have been the inducement to write this chalky, tenth-rate amalgam of "Huck Finn" and Mr. H. Alger? Money? But Sousa was making plenty as the most pop-

ular band conductor in the world. Need to express his soul? But there is nothing expressed, except a goody-goodness that is all the more offensive for the impossible dialect in which Sandy and his gang make conversation. Fame? Rather say, as a sober guess, vanity. Sousa had the writers' itch. And the irony of it is that he went to his task—the book was published in 1905—with a deadly seriousness exceeded in comicality only by his attempts at humor.

What a farrago of poetizing storekeepers, widowed Junos, Boy Scouts, villainous deserters, kidnapped lasses, interrupted weddings, and, perhaps, confused recollections out of John Philip's boyhood days! And almost four hundred solid pages of the stuff!

"Pipetown Sandy", today, is a curio on the shelves of the Library of Congress. Yet Sousa's aspirations to literary laurels would not die. Between this devastating volume and "The Transit of Venus" lay fifteen years; so recently as 1920, long after he had passed his perihelion as a batonist, he published his last "novel", an opus of some 45,000 words. It is as original as "The Fifth String", turning this time upon the theme of the women-hater who is routed by the simple beauty of innocent girlhood. What an *olla podrida* of inconsequential sermonizing and obiter-dictation!

IV

What remains of Sousa's music today? Of the operettas, nothing but the marches that the composer drew from them. Not one of the stage pieces—not even "El Capitán", which he saw as a rival of the Gilbert-Sullivan productions—could stand revival the way such contemporaries as Herbert's "The Fortune Teller" reward it in our own time. Sousa was imprisoned by his talent for the military stride; these bars in

six-eight and two-four held him incarcerated as truly as if their shadows striped him in a cell. Good waltzes—roisterous, sentimental or sinuous—were being written here in the 90's and had been written even in the 80's. But Sousa was notoriously unsuccessful with waltzes, as even a cursory examination of his scores will show. The March King wasn't even a waltz commoner.

His writing for the voice often offends the sensitive ear with ungainly skips; it is as if he conceived his melodies in terms of an instrument and added the voice as a necessity of the stage. There was little self-criticism and much perfunctoriness in the man. He did not think in terms of the theatre. He shows but a meagre talent for vocal ensemble. Herbert, in respect of success with varied rhythms, fluidity, grace, inventiveness, sense of the theatre, chorus work and humor, far outstripped him. De Koven, too, in this respect bettered him.

It is the marches in the operettas that enlivened Sousa and that, in turn, enliven us still. A number of his finest two-steps come from "El Capitan", "The Charlatan", "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp" and "The Bride-Elect". To read the words alone,—words sometimes provided by the composer,—one could never imagine the rousing music that companions them. For Sousa, with his faded Gilbertianisms, and his armamentarium of quips and jibes from the antediluvian collections, certainly wielded no magic baton over the procession of our English speech.

Consider, for instance, these undistinguished rhymes:

You see in me, my friends,
A man of consummate bravery;
My inmost nature tends
To free the world from all slavery.
This thought then cherish,
Though you perish
Crush out Spanish knavery.

Behold El Capitan!
Gaze on his misanthropic stare,
Notice his penetrating glare;
Come match him if you can,
He is the champion beyond compare.

And then consider the music that Sousa set to them: one of the finest marches in the entire modern repertory, brilliant in conception, dashing in effect, still potent after thirty-six years.

His characteristic march strains, outside of the chromaticism of the "dog fights"—the French call by the term *bataille* these blatant episodes between the statement and the repetition of the trio—are forthright, diatonic melodies. Of all our popular composers, he seems to have attained the maximum of popularity with the minimum of inner musical substance. His harmonic pattern rarely ventures beyond the confines of the tonic, sub-dominant and dominant chords. His contrapuntal equipment is thin, though there are happy moments when he puts it to very effective use. Take, for example, the instrumentation of "The Stars and Stripes Forever", especially after the rousing "dog fight": above the cornets and trumpets, blaring the central strain, the piccolos throw off their obligatto like sparks struck from an anvil; below the trumpets is a simple striding figure for the trombones that gathers momentum until after several variations it blends into the close. The result is a flash of genuine, if very modest beauty, however hackneyed it has become during the first third-century of its seeming immortality.

Sousa early discovered where his powers as a composer really lay, and, with a native ease of self-adaptation easily rationalized his limitations into splendid theory . . . Rightly he considered that a good march was better than a bad symphony. He asked for the cultivation of perfection in the smaller forms, and held out as European

examples the works of Johann Strauss, Offenbach, Suppé and Millocker. At the same time he was—and this may come as a surprise to those who remember his band only for its tonal militarism—an early advocate in this country of none other than Richard Wagner.

He believed that there was as great a future in America for the wind band as for the symphonic orchestra. "The public is here, the love of music is here, and I am confident that out of the talent of our country will come many fine conductors, fine players and magnificent wind bands." Alas, history has jazzed his prophecy!

And yet . . . it is possible to believe that the solid, if restricted, fame of Sousa will outlast that of his stick-waving successors. For the Sousa march, in its unsophisticated solidity, rises from the most "basilar" rhythms of mankind.

Sousa remains, historically, the man of the 90's, *fin de siècle* long after the century has turned. This is the period of his most felicitous touches in the comic opera; this is the period of his world-renown as a bandmaster; it is in the 90's that his most spirited marches are written,—that he is travestied on the stage, that he is cartooned in the press, that he becomes, in a word what floats across the continents, Sousa.

Even mentally, he remains of the 90's,—the worshipper of an imperialistic United States, conductor to five Presidents, marching still in full panoply years after our national rhythm has changed from the march to the fox-trot. This helps to ex-

plain why, for all the security of his place in our Hall of Fame, he lost his hold shortly after the new century had begun. He paid the penalty that long life exacts: he survived himself.

The Sousa who leaped into action at the outbreak of the World War was no longer the Sousa of the war with Spain. He wrote no marches at all comparable with his "Manhattan Beach", his "Liberty Bell", his "Stars and Stripes", his "Charlatan", "El Capitan", "King Cotton", "Washington Post", "High School Cadets". The great Sousa, humbly great in his province, had gone the way of the departing era. Time was the Delilah that had shorn him. He had definitely dated.

He was a novelist, an inventor—having designed a straight-belled tuba, still known as the sousaphone, to replace the old helicon tuba that wound around the player's neck and diffused its rumblings unevenly,—a librettist, a lyricist, a good musician, a better conductor, a patriot, all made in America. He left a musical legacy of two overtures, ten light operas, twelve suites, fifty-three songs, six waltzes, eleven fantasias, fifteen miscellaneous numbers, and more than a hundred marches, instruction books for trumpet and drum (this in itself is for him fairly a heraldic combination), a book of airs of all the nations and a book of airs for the violin.

Most of this mass, together with the body that was John Philip Sousa, lies a-mouldering in the grave. But his soul goes marching on!

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Medicine

THE MAGGOT TREATMENT FOR BONE INFECTIONS

BY HAROLD E. HULLSIEK

FOR the last fifteen years the average death-rate in osteomyelitis, or bone infection, in the United States has been 14.8%. In the British Isles during the period from 1913 to 1927 it was 15%. In 51 cases at Guy's Hospital 21% died, 51% were discharged with healing wounds, 16% had amputations, 2% were transferred to other hospitals, and 2% were transferred to the infirmary. To the uninformed this may appear a dismal record and the proportion of patients discharged as cured may seem very small, but to those familiar with the treatment of this disease it is an extremely creditable showing. The figures are shown here merely for the purpose of giving some idea of the morbidity and mortality of the disease.

Acute osteomyelitis is an acute and diffuse inflammation of the bone marrow due to a pyogenic organism. It occurs at all periods of life, often in childhood and youth, and usually singles out the long bones of the extremities as the object of its attack. The pyogenic bacteria involved are the staphylococcus aureus, staphylococcus albus, streptococcus, pneumococcus, and others of less frequent occurrence. The infection is blood-borne and may have as its original focus an infected area on the skin such as a boil or a carbuncle, or it may be from a suppurating middle-ear, or it may arise from an inflamed tonsil. Occasionally it may be introduced, as

is frequently the case in war, by gunshot wounds, compound fractures, or from stab or other penetrating wounds.

The bacteria travel along the bloodstream and lodge first in the cancellous bone in that part of the shaft immediately adjacent to the line where it joins the end, or epiphysis. In the inter-trabecular spaces of the spongy bone is a mass of lymphoid tissue known as bone-marrow. Here the first spark of the infection begins to glow, finally breaking out into a flame which eats its way by direct spreading to the surface of the bone itself. A purulent exudate soon forms under the periosteal covering of the bone, and the periosteum is raised and freed from the shaft. The extension from the surface is backward again into the medullary cavity of the bone by means of the Haversian canals, and finally, after perforating the periosteum and burrowing its way through the soft parts, it appears on the surface of the skin. Oftentimes the disease is so acute, the infection so virulent, and the progress of the disease so rapid and fulminating, that local treatment of the lesion itself becomes secondary in importance to measures which must be instituted in support of the patient's swiftly failing strength.

As early as 1789 Lannelongue described this condition and laid down certain cardinal principles of its treatment. His rules were first, to remove all necrotic bone, second, to establish adequate drainage, and third, to combat the infection. They were immediately accepted as sound and at the present time still hold good. In the treat-

ment of acute osteomyelitis any method must have as its first requisite the early recognition and diagnosis of the condition. In chronic cases Beck advised in 1911 that all diseased bone be removed, that as much periosteum as possible be saved, and that the formation of cavities to permit a mechanical closure of the wound be avoided. Finally, he advised the taking of frequent roentgenograms during the after-treatment to be certain that there were no areas of dead bone left behind. With minor exceptions there was no radical departure from these rules of treatment until very recently. The new contribution is the work of the late Dr. Wm. S. Baer of Baltimore, and was published after his death, in 1931. To understand Baer's work we must go back three hundred years.

Ambroise Paré, the Sixteenth Century military surgeon, said in a discussion of infected wounds of the skull received on the battlefield: "But mark, after some months space, a great number of worms came forth by the holes of the rotten bones from underneath the putrefied skull . . . and the patient recovered beyond all men's expectation," to which Baron D. J. Larrey (1766-1842) added:

There is one more remarkable species of foreign bodies which we cannot pass over in silence, and which we have had an opportunity to notice with the majority of our wounded in Syria, during the expedition in Egypt. While the process of supuration of their wounds was going on, the wounded were much annoyed by the larvæ of the blue-fly, peculiar to the climate. The insects, . . . far from being injurious to their wounds, promoted rather their cicatrization, by cutting short the process of nature, and causing the separation of the cellular eschars which they devoured.

Dr. Baer himself, during the late war, observed two men who were brought into

the hospital suffering from compound fractures of the femur and extensive wounds of the abdomen. These men had been out on the battlefield for seven days without food and at the mercy of the many varieties of insects which abounded in the region. Yet they were in surprisingly good condition. Neither showed any of the evidences of sepsis which were so regular an accompaniment of the shell wounds which had not had early attention. Dr. Baer was quite mystified by their good condition. On removing their clothing he found to his disgust that their wounds were filled with hundreds of maggots. These were immediately washed out with an antiseptic solution, and at once another surprise greeted the surgeons. Instead of being filled with pus due to the degeneration of devitalized tissue and the growth of bacteria, the wounds were filled with clean, pink, healthy granulation tissue, and singularly free from odor.

During the ten years following the war Dr. Baer was reminded again and again, on seeing cases of osteomyelitis, of the picture of the two soldiers whose wounds had become accidentally infested with maggots. Investigation resulted in a constantly growing list of references to the beneficial use of maggots in infected wounds; some of them were gleaned from the medical literature as far back as the Middle Ages, while a part came at first hand from men who had done surgical work in the late war as well as one or two who had had experience in the Civil War.

In 1928 four children were admitted to Dr. Baer's hospital, each of whom had been operated upon three or four times for the relief of chronic osteomyelitis and whose treatment covered a period of five years. After years of conscientious treatment according to the most approved

methods, these little patients still suffered from a recurrence of the disease. It was then, after a great deal of deliberation, that it was finally decided to put into effect the results of the observations made years before, and with malice aforethought infest their wounds with the larvæ of the blow-fly.

Larvæ of the ordinary blue-bottle fly were obtained, and without any attempt at sterilization of the fly, egg, or larvæ (which was later done very carefully) they were introduced into the wounds. No antiseptics were used on or about the wounds or in any part of the technique, an attempt being made to reproduce as nearly as possible the identical conditions existing on the field of battle. No solution was used which might in any way interfere with the life or activities of the maggots. At the end of six weeks the wounds had completely filled with healthy granulations, were covered with epithelium, and, in brief, were healed. Then began the series of exhaustive and painstaking experiments which eventually led to the perfection of the technique of the use of maggots in the treatment of wounds as it is accepted today.

The first stumbling-block encountered was the introduction by means of the maggot itself of new bacteria, among which now and then occurred such virulent and dangerous organisms as the tetanus and gas bacilli. Directly it was seen that the problem of introducing the maggot without adding other organisms to those already present in the wound must be investigated, and this in turn led to a comprehensive study of the fly and its life habits.

The blue-bottle and the green-bottle fly were studied as to their life-cycles, the conditions under which they bred and laid their eggs, the effects of temperature,

moisture, food and sunlight upon them, and the possibility of sterilizing them at some phase in the cycle. The flies were obtained by exposing raw beef outdoors and allowing the eggs to be deposited upon it, after which the meat was transferred to a cotton-stoppered jar. The eggs hatched in twenty-four hours and the new-born larvæ were fed on fresh beef for seven days, at which time they were full grown. Following this they were put into a jar containing sand and after twenty-four hours they were all found to have pupated. The pupal stage of the flies lasted from five to seven days, when the adult fly emerged.

After Dr. Baer had hatched several generations of flies he noticed that they did not appear as vigorous as they should, and that most of them, in fact, did not survive their normal life span. Experiments then had to be undertaken to determine the ideal conditions of moisture, light, heat, air, etc., for them. Eventually the flies were housed in a glass incubator with an electric thermostatic control, with a known humidity, artificially lighted, and with the circulation of air regulated and kept constant by means of a small motor. It was a veritable fly Heaven, and in it the prisoners thrived and grew. Now at last conditions were such that the business of trying to obtain sterile larvæ could proceed.

At first trials were made at sterilizing the maggots themselves, but it was found that even after immersion in a solution of antiseptic which was capable of rendering the outside of the maggot germ-free—proven by allowing him to crawl over an agar culture-plate which was then incubated and examined for bacterial growth—he still carried viable bacteria in his intestinal tract. Larvæ which to all outward appearances were quite sterile thus

gave positive cultures when crushed and planted on to culture media. The sterilizing of the maggot was then given up, and it was decided to try sterilization of the eggs. After a series of trials with various solutions, the following technique was devised.

The eggs are put into test-tubes which have been previously sterilized at 160° Centigrade for one hour, and then covered with the sterilizing solution. This contains bichloride of mercury in the strength of 1-2000, 25% alcohol, and .5% hydrochloric acid. The eggs are allowed to remain immersed in the solution for thirty minutes, washed, and then put into a bottle containing sterile food and incubated at 70° Fahrenheit. The food consists of liquefied agar culture-media, yeast, and pig liver.

After the eggs are once sterilized every step is conducted with the most rigid aseptic technique to avoid their contamination. Eggs sterilized one day hatch the next, cultures are made of the larvæ the second day to insure the sterility of the batch, and on the third day they are ready for use in the wounds. If taken about from place to place, they must, of course, be transported in sterile containers.

In using the maggots in wounds no chemical sterilization is used because of its inhibitory action on the larvæ themselves. The surrounding area is merely cleansed with mild soap and water, and the wound washed out with water. The wound is then filled with sterile maggots and they are covered with a sterile copper-screen cage which is fastened securely to the skin-edges with adhesive plaster and collodion. Sunlight or artificial light is directed upon the wound, for the maggots dislike light and thus delve into the deeper recesses to escape it. Normally, the reaction of a suppurating wound is acid, but

in twenty-four hours after the maggots have been at work the reaction is very definitely alkaline. Baer believed that this was an important factor in the wound sterilization and thought that there was some biological reaction going on as yet not understood. Very soon after the introduction of the larvæ into the wound one notes the absence of the characteristic odors which surround a suppurating wound, as well as the exhibition of healthy granulations. There is a gradual but certain decrease in the amount of devitalized tissue and consequently a marked decrease in the amount of discharge as the voracious scavengers work.

Under ordinary conditions a maggot lives for seven days. Since the first two days in the present schedule are taken up with hatching and sterilization, when he is put into the wound he has already attained the ripe old age of forty-eight hours—for a maggot almost middle-life. Thus at the end of five days the wound is irrigated and washed clean of the larvæ, many of which by now are dead, and a fresh supply introduced.

In the wound the maggot attacks and devours only dead tissue; under no conditions will it touch living flesh. Some bacteria are also consumed, but others pass through the intestinal tract of the maggot unharmed and appear again in the wound. As the wound becomes comparatively free from dead tissue, and approaches a point where it is relatively free from bacteria and healing is in progress, the life of the maggot in the wound becomes shorter, possibly only two or three days. When the wound is seen to be quite clean, free from bacteria as shown by bacterial counts, and filled with granulations, the maggot treatment is ended.

In 1931 Baer reported a series of 89 cases of osteomyelitis treated with maggots, of

which between 60 and 70% were healed. He concluded that maggots were a tremendously useful adjunct to thorough surgical treatment of chronic osteomyelitis, being "far more successful in securing permanent healing of these extensive wounds

than any other method tried by us." If raised and sterilized by an approved method they may be used with absolutely no risk to the patient, and apparently offer hope where all other measures have been found wanting.

Demography

THE RACIAL COMPOSITION OF THE POPULATION OF AMERICAN CITIES

By HOWARD F. BARKER

FOR all practical purposes the population of the United States may be divided into three classes: (1) the old stock, descended from people who arrived here before 1840; (2) persons chargeable to the immigration from 1840 to 1890; and (3) the more recent stock, coming in since 1890. Each successive class has been drawn from a wider area than its predecessor. The first is predominantly British—English, Scotch and North Irish—with a scattering of Germans, Dutch, French, Swiss and Celtic Irish. The second is predominantly German, Celtic Irish and Scandinavian. The third is diversified, with a high content of people from Eastern and Southern Europe. Only the third class is now fully identified by the census records, which divide the population according to the country of origin of parents, but disregard grandparents.

The importance of these classes in the country as a whole runs with their age, and the blood of the first class accounts for well over half of the present day population of the nation. But when the cities are considered separately a different picture is presented, for the most recent stock is very conspicuous in them, though it is variegated and divided against itself. The Germans, Celtic Irish and Scandinavians of

the middle period are not quite so conspicuous, for they have already become Americanized, but they still constitute a group which remains clearly dominant in some of our city populations.

The following observations are based on telephone directories for two reasons. The first is that telephone listings emphasize families, while those in other directories refer to people employed, of whom several may be in the same family. The second is that subscribing for telephone service is a reasonably good index of standard of living, with the corollary that a sizeable group of people having telephones must be more or less influential in their community.

The fortunes of the name *Smith* show the peculiarity of certain American cities and the difference between East and West. It is surprising that the *Smiths* should ever be outnumbered. Beside having the greatest usage of any surname since early colonial times, *Smith* designates numerous later families of British blood and is the natural translation for various non-British designations, especially those meaning *smith*. In the process of time it has gained 1,400,000 bearers in the United States. Yet in New York the *Smiths* are matched in numbers by the *Cohens*, who are only one twentieth as numerous in the country as a whole, and in Milwaukee *Schmidt* takes the leading position in spite of the fact that there are sixteen times as many *Smiths* in the land as there are *Schmidts*. Chicago presents still another picture, for there

Smith is second to *Johnson*, a name greatly favored by Scandinavians. From Chicago to Seattle, and indeed to Los Angeles, extends an area of Scandinavian influence having its capital in Minneapolis and St. Paul, and in it the *Smiths* are outnumbered not only by the *Johnsons*, but also by the *Andersons*, *Nelsons* and *Petersons*.

Johnson is really two names in one. It is frequent among the older Americans of British descent, but it is far more frequent among Scandinavian-Americans, and especially among Swedes. These latter have a nomenclature of limited variety, and in some places a fortieth of them respond to *Johnson*. Thus the name reaches leadership in the Northwest (outside the environs of Milwaukee) and is enabled to take a high position on the Pacific Coast. Outside the area of Scandinavian settlement, it commonly stands sixth or seventh in city directories, following *Miller*.

Miller has an urban frequency twice that of its average national frequency. This variation changes it from sixth position nationally to second position in most Eastern cities. In these municipalities, the *Millers*, representing only 600,000 people in the country as a whole, are almost as influential as the *Smiths*, representing 1,400,000. Like *Johnson*, *Miller* is two names in one, for it is both a common British name and a common translation of other designations, chiefly Teutonic names on the order of *Müller*. But there the parallel stops, for *Miller* and *Johnson* are seldom both very common in the same city. In the West and Northwest, where the *Johnsons* are conspicuous, *Miller* sinks to fourth place or lower. Conversely, in the area from metropolitan New Jersey to St. Louis, and from Detroit to Baltimore, where *Johnson* stands from fourth to seventh, *Miller* is universally the runner-up to *Smith*.

This division between *Johnson* and *Miller* may almost be said to mark our cities off into two classes, the one group being dominated by Scandinavians of the late middle period and the other by the little older Germans. In New York and New Orleans *Miller* is the third most common name, in Milwaukee the fourth, and in Washington the fifth. Of the Eastern cities, Boston alone has relatively few *Millers*.

If one drafts a register for each major city, one is immediately impressed by four tendencies: (1) the dominance of Teutonic connections through most of the East, already suggested by *Miller*, and substantiated by the ascendancy of *Meyer*, *Mueller*, *Schmidt* and *Weber*; (2) the special conditions affecting the affiliation of New York, Milwaukee and New Orleans with the German group; (3) the Scandinavian influence extending westward from Chicago; and (4) the individuality of Boston as an Irish center.

At first sight New York seems to be mainly Jewish. Beside *Cohen*, vying with *Smith* for first place, its ten leading names include *Friedman*, *Goldberg*, *Goldstein*, *Levy* and *Schwartz*, which are not in similar positions in any other city. None of them except *Cohen* is among the two hundred surnames most common nationally. Other designations unusually well represented there are *Bernstein*, *Greenberg*, *Kaplan*, *Katz*, *Rosenberg*, *Shapiro*, *Stern* and *Weiss*—all among the city's thirty-five most popular appellations. Their ratios plainly disclose the importance of Jews in the city's population.

But New York is really several cities in one. Its *Murphys*, *Kellys* and *Sullivans* link it to Boston, and on the other hand, namesakes of its *Cohens* are conspicuous in most other Eastern urban centers, and especially in Baltimore. Similarly, its *Gold-*

bergs and *Schwartzes* have connections in Philadelphia, and its *Levys* would be at home in New Orleans or San Francisco. And the large number of persons named *Schwartz* and *Weiss*, mentioned above, and also *Klein*, *Meyer*, *Schneider* and the like, show that New York is a focal point in the great coördination of cities where German blood is dominant. In a simple nomenclatural study like this it is not possible to draw a sharp line between German-Jewish and pure German blood, but the names just mentioned are usually indicative of the narrowly German strain. For the purpose of the further discussion all bearers of such names, whether their blood may be Teutonic or Jewish, will be viewed as the German element. Thus defined, this element has an extensive range.

Its other focus in Milwaukee is quite unlike New York. There the struggle for stocks for leadership is a three cornered contest of German versus Old American versus Scandinavian. But a city where the ten outstanding appellations include *Schmidt*, *Mueller*, *Schroeder*, *Schneider*, *Schultz*, *Krueger* and *Meyer* is certainly primarily German. From New York on the one hand and Milwaukee on the other, the area of German influence extends to Baltimore in the East and to St. Louis in the Mississippi Valley. *Schmidt*, the leading cognomen in Milwaukee, is in eighth position in Cincinnati, and is also outstanding in St. Louis, Baltimore, New Orleans, Northern New Jersey, Chicago and Buffalo, and many more of its proper bearers are hidden among our *Smiths*.

In *Hoffman*, *Meyer*, *Schmidt*, *Wagner* and *Weber* we have names whose bearers show about a three-to-two preference for city life. Their combined frequencies indicate that Cincinnati, Buffalo, St. Louis and Baltimore belong in the first rank of German-American centers. In the second rank,

according to the same indicators, come metropolitan New Jersey, New Orleans, Cleveland and Chicago. Among the less popular German names, *Becker*, *Fischer*, *Mueller* and *Schneider* are especially significant, for the ratios of these names in many American cities, against backgrounds of only moderate usage in the nation, indicate that their bearers have more than a two-to-one preference for city life.

Unlike the Germans, the Scandinavians are definitely rooted in the soil, but after working westward from their original settlements in the Mississippi Valley they began to congregate in certain cities. Minneapolis is the capital of Scandinavian America. St. Paul, adjoining, is more cosmopolitan, but the two cities are nearly one in character when viewed from a distance. Of the ten leading cognomens in the two together, only *Smith*, *Miller* and *Brown* are distinctly non-Scandinavian. *Murphy*, the strongest Irish appellation in the country at large, stands about twentieth; *Campbell*, representing the Scotch, about thirty-fifth; and *Schultz*, the strongest name clearly German, about fiftieth.

The consistency of Scandinavian domination throughout the Northwest is shown by the fact that the four cognomens more numerous represented than *Smith* in Minneapolis and St. Paul are among the leading ten in both Chicago and Seattle, in the same order and nearly the same positions: *Johnson*, first; *Anderson*, third; *Nelson*, fifth or sixth; *Peterson*, ninth or tenth. In Los Angeles, where the most striking feature of the city's great growth in the last ten years has been the increase in Scandinavian blood, these names have the same order, but some reduction in degree of importance.

A superficial inspection of Chicago's directory makes the Scandinavians seem

quite the most important local stock, but it should be borne in mind that lack of variety in Scandinavian-American nomenclature gives all of their popular names very high ratios. The cognomens *Johnson*, *Anderson* and *Nelson* became extremely widespread in the Northwest by a combination of great usage on the part of actual Scandinavians and substantial usage by others. *Peterson*, *Carlson* and *Olson* are therefore better indicators of Scandinavian blood and more nearly comparable with names like *Meyer*, *Schmidt*, *Becker* and *Mueller* among the Chicago Germans. *Peterson* and *Carlson* are among the ten leaders in Chicago, and *Olson* is just a few places lower, in company with *Murphy* and *Cohen*. Of German indicators, *Meyer* is about twenty-fifth, *Schmidt* about thirtieth; and *Becker* and *Mueller* about fortieth.

The Scandinavian influence, of course, extends beyond the area which it dominates. It is not unimportant in the Eastern cities, particularly those connected with the steel industry, such as Pittsburgh. It is quite important in Los Angeles and fairly so in San Francisco.

The Celtic Irish influence is evident in most American cities. *Murphy* and *Kelly* are the outstanding names and have about equal representation. In Chicago *Kelly* runs behind its proper form while *Ryan* runs ahead. Only in Boston, for some unknown reason, do the *Kellys* divide sharply into the original *Kelly* and the American version, *Kelley*. While *O'Brien* is conspicuously represented in only three cities—Boston, San Francisco and Chicago—*Murphy* and *Kelly* are distinguished in a dozen.

Sullivan is the Celtic designation next most strongly identified with American city life, being prominent numerically in

Boston, San Francisco, Buffalo, Chicago, Milwaukee, Detroit and New York City. The distribution of this name is a clear indication that there is no Irish group of cities, but rather an Irish stratum in all our city populations.

The local ascendancy of *Sullivan* over *Murphy* denotes that a large proportion of the Boston Irish hail from Munster, and this is confirmed by the high standings of *O'Brien* and *McCarthy*, which are also important Munster names.

There is reason to believe that the present disorganized thinking of the American people on economic and social subjects may be at least partly due to the racial differences between our city people and our country people, and between the people of different cities. Thought does not carry well from city to city nor from city to country. Oftentimes New York cannot convince Chicago, nor Chicago convince New York. Nor can either convince Sauk Center.

In command today, and tending to deepen and strengthen their hold on the cities, are the three great stocks, the Germans, the Irish, and the Scandinavians. First rating evidently goes to the Germans. Whether the Irish or the Scandinavians come next is a question. The Irish have the advantage of stratification and the Scandinavians of geographic concentration. The Irish hold on the cities is extensive; that of the Scandinavian, like that of the German, is intensive.

The growing importance of the immigration of 1840 to 1890 in the cities is of decided significance. If German-Jews always saw eye to eye with Germans, Swedes with Danes, and Munster Irish with those from Leinster and Connaught, there would be still greater significance in the situation.

CRAZY SUNDAY

BY F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

It was Sunday—not a day, but rather a gap between two other days. Behind, for all of them, lay sets and sequences, the struggles of rival ingenuities in the conference rooms, the interminable waits under the crane that swung the microphone, the hundred miles a day by automobiles to and fro across Hollywood county, the ceaseless compromise, the clash and strain of many personalities fighting for their lives. And now Sunday, with individual life starting up again, with a glow kindling in eyes that had been glazed with monotony the afternoon before. Slowly as the hours waned they came awake like *Puppenfeen* in a toy shop: an intense colloquy in a corner, lovers disappearing to kiss in a hall. And the feeling of “Hurry, it’s not too late, but for God’s sake hurry before the blessed forty hours of leisure are over.”

Joel Coles was writing continuity. He was twenty-eight and not yet broken by Hollywood. He had had what were considered nice assignments since his arrival six months before and he submitted his scenes and sequences with enthusiasm. He referred to himself modestly as a hack but really did not think of it that way. His mother had been a successful actress; Joel had spent his childhood between London and New York trying to separate the real from the unreal, or at least to keep one guess ahead. He was a handsome man with the pleasant cow-brown eyes that in 1913 had gazed out at Broadway audiences from his mother’s face.

When the invitation came it made him sure that he was getting somewhere. Ordinarily he did not go out on Sundays but stayed sober and took work home with him. Recently they had given him a Eugene O’Neill play destined for a very important lady indeed. Everything he had done so far had pleased Miles Calman, and Miles Calman was the only director on the lot who refused to work under a supervisor and was responsible to the money men alone. Everything was clicking into place in Joel’s career. (“This is Mr. Calman’s secretary. Will you come to tea from four to six Sunday—he lives in Beverly Hills, number —”).

Joel was flattered. It would be a party out of the top-drawer. It was a tribute to himself as a young man of promise. The Marion Davies crowd, the high-hats, the big currency numbers, perhaps even Dietrich and Garbo and the Marquise, people who were not seen everywhere, would probably be at Calman’s.

“I won’t take anything to drink,” he assured himself. Calman was audibly tired of rummies, and thought it was a pity the industry could not get along without them.

Joel agreed that writers drank too much—he did himself, but he wouldn’t this afternoon. He wished Miles would be within hearing when the cocktails were passed to hear his succinct, unobtrusive, No, thank you.

Miles Calman’s house was built for great emotional moments—there was an air of

listening, as if the far silences of its vistas hid an audience, but this afternoon it was thronged, as though people had been bidden rather than asked. Joel noted with pride that only two other writers from the studio were in the crowd, an ennobled limey and, somewhat to his surprise, Nat Keogh, who had evoked Calman's impatient comment on drunks.

Stella Calman (Stella Walker, of course) did not move on to her other guests after she spoke to Joel. She lingered—she looked at him with the sort of beautiful look that demands some sort of acknowledgment and Joel drew quickly on the dramatic adequacy inherited from his mother:

"Well, you look about sixteen! Where's your kiddy car?"

She was visibly pleased; she lingered. He felt that he should say something more, something confident and easy—he had first met her when she was struggling for bits in New York. At the moment a tray slid up and Stella put a cocktail glass into his hand.

"Everybody's afraid, aren't they?" he said, looking at it absently. "Everybody watches for everybody else's blunders, or tries to make sure they're with people that'll do them credit. Of course that's not true in your house," he covered himself hastily. "I just meant generally in Hollywood."

Stella agreed. She presented several people to Joel as if he were very important. Reassuring himself that Miles was at the other side of the room, Joel drank the cocktail.

"So you have a baby?" he said. "That's the time to look out. After a pretty woman has had her first child, she's very vulnerable, because she wants to be reassured about her own charm. She's got to have some new man's unqualified devotion to prove to herself she hasn't lost anything."

"I never get anybody's unqualified devotion," Stella said rather resentfully.

"They're afraid of your husband."

"You think that's it?" She wrinkled her brow over the idea; then the conversation was interrupted at the exact moment Joel would have chosen.

Her attentions had given him confidence. Not for him to join safe groups, to slink to refuge under the wings of such acquaintances as he saw about the room. He walked to the window and looked out toward the Pacific, colorless under its sluggish sunset. It was good here—the American Riviera and all that, if there were ever time to enjoy it. The handsome, well-dressed people in the room, the lovely girls, and the—well, the lovely girls. You couldn't have everything.

He saw Stella's fresh boyish face, with the tired eyelid that always drooped a little over one eye, moving about among her guests and he wanted to sit with her and talk a long time as if she were a girl instead of a name; he followed her to see if she paid anyone as much attention as she had paid him. He took another cocktail—not because he needed confidence but because she had given him so much of it. Then he sat down beside the director's mother.

"Your son's gotten to be a legend, Mrs. Calman—Oracle and a Man of Destiny and all that. Personally, I'm against him but I'm in a minority. What do you think of him? Are you impressed? Are you surprised how far he's gone?"

"No, I'm not surprised," she said calmly. "We always expected a lot from Miles."

"Well now, that's unusual," remarked Joel. "I always think all mothers are like Napoleon's mother. My mother didn't want me to have anything to do with the entertainment business. She wanted me to go to West Point and be safe."

"We always had every confidence in Miles." . . .

He stood by the built-in bar of the dining room with the good-humored, heavy-drinking, highly-paid Nat Keogh.

"—I made a hundred grand during the year and lost forty grand gambling, so now I've hired a manager."

"You mean an agent," suggested Joel.

"No, I've got that too. I mean a manager. I make over everything to my wife and then he and my wife get together and hand me out the money. I pay him five thousand a year to hand me out my money.

"You mean your agent."

"No, I mean my manager, and I'm not the only one—a lot of other irresponsible people have him."

"Well, if you're irresponsible why are you responsible enough to hire a manager?"

"I'm just irresponsible about gambling. Look here—"

A singer performed; Joel and Nat went forward with the others to listen.

II

The singing reached Joel vaguely; he felt happy and friendly toward all the people gathered there, people of bravery and industry, superior to a *bourgeoisie* that outdid them in ignorance and loose living, risen to a position of the highest prominence in a nation that for a decade had wanted only to be entertained. He liked them—he loved them. Great waves of good feeling flowed through him.

As the singer finished his number and there was a drift toward the hostess to say good-bye, Joel had an idea. He would give them "Building It Up," his own composition. It was his only parlor trick, it had amused several parties and it might

please Stella Walker. Possessed by the hunch, his blood throbbing with the scarlet corpuscles of exhibitionism, he sought her.

"Of course," she cried. "Please! Do you need anything?"

"Someone has to be the secretary that I'm supposed to be dictating to."

"I'll be her."

As the word spread the guests in the hall, already putting on their coats to leave, drifted back and Joel faced the eyes of many strangers. He had a dim foreboding, realizing that the man who had just performed was a famous radio entertainer. Then someone said "Sh!" and he was alone with Stella, the center of a sinister Indian-like half-circle. Stella smiled up at him expectantly—he began.

His burlesque was based upon the cultural limitations of Mr. Dave Silverstein, an independent producer; Silverstein was presumed to be dictating a letter outlining a treatment of a story he had bought.

"—a story of divorce, the younger generators and the Foreign Legion," he heard his voice saying, with the intonations of Mr. Silverstein. "But we got to build it up, see?"

A sharp pang of doubt struck through him. The faces surrounding him in the gently molded light were intent and curious, but there was no ghost of a smile anywhere; directly in front the Great Lover of the screen glared at him with an eye as keen as the eye of a potato. Only Stella Walker looked up at him with a radiant, never faltering smile.

"If we make him a Menjou type, then we get a sort of Michael Arlen only with a Honolulu atmosphere."

Still not a ripple in front, but in the rear a rustling, a perceptible shift toward the left, toward the front door.

"—then she says she feels this sex appil

for him and he burns out and says 'Oh go on destroy yourself'—"

At some point he heard Nat Keogh snicker and here and there were a few encouraging faces, but as he finished he had the sickening realization that he had made a fool of himself in view of an important section of the picture world, upon whose favor depended his career.

For a moment he existed in the midst of a confused silence, broken by a general trek for the door. He felt the undercurrent of derision that rolled through the gossip; then—all this was in the space of ten seconds—the Great Lover, his eye hard and empty as the eye of a needle, shouted "Boo! Boo!" voicing in an overtone what he felt was the mood of the crowd. It was the resentment of the professional toward the amateur, of the community toward the stranger, the thumbs-down of the clan.

Only Stella Walker was still standing near and thanking him as if he had been an unparalleled success, as if it hadn't occurred to her that anyone hadn't liked it. As Nat Keogh helped him into his overcoat, a great wave of self-disgust swept over him and he swung desperately to his rule of never betraying an inferior emotion until he no longer felt it.

"I was a flop," he said lightly, to Stella. "Never mind, it's a good number when appreciated. Thanks for your coöperation."

The smile did not leave her face—he bowed rather drunkenly and Nat drew him toward the door . . .

The arrival of his breakfast awakened him into a broken and ruined world. Yesterday he was himself, a point of fire against an industry, today he felt that he was pitted under an enormous disadvantage, against those faces, against individual contempt and collective sneer. Worse than that, to Miles Calman he was become one of those rummies, stripped of dignity,

whom Calman regretted he was compelled to use. To Stella Walker, on whom he had forced a martyrdom to preserve the courtesy of her house—her opinion he did not dare to guess. His gastric juices ceased to flow and he set his poached eggs back on the telephone table. He wrote:

Dear Miles

You can imagine my profound self-disgust. I confess to a taint of exhibitionism, but at six o'clock in the afternoon, in broad daylight! Good God! My apologies to your wife.

Yours ever,

JOEL COLES.

Joel emerged from his office on the lot only to slink like a malefactor to the tobacco store. So suspicious was his manner that one of the studio police asked to see his admission card. He had decided to eat lunch outside when Nat Keogh, confident and cheerful, overtook him.

"What do you mean you're in permanent retirement? What if that Three Piece Suit did boo you?"

"Why listen," he continued, drawing Joel into the studio restaurant. "The night of one of his premiers at Grauman's, Joe Squires kicked his tail while he was bowing to the crowd. The ham said Joe'd hear from him later but when Joe called him up at eight o'clock next day and said, 'I thought I was going to hear from you,' he hung up the phone."

The preposterous story cheered Joel, and he found a gloomy consolation in staring at the group at the next table, the sad, lovely Siamese twins, the mean dwarfs, the proud giant from the circus picture. But looking beyond at the yellow-stained faces of pretty women, their eyes all melancholy and startling with mascara, their ball gowns garish in full day, he saw a group who had been at Calman's and winced.

"Never again," he exclaimed aloud, "absolutely my last social appearance in Hollywood!"

The following morning a telegram was waiting for him at his office:

You were one of the most agreeable people at our party. Expect you at my sister June's buffet supper next Sunday.

STELLA WALKER CALMAN.

The blood rushed fast through his veins for a feverish minute. Incredulously he read the telegram over.

"Well, that's the sweetest thing I ever heard of in my life!"

III

Crazy Sunday again. Joel slept until eleven, then he read a newspaper to catch up with the past week. He lunched in his room on trout, avocado salad and a pint of California wine. Dressing for the tea, he selected the nuances of a pin-check suit, a blue shirt, a burnt orange tie. There were dark circles of fatigue under his eyes. In his second-hand car he drove to the Riviera apartments. As he was introducing himself to Stella's sister, Miles and Stella arrived in riding clothes—they had been quarreling fiercely most of the afternoon on all the dirt roads back of Beverly Hills.

Miles Calman, tall, nervous, with a desperate humor and the unhappiest eyes Joel ever saw, was an artist from the top of his curiously shaped head to his niggerish feet. Upon these last he stood firmly—he had never made a cheap picture though he had sometimes paid heavily for the luxury of making experimental flops. In spite of his excellent company, one could not be with him long without realizing that he was not a well man.

From the moment of their entrance Joel's day bound itself up inextricably with

theirs. As he joined the group around them Stella turned away from it with an impatient little tongue click—and Miles Calman said to the man who happened to be next to him:

"Go easy on Eva Goebel. There's hell to pay about her at home." Miles turned to Joel, "I'm sorry I missed you at the office yesterday. I spent the afternoon at the analyst's."

"You being psychoanalyzed?"

"I have been for months. First I went for claustrophobia, now I'm trying to get my whole life cleared up. They say it'll take over a year."

"There's nothing the matter with your life," Joel assured him.

"Oh, no? Well, Stella seems to think so. Ask anybody—they can all tell you about it," he said bitterly.

A girl perched herself on the arm of Miles' chair; Joel crossed to Stella, who stood disconsolately by the fire.

"Thank you for your telegram," he said. "It was darn sweet. I can't imagine anybody as good looking as you are being so good-humored."

She was a little lovelier than he had ever seen her and perhaps the unstinted admiration in his eyes prompted her to unload on him—it did not take long, for she was obviously at the emotional bursting point.

"—and Miles has been carrying on this thing for *two years*, and I never knew. Why, she was one of my best friends, always in the house. Finally when people began to come to me, Miles had to admit it."

She sat down vehemently on the arm of Joel's chair. Her riding breeches were the color of the chair and Joel saw that the mass of her hair was made up of some strands of red gold and some of pale gold, so that it could not be dyed, and that she

had on no make-up. She was that good looking —

Still quivering with the shock of her discovery, Stella found unbearable the spectacle of a new girl hovering over Miles; she led Joel into a bedroom, and seated at either end of a big bed they went on talking. People on their way to the washroom glanced in and made wisecracks, but Stella, emptying out her story, paid no attention. After a while Miles stuck his head in the door and said, "There's no use trying to explain something to Joel in half an hour that I don't understand myself and the psychoanalyst says will take a whole year to understand."

She talked on as if Miles were not there. She loved Miles, she said—under considerable difficulties she had always been faithful to him.

"The psychoanalyst told Miles that he had a mother complex. In his first marriage he transferred his mother complex to his wife, you see—and then his sex turned to me. But when we married the thing repeated itself—he transferred his mother complex to me and all his libido turned toward this other woman."

Joel knew that this probably wasn't gibberish—yet it sounded like gibberish. He knew Eva Goebel; she was a motherly person, older and probably wiser than Stella, who was a golden child.

Miles now suggested impatiently that Joel come back with them since Stella had so much to say, so they drove out to the mansion in Beverly Hills. Under the high ceilings the situation seemed more dignified and tragic. It was an eerie bright night with the dark very clear outside of all the windows and Stella all rose-gold raging and crying around the room. Joel did not quite believe in picture actresses' grief. They have other preoccupations—they are beautiful rose-gold figures blown

full of life by writers and directors, and after hours they sit around and talk in whispers and giggled innuendoes, and the ends of many adventures flow through them.

Sometimes he pretended to listen and instead thought how well she was got up—sleek breeches with a matched set of legs in them, an Italian-colored sweater with a little high neck, and a short brown chamois coat. He couldn't decide whether she was an imitation of an English lady or an English lady was an imitation of her. She hovered somewhere between the realest of realities and the most blatant of impersonations.

"Miles is so jealous of me that he questions everything I do," she cried scornfully. "When I was in New York I wrote him that I'd been to the theatre with Eddie Baker. Miles was so jealous he phoned me ten times in one day."

"I was wild," Miles snuffled sharply, a habit he had in times of stress. "The analyst couldn't get any results for a week."

Stella shook her head despairingly. "Did you expect me just to sit in the hotel for three weeks?"

"I don't expect anything. I admit that I'm jealous. I try not to be. I worked on that with Dr. Bridgebane, but it didn't do any good. I was jealous of Joel this afternoon when you sat on the arm of his chair."

"You were?" She started up. "You *were*! Wasn't there somebody on the arm of your chair? And did you speak to me for two hours?"

"You were telling your troubles to Joel in the bedroom."

"When I think that that woman"—she seemed to believe that to omit Eva Goebel's name would be to lessen her reality—"used to come here—"

"All right—all right," said Miles wearily. "I've admitted everything and I feel as bad about it as you do." Turning to Joel he began talking about pictures, while Stella moved restlessly along the far walls, her hands in her breeches pockets.

"They've treated Miles terribly," she said, coming suddenly back into the conversation as if they'd never discussed her personal affairs. "Dear, tell him about old Beltzer trying to change your picture."

As she stood hovering protectively over Miles, her eyes flashing with indignation in his behalf, Joel realized that he was in love with her. Stifled with excitement he got up to say good-night.

With Monday the week resumed its workaday rhythm, in sharp contrast to the theoretical discussions, the gossip and scandal of Sunday; there was the endless detail of script revision—"Instead of a lousy dissolve, we can leave her voice on the sound track and cut to a medium shot of the taxi from Bell's angle or we can simply pull the camera back to include the station, hold it a minute and then pan to the row of taxis"—by Monday afternoon Joel had again forgotten that people whose business was to provide entertainment were ever privileged to be entertained. In the evening he phoned Miles' house. He asked for Miles but Stella came to the phone.

"Do things seem better?"

"Not particularly. What are you doing next Saturday evening?"

"Nothing."

"The Perrys are giving a dinner and theatre party and Miles won't be here—he's flying to South Bend to see the Notre Dame-California game, I thought you might go with me in his place."

After a long moment Joel said, "Why—surely. If there's a conference I can't make dinner but I can get to the theatre."

"Then I'll say we can come."

Joel walked to his office. In view of the strained relations of the Calmans, would Miles be pleased, or did she intend that Miles shouldn't know of it? That would be out of the question—if Miles didn't mention it Joel would. But it was an hour or more before he could get down to work again.

Wednesday there was a four-hour wrangle in a conference room crowded with planets and nebulae of cigarette smoke. Three men and a woman paced the carpet in turn, suggesting or condemning, speaking sharply or persuasively, confidently or despairingly. At the end Joel lingered to talk to Miles.

The man was tired—not with the exaltation of fatigue but life-tired, with his lids sagging and his beard prominent over the blue shadows near his mouth.

"I hear you're flying to the Notre Dame game."

Miles looked beyond him and shook his head.

"I've given up the idea."

"Why?"

"On account of you." Still he did not look at Joel.

"What the hell, Miles?"

"That's why I've given it up." He broke into a perfunctory laugh at himself. "I can't tell what Stella might do just out of spite—she's invited you to take her to the Perrys', hasn't she? I wouldn't enjoy the game."

The fine instinct that moved swiftly and confidently on the set, muddled so weakly and helplessly through his personal life.

"Look, Miles," Joel said frowning. "I've never made any passes *whatsoever* at Stella. If you're really seriously cancelling your trip on account of me, I won't go to the Perrys' with her. I won't see her. You can trust me absolutely."

Miles looked at him, carefully now.

IV

"Maybe." He shrugged his shoulders.

"Anyhow there'd just be somebody else. I wouldn't have any fun."

"You don't seem to have much confidence in Stella. She told me she'd always been true to you."

"Maybe she has." In the last few minutes several more muscles had sagged around Miles' mouth, "But how can I ask anything of her after what's happened? How can I expect her—" He broke off and his face grew harder as he said, "I'll tell you one thing, right or wrong and no matter what I've done, if I ever had anything on her I'd divorce her. I can't have my pride hurt—that would be the last straw."

His tone annoyed Joel, but he said:

"Hasn't she calmed down about the Eva Goebel thing?"

"No." Miles snuffled pessimistically. "I can't get over it either."

"I thought it was finished."

"I'm trying not to see Eva again, but you know it isn't easy just to drop something like that—it isn't some girl I kissed last night in a taxi! The psychoanalyst says—"

"I know," Joel interrupted. "Stella told me." This was depressing. "Well, as far as I'm concerned if you go to the game I won't see Stella. And I'm sure Stella has nothing on her conscience about anybody."

"Maybe not," Miles repeated listlessly. "Anyhow I'll stay and take her to the party. Say," he said suddenly, "I wish you'd come too. I've got to have somebody sympathetic to talk to. That's the trouble—I've influenced Stella in everything. Especially I've influenced her so that she likes all the men I like—it's very difficult."

"It must be," Joel agreed.

Joel could not get to the dinner. Self-conscious in his silk hat against the unemployment, he waited for the others in front of the Hollywood Theatre and watched the evening parade: obscure replicas of bright, particular picture stars, spavined men in polo coats, a stomping dervish with the beard and staff of an apostle, a pair of chic Filipinos in collegiate clothes, reminder that this corner of the Republic opened to the seven seas, a long fantastic carnival of young shouts which proved to be a fraternity initiation. The line split to pass two smart limousines that stopped at the curb.

There she was, in a dress like ice-water, made in a thousand pale blue pieces, with icicles trickling at the throat. He started forward.

"So you like my dress?"

"Where's Miles?"

"He flew to the game after all. He left yesterday morning—at least I think—" She broke off. "I just got a telegram from South Bend saying that he's starting back. I forgot—you know all these people?"

The party of eight moved into the theatre.

Miles had gone after all and Joel wondered if he should have come. But during the performance, with Stella a profile under the pure grain of light hair, he thought no more about Miles. Once he turned and looked at her and she looked back at him, smiling and meeting his eyes for as long as he wanted. Between the acts they smoked in the lobby and she whispered:

"They're all going to the opening of Jack Johnson's night club—I don't want to go, do you?"

"Do we have to?"

"I suppose not." She hesitated. "I'd like

to talk to you. I suppose we could go to our house—if I were only sure ——”

Again she hesitated and Joel asked:
“Sure of what?”

“Sure that—oh, I’m haywire I know, but how can I be sure Miles went to the game?”

“You mean you think he’s with Eva Goebel?”

“No, not so much that—but supposing he was here watching everything I do. You know Miles does odd things sometimes. Once he wanted a man with a long beard to drink tea with him and he sent down to the casting agency for one, and drank tea with him all afternoon.”

“That’s different. He sent you a wire from South Bend—that proves he’s at the game.”

After the play they said good night to the others at the curb and were answered by looks of amusement. They slid off along the golden garish thoroughfare through the crowd that had gathered around Stella.

“You see he could arrange the telegrams,” Stella said, “very easily.”

That was true. And with the idea that perhaps her uneasiness was justified, Joel grew angry: if Miles had trained a camera on them he felt no obligations toward Miles. Aloud he said:

“That’s nonsense.”

There were Christmas trees already in the shop windows and the full moon over the boulevard was only a prop, as scenic as the giant boudoir lamps of the corners. On into the dark foliage of Beverly Hills that flamed as eucalyptus by day, Joel saw only the flash of a white face under his own, the arc of her shoulder. She pulled away suddenly and looked up at him.

“Your eyes are like your mother’s,” she said. “I used to have a scrap book full of pictures of her.”

“Your eyes are like your own and not a bit like any other eyes,” he answered.

Something made Joel look out into the grounds as they went into the house, as if Miles were lurking in the shrubbery. A telegram waited on the hall table. She read aloud:

Chicago

Home tomorrow night. Thinking of you.
Love.

MILES

“You see,” she said, throwing the slip back on the table, “he could easily have faked that.” She asked the butler for drinks and sandwiches and ran upstairs, while Joel walked into the empty reception rooms. Strolling about he wandered to the piano where he had stood in disgrace two Sundays before.

“Then we could put over,” he said aloud, “a story of divorce, the younger generators and the Foreign Legion.”

His thoughts jumped to another telegram.

“You were one of the most agreeable people at our party ——”

An idea occurred to him. If Stella’s telegram had been purely a gesture of courtesy then it was likely that Miles had inspired it, for it was Miles who had invited him. Probably Miles had said:

“Send him a wire—he’s miserable—he thinks he’s queered himself.”

It fitted in with “I’ve influenced Stella in everything. Especially I’ve influenced her so that she likes all the men I like.” A woman would do a thing like that because she felt sympathetic—only a man would do it because he felt responsible.

When Stella came back into the room he took both her hands.

“I have a strange feeling that I’m a sort of pawn in a spite game you’re playing against Miles,” he said.

“Help yourself to a drink.”

V

"And the odd thing is that I'm in love with you anyhow."

The telephone rang and she freed herself to answer it.

"Another wire from Miles," she announced. "He dropped it, or it says he dropped it, from the airplane at Kansas City."

"I suppose he asked to be remembered to me."

"No, he just said he loved me. I believe he does. He's so very weak."

"Come sit beside me," Joel urged her.

It was early. And it was still a few minutes short of midnight a half hour later, when Joel walked to the cold hearth, and said tersely:

"Meaning that you haven't any curiosity about me?"

"Not at all. You attract me a lot and you know it. The point is that I suppose I really do love Miles."

"Obviously."

"And tonight I feel uneasy about everything."

He wasn't angry—he was even faintly relieved that a possible entanglement was avoided. Still as he looked at her, the warmth and softness of her body thawing her cold blue costume, he knew she was one of the things he would always regret.

"I've got to go," he said. "I'll 'phone a taxi."

"Nonsense—there's a chauffeur on duty."

He winced at her readiness to have him go, and seeing this she kissed him lightly and said, "You're sweet, Joel." Then suddenly three things happened: he took down his drink at a gulp, the phone rang loud through the house and a clock in the hall struck twelve in triumphant trumpet notes.

Nine—ten—eleven—twelve—

It was Sunday again. Joel realized that he had come to the theatre this evening with the work of the week still hanging about him like cerements. He had made love to Stella as he might attack some matter to be cleaned up hurriedly before the day's end. But this was Sunday—the lovely, lazy perspective of the next twenty-four hours unrolled before him—every minute was something to be approached with lulling indirection, every moment held the germ of innumerable possibilities. Nothing was impossible—everything was just beginning. He poured himself another drink.

With a sharp moan, Stella slipped forward inertly by the telephone. Joel picked her up and laid her on the sofa. He squirted soda-water on a handkerchief and slapped it over her face. The telephone mouthpiece was still grinding and he put it to his ear.

"—the plane fell just this side of Kansas City. The body of Miles Calman has been identified and —"

He hung up the receiver.

"Lie still," he said, stalling, as Stella opened her eyes.

"Oh, what's happened?" she whispered. "Call them back. Oh, what's happened?"

"I'll call them right away. What's your doctor's name?"

"Did they say Miles was dead?"

"Lie quiet—is there a servant still up?"

"Hold me—I'm frightened."

He put his arm around her.

"I want the name of your doctor," he said sternly. "It may be a mistake but I want someone here."

"It's Doctor—Oh, God, is Miles dead?"

Joel ran upstairs and searched through strange medicine cabinets for spirits of ammonia. When he came down Stella cried:

"He isn't dead—I know he isn't. This is part of his scheme. He's torturing me. I know he's alive. I can feel he's alive."

"I want to get hold of some close friend of yours, Stella. You can't stay here alone tonight."

"Oh, no," she cried. "I can't see anybody. You stay. I haven't got any friend." She got up, tears streaming down her face. "Oh, Miles is my only friend. He's not dead—he can't be dead. I'm going there right away and see. Get a train. You'll have to come with me."

"You can't. There's nothing to do tonight. I want you to tell me the name of some woman I can call: Lois? Joan? Carmel? Isn't there somebody?"

Stella stared at him blindly.

"Eva Goebel was my best friend," she said.

Joel thought of Miles, his sad and desperate face in the office two days before. In the awful silence of his death all was clear about him. He was the only American-born director with both an interesting temperament and an artistic conscience. Meshed in an industry, he had paid with his ruined nerves for having no resilience, no healthy cynicism, no refuge—only a pitiful and precarious escape.

There was a sound at the outer door—it opened suddenly, and there were footsteps in the hall.

"Miles!" Stella screamed. "Is it you, Miles? Oh, it's Miles."

A telegraph boy appeared in the doorway.

"I couldn't find the bell. I heard you talking inside."

The telegram was a duplicate of the one that had been phoned. While Stella read it over and over, as though it were a black lie, Joel telephoned. It was still early and he had difficulty getting anyone; when

finally he succeeded in finding some friends he made Stella take a stiff drink.

"You'll stay here, Joel," she whispered, as though she were half asleep. "You won't go away. Miles liked you—he said you—" She shivered violently, "Oh, my God, you don't know how alone I feel." Her eyes closed, "Put your arms around me. Miles had a suit like that." She started bolt upright. "Think of what he must have felt. He was afraid of almost everything, anyhow."

She shook her head dazedly. Suddenly she seized Joel's face and held it close to hers.

"You won't go. You like me—you love me, don't you? Don't call up anybody. Tomorrow's time enough. You stay here with me tonight."

He stared at her, at first incredulously, and then with shocked understanding. In her dark groping Stella was trying to keep Miles alive by sustaining a situation in which he had figured—as if Miles' mind could not die so long as the possibilities that had worried him still existed. It was a distraught and tortured effort to stave off the realization that he was dead.

Resolutely Joel went to the phone and called a doctor.

"Don't, oh, don't call anybody!" Stella cried. "Come back here and put your arms around me."

"Is Doctor Bales in?"

"Joel," Stella cried. "I thought I could count on you. Miles liked you. He was jealous of you—Joel, come here."

Ah then—if he betrayed Miles she would be keeping him alive—for if he were really dead how could he be betrayed?

"—has just had a very severe shock. Can you come at once, and get hold of a nurse?"

"Joel!"

Now the doorbell and the telephone began to ring intermittently, and automobiles were stopping in front of the door.

"But you're not going," Stella begged him. "You're going to stay, aren't you?"

"No," he answered. "But I'll be back, if you need me."

Standing on the steps of the house which now hummed and palpitated with the life that flutters around death like

protective leaves, he began to sob a little in his throat.

"Everything he touched he did something magical to," he thought. "He even brought that little gamin alive and made her a sort of masterpiece."

And then:

"What a hell of a hole he leaves in this damn wilderness—already!"

And then with a certain bitterness, "Oh, yes, I'll be back—I'll be back!"

AN IMMIGRANT FATHER

BY ANTHONY M. TURANO

"THE Americans are great tea drinkers," said my father, the grocery-man of Little Italy.

If I could have anticipated the vernacular of today in the year 1905, when I joined him in America at the age of twelve, I should have answered, without stopping to challenge the statement: "Well, so is my old man." His announcement, which he often repeated for my information, always came during those short lulls in trade when he took time to sip, rather loudly, one or two cups of what was, to a Southern Italian, an exotic beverage. It was an afternoon ritual that he performed with more regularity than he ever accorded to his evening glass of the more familiar red wine.

His knowledge of America was then limited to five years of residence in the Italian colony of Pueblo, Col., where he had found small opportunity to study the habits of the natives. He was so typically Italian, and had been so little influenced by the speech and customs of his adopted country, that tea-drinking was his only American gesture, his solitary mark of Americanization.

None the less, he had found an important place in the social scheme of his immediate environment. We lived in the industrial section known as Bessemer, completely surrounded by Italian laborers, except for a few families of Negroes and Mexicans, scattered about by way of racial contrast. The great steel plant nearby an-

nounced its presence with the deafening noises of its blast furnaces, the puffs and clangs of its many locomotives, and the clouds of rust-colored smoke that obscured the sun.

The community occupied twenty or thirty blocks of grey, smoke-stained dwellings, old and in bad repair, facing the same number of rocky, uneven, unpaved streets. There were no sidewalks, and the building line was marked by tottering picket fences of varying height and design.

Our own cottage claimed no distinction from the rest, except for its protruding wooden porch and the tin sign in Italian. My father had converted the front room into a grocery store and butcher shop through the simple device of adding a counter, a few shelves and an ice-box. The rear portion he had reserved for his bachelor quarters. Here was a dark little kitchen where he cooked our meals, and between the kitchen and the shop was a small, ill-kept, uncarpeted room where he rested at night after his long days of labor. It was a home without women. Everything about it was impermanent and makeshift, like a camp of refugees.

In contrast to his gloomy surroundings was the cheerful personality of my father. Utterly oblivious to everything except his work, he sang or whistled all day long.

His age was somewhere between forty-five and fifty. But his healthy, ruddy complexion, his clear brown eyes, and his vivacious manner gave him a much

younger appearance. He was smooth shaven except for a well-kept black moustache with a streak of grey on one side of it. He was short of stature, but stockily built and strong. I had a childish admiration for both his tireless industry and his jovial disposition. With incredible endurance he worked continuously from seven in the morning until ten or eleven in the evening. Having no help other than the little I gave him, he did everything that was to be done in his various capacities of owner, manager, butcher, delivery boy, grocery clerk, cook and housekeeper. He wielded a meat saw, scrubbed floors, waited on customers, unpacked boxes, cooked meals and quarreled with teamsters.

With an English vocabulary that did not exceed fifty mutilated words, he managed to transact all his business with the Anglo-Americans. When his stock of merchandise ran short he would telephone to the wholesalers, giving his order in a strange jargon spoken by no one else in the world. With one foot on the floor, and the other on a sack of potatoes, he hid his mouth in the transmitter of the wall-phone, and labored ambitiously. Shouting at the top of his voice, he sought to make up in sheer volume for the imperfections of his pronunciation.

"Alol Alol Me, Martino Turano," he announced. After repeating his name several times, he stated his needs: "Senti me wan hindi quort biff (send me one hind quarter of beef), tenne ponti linki sossiggi (ten pounds of link sausage), to hemme (two hams), fiffity ponti liffi lardo (fifty pounds of leaf lard)," and so forth. After many repetitions he brought his conversation to a close with "gooddi byee."

It was indeed surprising that he was ever understood. But his dealers, as the time passed, learned to grasp his extraor-

dinary English, and it was seldom that they made a mistake in his orders. If it happened that a new clerk answered the phone, and my father failed to make him understand, he closed patiently with a different phrase: "Arriti, me come messelfa."

"Some of these clerks are turnips," he said in Italian. "They can't even understand their own language."

In a few minutes he would harness his lazy bay pony to a squeaky little wagon, and make a visit to the wholesalers. Very soon he was back again, ready for his customers.

In the afternoon, when most of them were at work, he would employ himself in making Italian pork sausage, or take his tools to the backyard to slaughter a cow or a calf that some Italian farmer had sold him, a few cents cheaper than the packing company. At four o'clock he paused for half an hour, and rushed to the kitchen to brew his American beverage. Returning to the shop, he sat on a tomato box, and as he sipped his tea he entertained me with funny stories, elaborate quotations from Dante, or the ancient moral sayings of Calabria.

But there was another topic to which he also often returned. The central fact of his life was one of those tragedies of immigration that are seldom known to native Americans. He belonged to an old land-owning family of Southern Italy that had been ruined by the political turmoil of 1860 and 1870. Unable to endure poverty where his people had seen better days, he emigrated to America, intending to send for his wife and children as soon as he could. After five or six years he attempted to carry out his plan. But the immigration laws would not permit the landing of my younger brother, who had been crippled by infantile paralysis. My mother

refused to leave the boy on account of his dependency, but consented that her two older children, my elder brother and myself, should join our father to take advantage of the New World's opportunities. The result was a divided family, half in Italy and half in America, with small hope of its ever being reunited.

For sometime after my arrival in Colorado I felt uncomfortable and diffident toward him. At the time of his emigration I was barely six years old, and my faint child-image of him had been completely erased by the five years that had passed until I joined him in America. In order to win me over to him he played, romped and joked with me as if he were a child like myself. Frequently he paused in his work, to take me on his lap and listen to my stories of the old home in Italy. Childish as they must have been, he prompted me to repeat them time after time. They brought him closer to my mother and the crippled boy.

It was not long until my shyness yielded completely to the tenderness and kindness of the lonely, emotionally starved man. We soon became such good friends that I felt as if I had been with him since my infancy. Our home, for all its limitations, was a pleasant refuge from the daily discomforts of my school life, caused by my ignorance of the new language. As I worked with him about the store, he called me his *compagnino*, his little partner in business, to make me feel that my help was really important to him.

At length he put his tea cup aside and prepared for the evening rush, when the laborers would return to their homes from their work at the steel plant. They were strong, muscular Italians, dirty and greasy, who demanded quick service. We worked very hard for several hours, until the rush was over. Then it was time for my father

to cook the evening meal, for he had never employed a housekeeper. He grabbed a handful of things from the ice-box and a few cans from a shelf, and ran to the kitchen in the back part of the house. In order to perform this daily task without loss to the grocery department he had suspended a little cowbell over the door of the store, so that the customer, in opening the door, announced his presence automatically. When the bell tingled, the busy housekeeper rushed back to the shop, there to resume his rôle of man of affairs.

But it frequently happened, of course, that a *biffi stecca* (beefsteak) would burn, or that a pot of macaroni would be overcooked to a pasty worthlessness, while my father administered to the grocery wants of a belated customer. Whenever such an accident happened he relieved his feelings with a succession of Italian oaths. But even in his swearing there was a hidden humor.

"*Per San Martino!*" he would exclaim, taking the name of his own patron saint in vain. "Selfish and inconsiderate customers! They must know a fellow must have a little time for meals." But then his mood would change, and he would make light of the matter as he set about to repeat his culinary endeavors.

II

For the Anglo-Americans my father had unbounded esteem. To explain their greatness he had his own theory.

"The Americans," he would often say, "are a great people for the simple reason that they are a conglomeration of the best European races. With her immense natural resources America is destined to do great things in the world."

Then he would point out, in enraptured tones, the many evidences of material progress in the New World, and the cour-

age of the Americans in embarking upon their stupendous undertakings. His frequent regret was that he had immigrated too late in life, when he was too old to master the new language.

"You children are to consider yourselves blessed," he often assured us, "because America is the Promised Land of young men."

Once he asked me to define the word *pioneer*, which he had found in an Italian newspaper. Very often after that he took pride in calling himself a pioneer.

"The immigrant has a life of hardships," he said. "Your school-books may not say so, but these laborers around us are pioneers in the true sense. I am a sort of pioneer myself. My task is to clear a place in the wilderness so that my two children can grow up into useful Americans, without the handicaps of inarticulate strangers."

But we must never forget the land of our birth, where our mother still lived.

"Italy," he said, "has been properly named the Garden of Europe, for her ancient culture and historical greatness. Throughout the ages she has produced a profusion of ornamental flowers. But the scarcity of common provender has been driving her children to America."

The New World would be hospitable to us, he thought, because of its debt to our great countrymen, Colombo and Vespucci. But we must understand that America did not mean Little Italy, with its slaving futility and its low level of endeavor. We must leave this behind us also, master the new language, and get lost in the greater Anglo-American world.

However, his American admirations were not so universal that he was incapable of taking a few healthy exceptions to individual natives. Being a foreigner, he had endured his share of intolerance from certain classes of them. Yet he had never

developed the vaguest feeling of inferiority. Since his American acquaintances were limited to the teamsters and salesmen from the wholesale houses, he knew that he was their superior. It was true that his academic education had not been much, but he had done a certain amount of reading, and he kept himself well informed through the Italian-language press.

"These native fellows treat an immigrant as if he belonged to an inferior race," he sometimes complained. "Yet I wish I could tell them, in their own language, that the civilization of our people is about two thousand years older than America." His racial dignity was largely regional. When he spoke of Italy he was referring to his birthplace, the hilltops of the Calabrian Apennines, where, as Norman Douglas observes, the pure stock of the pre-Roman Bruttians is still preserved.

In the course of his personal orientation to the New World, he had been forced to evolve a categorical system of American excellence, which was just as original as the English he spoke. His classification was at once æsthetic, cultural and zygomatic. To him, the Americans were divided into two great classes: the *mangia-gomma* (man-ja-gom-ma, literally gum-eaters), who were numerically the stronger party, and the *persone colte* or *persone gentile* (persons of culture and refinement), who were the masters and superiors of the first tribe.

To my father, gum-chewing was not only an intolerable vice, but also a true index to a deplorable insufficiency of mental powers. It may be imagined that his tormentors, the teamsters and salesmen, were almost solidly confirmed in the practice. If one of this gentry laughed at his gesticulations, or his poor English, or gave any other evidence of boorishness, my father took refuge in his classification.

There were some drivers who did not do him the courtesy of addressing him by his true name, but who preferred to call him Joe. Without troubling to correct them, he simply smiled, looked at them with an expression of genuine compassion, and then retaliated by manifesting a similar carelessness.

"Arriti, Joe," he would reply. The offender, then, was a *mangiagomma*, who was not to be taken seriously. If he were a *persona colta*, he would respect an honest man.

That the superior tribe of non-masticating Americans also existed my father was never in doubt. His Italian newspapers often spoke of the bankers, the statesmen, the lawyers, and similar dignitaries of the Republic. He had never met any of them, but he was satisfied with his second-hand knowledge of them.

III

His customers, the laborers and steel workers of Little Italy, were peasants and shepherds from the villages and hamlets of the Italian Peninsula. Before his immigration he had never met their kind on a footing of equality, but in the New World he had learned the lesson of democracy. He continued, however, to maintain a tactful aloofness. Whenever he was invited to their weddings, christenings, and like celebrations, he excused himself by pleading that he was too busy. He did not avoid them for a better social life, because, aside from his daily activities in the grocery store, he had no social life whatever.

"Those who work with their hands," he would say, "are naturally inadequate for after-dinner conversation. But it is not their fault. The truly intelligent man must respect them for their honesty and decency."

His reserve was always kind and sympathetic. The absence of *camaraderie* in him did not denote snobbishness. Indeed, by reason of his better education, the laborers looked upon him as a sort of protective patriarch. He aided them in their distress, and helped them to deal, in so far as his own limitations permitted him, with the world of Americans. He transmitted their savings to their dependents, and acted as letter-writer for the illiterate. Whenever a family was rendered helpless through a death or an industrial accident, he was especially active. Leaving me in charge of the store, he would make the rounds of the community for a *colletta*. This was an Italianized American word which described the little donations that he gathered from door to door, so that a widow could be sent back to Italy, or some other urgent case could have immediate charity. For Little Italy was self-sufficient, and the poor took care of the poor.

This dependence of the laborers upon him gave him a sense of importance, a sort of compensation for his inadequacy in the American world. The neighborhood was never lacking in cases of what he called meritorious poverty. He recognized them by dispensing a good measure of the commodity demanded, or by selling his merchandise at cost; in either case the profits would go hang.

"This is a needy person," he would say. "I am not losing anything if I let him have it at wholesale."

Among his customers was a grey, limping old widow who was invariably dressed in mourning, and who timidly hid her face in a black shawl thrown over her head. After making one or two frugal purchases in the grocery department, she asked for her daily package of dog meat, for which my father made no charge. When she had gone, he shook his head

sadly, and made some reflection about the dignity of race and the pride of rags.

"I suppose I ought to charge her something," he said. "But it wouldn't be right because I happen to know that the poor lady doesn't own a dog. The meat I give her comes from the neck. It isn't worth much, but it makes good stew."

His protective attitude was not altogether determined by nationalistic considerations. He willingly extended it to the Negroes of the neighborhood. Their presence was an American industrial fact that he sometimes resented, mostly because he knew something of the American social attitude toward them. But he seldom showed any prejudice against the individual Negroes among his customers.

Once he was puzzled by the disappearance of several hams from his butcher shop. Upon examining certain clues, he concluded that someone had been periodically helping himself, at night, by prying open a window and reaching for them. Shocked by the boldness of the thief, he resolved to lie in wait to catch him red-handed.

The burglar turned out to be one of his occasionally-paying dark customers. When my father caught his prehensile arm, the frightened prayers of its colored owner were sufficient to procure his escape. When, the next morning, the culprit appeared in the store with his wife and several children, the would-be prosecutor had softened into his favorite rôle of charity dispenser of Little Italy. Their story of poverty brought them back the coveted ham, as well as other things to complete their dinner.

"Ebbene," he said to me afterward. "It seems that we have given away a few provisions, but it may be worth something to have discovered the *black hand* that was taking the hams through the window."

He conducted his business according to the old-fashioned mercantile customs of his native town, where each family had been known to the other for many generations, and where personal trust was the basis of most transactions. So he extended credit with more humanity than good judgment, and his annual losses, due to unprofitable sales, bad risks and good charity, were such that there seldom remained anything on the good side of the ledger. But this fact did not trouble my father for the simple reason that he kept no ledger, or any other system of accounts. The only sort of book he knew was a vest-pocket memorandum which was retained by the customer himself, to be balanced by my father on pay-days. On these occasions the creditor and debtor would lean across the counter toward each other until their heads touched, as they mumbled numbers in Italian to find a balance. If anything was lacking it was supplied by memory.

This remarkable system was probably just as good as the new-fangled bother known as double entry. Indeed, its only fault was that sometimes, in the course of fair dealing, the customer lost his book. And since such accidents were just as likely to happen to an honest man as to one of the opposite variety my father usually reached his grand total by means of a conservative guess.

There seemed to be small doubt that he was conducting his business largely for the benefit of his customers. But money-making to him was a mere incident of living, and not the highest concern of honest endeavor. Life was a humorous adventure that could be enjoyed even with limited funds.

He had a little piece of sophistry to justify his poverty. "If a man has a bad liver," he said, "his estates won't make his life cheerful. The poor man eats less and

saves his liver. Therefore, he is happier." When it came to religious matters he believed firmly in a Ciceronian double standard. In the religio-political upheavals in which his family had been involved he had been a strong anti-clerical. Though still a pagan as a matter of personal choice, the passing years had made him more tolerant. He was now willing to grant that religion, as an influence toward humility and chastity, was highly to be commended for peasants and women; but he held that it was utterly shameful for persons of consequence in the world. In them it aroused a suspicion of effeminacy.

On a certain evening he was discussing with my elder brother the unsatisfactory political behavior of an Italian Prime Minister as reported by his newspaper. After railing for a while about political incompetency, he dismissed the man completely with: "Well, what can you expect from a man of brains who goes to church like an old woman every Sunday?"

But this lukewarm attitude toward the creed of his forefathers did not by any means denote any hospitality toward the faiths of his American neighbors. Among his customers was an Italian shoemaker turned Protestant, who sometimes tried to expound his beliefs while he made his purchases. My father listened to him with patience, but expressed his amusement when the man had gone.

"There is nothing wrong with the old apostolic faith, if one feels the need of it," he said. "A priest of the old school, even if it be only because of his mysterious Latin, carries more conviction than a dozen saints in everyday attire."

This was by way of patriotic defense of a Roman institution that had been challenged. Most of the time he clung firmly to the agnosticism of his youth.

"Priests are men," he often said, "and a

groceryman is no less. The Eternal Father will not punish us for our disbelief if His earthly attorneys fail to sound convincing. He will judge us for our intentions, as well as for our acts and omissions. With a big universe to run it is not likely that He is keeping close accounts on the life of Martino, the groceryman on Currie avenue."

His mercurial temperament required not only continual labor, but also a great deal of talking. He had his opinion, invariably self-made, upon every subject. But he was never oracular. He preferred the rôle of a jesting philosopher who was willing to risk appearing instructive for the sake of being entertaining. One of the major mental tasks of my boyhood was to glean the little grains of truth from his larger mass of good-natured raillery.

He amused himself by conceiving a God in his own image: a well-meaning individual whose multiplicity of endeavors sometimes disturbed the smoothness of the cosmic machinery. When Martino was waiting on his customers the housekeeping department would suffer: when the Eternal Father was engaged in other parts of the planet an Italian laborer would be burned in a blast-furnace explosion.

Nominally, he was a Republican, but he knew practically nothing about the internal issues of his adopted country. He had chosen his party mostly because its name suggested association with the Garibaldian movement. But politics in the wider sense interested him immensely, and he often carried his little jocular theory of cosmic neglect into the realm of political economy.

"Individual men," he would say, "are constantly performing miracles, and *la natura* is showering the race with her riches. The trouble with the world is that all its governments have fallen into the

hands of superannuated men. They spend their days making pretty phrases and awe-inspiring epigrams, and on Sundays they pray to the Eternal Father to save their nations from disaster. Knowing their pater nosters better than their economics, they have found no way to distribute nature's bounty. The result is the brutality and drudgery that goes with poverty, and the idle futility that comes from riches. The world must find a balance between base utility and futile ornamentation."

IV

My father lost no time in becoming a naturalized American. He was certain that his new status would accomplish the great purpose of his life. A generous nation like America could not refuse one of her citizens the right to have his wife and child with him. He sent in his newly acquired papers with another application. He took up the matter with the immigration authorities through an Italian policeman and other "persons of prominence," using also the influence of his wholesale dealers.

When his request was denied for the second time, he was angry at the *stupidezza*, the stupidity of the decision. He was constantly arguing his case to his customers in the store. It was true that America needed able-bodied men to build her railroads and mill her steel, and that she had no use for cripples and dependents. But his case was different. How could America forget common humanity in her bidding for the labor power of foreigners? Was he not an American citizen and a valuable economic unit in the industrial scheme of the community where he lived? Was he not able to support his family? Certainly the law could not be intended for such cases as ours. Look at the terrible tragedy of it! He loved America, and

wanted to live here. Was the great country of hope and freedom going to compel one of her good citizens to go abroad in order to live with his wife and child? It was absurd, inhuman!

Yet it was this irrational solution that he was compelled to make a few years later, when he at last lost all hope of a united family in America. Reluctantly, he sold the little grocery store, packed his belongings, and prepared to return permanently to his native country.

His Italian customers came, individually and by families, to say *addio* and wish him a safe voyage. Some of them brought him little presents. The older ones exchanged kisses with him, in Italian fashion, on both cheeks, and their children kissed his hand according to custom. For the teamsters and salesmen, the only Americans he had known, he had laboriously made up two or three sentences in his peculiar English.

"Gooddi byee," he said, shaking hands. "Me go old countree. Me lika stay in America, *ma* me gotta wifa and keed me no see longa time."

He had loved his daily life in the grocery store, where he had labored for nearly twenty years; and it was not easy for him to renounce his American citizenship. But his deepest wound was in parting from his two older boys. In obedience to the paternal wish, my brother and I had taken our places in the American scene. In planning our careers and in directing our education, he had foreseen the probability that he must leave us. However much his heart prompted him to the contrary, he had clung to his idea of America as a land of young men, and had consistently urged us toward his mysterious class of cultivated Americans. In the absorbing process of Americanization our consciousness of Italy had become nothing more than a vague childhood memory. We were both in our

early twenties, and the passing years were even dimming the sad image of the dark little Calabrian mother we had left behind.

Thus the pitiful outcome of the central plan of his life was a redistribution of his family, a division more hopeless than the first. For in addition to the geographical distance that would separate him from his sons, there would be their further growth into a new civilization that would make them strangers to the traditions of his native land.

On the day of his departure, in the smoky little kitchen in the rear of the store, he gave us his final admonitions. The family ties of Calabria have the primitive strength of the patriarchal clan. His grief in parting from us was keen and bitter. Yet he was determined to remain true to his stoical attitude. He explained his decision in terms almost purely intellectual, as if he were apologizing for leaving.

"We are making the only reasonable solution," he said. "I helped you as much as I could when you needed me, but now that you are able to do without me I am leaving you as hostages to the New World. *Naturalmente*, I would have been happier in America, seeing my two boys move about as confidently as native Americans. But it is my duty to go back. In trying to be a good father I could not help being a wayward husband. Your mother has been waiting for me all these years and is entitled to the last part of my life."

He continued at great length with bits of advice about the dangers of life, and the necessity of personal dignity and good morals. We must strive honestly among the Americans, work diligently and command their respect. Yet we must preserve our surname in its original spelling, and bring honor to it by our deeds. Our Ameri-

can-born children must know the origin of their parents. Maybe some day we would tell them that their grandfather had been a pioneer who had returned to Italy with his American papers in his pocket.

"I know you belong to America," he said. "But your mother can't see you as you are, and will never understand why I must return alone." For a moment, his voice became hoarse. He arose and poured himself a glass of wine, and regained his composure by taking refuge in his sardonic humor.

"*Ebbene*," he said with a laugh. "I have always maintained that the Eternal Father is a great comedian. He now ordains that I shall live in the exile of my native country. But after all, there is no arguing with destiny. These are things that happen only to the living. The dead have a little the better of us."

At the railway station, while we waited for his train, he gave every outward appearance of his habitual jolly humor. With one arm affectionately around my waist, and the other on my brother's shoulder, he made a little joke about fathers and sons of different nationalities.

"You Americans," he said, "have the best railroads, but we Italians are the best musicians."

He was still simulating amusement at his own jest when he boarded the train and stood waving at us from the rear platform. As it dimmed into a dot on the horizon the two "Americans" forgot the pruderies of the Italian. But their effeminate tears, the weak attributes of religious old women, were a pitifully inadequate tribute to the defeated immigrant, the jovial tea-drinking *Americano*, who had done his work and retired without grumbling.

CROESUS AT HOME

BY MORROW MAYO

PASADENA is ten miles from Los Angeles as the Rolls-Royces fly. It is one of the prettiest towns in America, and probably the richest. So long as twenty years ago it had fifty-two millionaires living in one street. Harland Hall, a local reporter, noted the fact and wrote a feature story (which he sold for \$9) entitled, "Orange Grove Avenue: A Millionaire for Every Week." Today the town has at least four hundred millionaires, and perhaps twice that many if you count (as Pasadena does not) those who have homes there but spend most of their time elsewhere. The late William Wrigley, Jr., for example, came in the latter class. Although he had a home in the town he was never considered a Pasadenan because he was actively identified with Chicago, and also because he spent most of his time when he was in the West on Catalina Island, which he owned, and at Phoenix, Ariz.

Many other men of great wealth spend most of their time in Pasadena but continue to maintain their legal residences elsewhere for reasons of their own. One such reason, frankly stated by some of them, is to escape California's oppressive inheritance-tax law. Recently the head of one of the nation's largest banking institutions named to me ten men who had been "prevented", as he put it, from settling in Pasadena legally because of this "outrageous, confiscatory" statute. The ten men he named are probably worth a total of three hundred millions. Nevertheless,

they are familiar figures in the community. And when Winter comes the guests at the Huntington, Maryland, and Vista del Arroyo Hotels swell the number of millionaires residing in Pasadena to close to a thousand.

Nobody knows how much money there is in the town. A few months ago a humorous story was traveling the grapevine route of Colorado street's financial upperworld. It seems that on a certain day President Hoover issued a statement on the evils of hoarding, and that on the same day Mr. Charles M. Schwab declared that "there are no millionaires in this country any more." The point of the story was that on this identical day two gentlemen, both devout Republicans, met in a Pasadena bank and transferred \$2,000,000 in currency from one safety deposit vault to another. I did not see the money, and hence cannot vouch for the story, but knowing something of the really fabulous wealth of Pasadena I do not doubt it. Despite the Depression there is still a tremendous amount of actual cash in the community, much of it in gold.

The population (35,000 in Summer, 100,000 in Winter) falls logically into three main classes: plutocrats, domestic servants, and tradesmen. Only the plutocrats concern us here. They are garnished with perhaps two thousand retired folk of more modest means: people who live in pretty bungalows, drive their own medium-priced cars, and have incomes of

from \$4,000 to \$10,000 a year. There is also a generous sprinkling of chiropractors, osteopaths, fortune tellers, swamis, and purveyors of electronic vibrations.

Last year when a Hindu snake charmer lost his snakes in Los Angeles he folded himself in his flowing robes and hid himself to the most inaccessible part of Pasadena's Arroyo Seco. Within a few days reports were going around the town about a mysterious East Indian prophet, and shortly thereafter limousines were threading the tortuous bed of the canyon loaded with vivacious ladies anxious to know if the seer could glimpse their husbands going on long journeys, or tall dark men appearing on the horizon. Quacks are plentiful in Pasadena, and they are very popular, especially with the wealthy, middle-aged matrons on whose diamond-studded hands time, alas, hangs heavier than a six spade bid doubled and redoubled. The Pasadena Community Playhouse and the Pasadena Art Institute, especially the former, are life-savers for these ladies. The young matrons and débutantes go in mainly for Junior League high-jinks, homes for Mexican orphans, and genteel whoopee.

The name of the Millionaire Town has scared away from Pasadena many respectable middle-class people who have gone to Southern California to make their homes. Once they take a look around the place, see the palatial mansions, note the lack of industry, and hear the fatal words, Millionaire Town, they are on their way to Whittier, Monrovia, Glendale, or some other community of just folks. Pasadena has a Chamber of Commerce, but the organization finds the going difficult because the majority of the millionaires do not want any industry in Pasadena, and join the Chamber only to keep it out. For years a city-planning commission com-

posed of retired plutocrats has prevented the active business men from erecting smoke-stacks, chopping down trees, and otherwise Americanizing the town.

There is a saying in Los Angeles that rich people who move to Southern California do not go to Pasadena to live unless they have had money for at least two decades. That may have been true at one time, but it has not been true for ten years, for during the Prosperity Era a flock of new millionaires built homes in the Oak Knoll district and, more particularly, in the nearby suburbs of Altadena and Flintridge. But it is true that most of the *nouveaux riches*, and especially the traditional types, prefer Beverly Hills, Malibu Beach, and Hollywood. They see nothing in Pasadena, and are somewhat ill at ease there; the town is too conservative, too reserved, and too rich.

These good people do not desire a home in a quiet setting where gold does not glitter. What appeals to their taste is a Chinese-Kansas castle in Beverly Hills, an Arabian-Iowa mansion at Malibu, or a grand apartment house on Hollywood boulevard. In short, they desire to flash, and money does not flash in Pasadena. The community is so modest on the subject of wealth that even the word millionaire is taboo in the local press. In the whole history of the town no movie star has ever lived there.

The conservative Pasadena millionaires frown severely upon gold-green villas, pink-striped automobiles, and candidates for the Social Register. They ask very little for their money. They want good liquor, and the town's millionaire bootlegger supplies it. They insist upon being let alone, and their commercial attachés see to that. They ask that industries be kept out of the town, and the Chamber of Commerce coöperates. They ask for

fifty-one weeks of perfect golfing weather every year, and Nature complies. They demand the most efficient police force in the United States, and they have it. These gentlemen of great wealth are very proud of the Pasadena police. Some time ago when a burglar, who must have been insane, tried to rob a Pasadena castle the millionaires gave the officer who killed him a medal, a public benefit, and a huge cash prize. They also retain what seems to be several army corps of watchmen and private detectives.

These gentlemen spend a good deal of time, like all men of leisure, in the pleasant pastime of gabbing. They loaf around Jim MacDonnell's bank, or Henry Robinson's bank, in the manner of villagers at the corner grocery. They read Will Rogers and the comic strips, grow apoplectic over Prohibition, tell each other what this country needs, and laugh at the alarms of the *Los Angeles Times*, which sights a Russian battleship off San Pedro every morning.

II

At Henry Robinson's bank one is apt to run across Arthur M. Fleming, lumber baron and chief angel of Pasadena's leading industry, the California Institute of Technology. A native of Canada, Mr. Fleming has been an American citizen since 1886. He practised law in Detroit for ten years, and then went to California and started in the lumber business. Most of his millions were hewn from the sugar pine forests of the High Sierras; he was also interested in mines, in railroads and other public utilities. He has a genuine affection, naturally, for sugar pines, and has spent a great deal to preserve those in Yosemite National Park. Mr. Fleming is well past the Biblical three score and ten,

but he is still quite active. He has given the California Institute of Technology more than \$5,000,000, and is president of the board of directors.

A few years ago he bought the railroad car in which the Armistice was signed, constructed a building for it, placed in it wax figures representing all those present at the Armistice conference, and then presented the whole thing to France. Shortly thereafter he became a chevalier of the Legion of Honor. But last year he brought Professor Einstein from Germany to the California Institute of Technology. He is also interested in the cause of art, and is a generous donor to the Pasadena Art Institute.

Many other Pasadena millionaires go in for Art and Culture; the leader in this respect, of course, was the late Henry E. Huntington. But most of them have hobbies outside the grove of Athene. John H. Eagle, for example, is interested in big game hunting and golf. He is also an amateur photographer of note. Many millions made in the silk manufacturing business in Pennsylvania enable Mr. Eagle to go to the ends of the earth in search of something to shoot. His last trip was to South Africa; he brought back with him a hundred and twenty-five excellent specimens of leopards, hippopotami, lions, etc. These he has mounted and placed around a gigantic swimming pool which occupies the entire first floor of his princely home. Mr. Eagle is a generous and quiet giver to local and other charities. He and Arthur K. Bourne, a sewing machine mogul, usually put up the guarantee for the \$10,000 Pasadena Open Golf Tournament.

One of the most popular men of great wealth in Pasadena is John S. Cravens. His wife, the former Mildred Myers, is the daughter of the founder of the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company, an organization

in which Mr. Cravens was himself active until it was sold to the American Tobacco Company. He moved to Pasadena in 1900; since then he has been interested in a large way in the Southern California Edison Company, banks, and other enterprises. Socially, Mr. Cravens is probably the Number 1 man of Pasadena. Gold and the local Community Chest are his hobbies. His home on Orange Grove avenue cost more than \$1,000,000, and is one of the most pretentious in the West. But Mr. Cravens is a modest man. He was quite distressed recently when a Los Angeles newspaper woman wrote: "The dinner service in his mansion, even when company is not present, is of solid gold."

Every week or so the newspaper reporters of Pasadena have occasion to call at the home of Henry M. Robinson to get a denial of the rumor that he will succeed the current Secretary of the Treasury. These rumors have persisted ever since Mr. Hoover has been President, and recur whenever Mr. Robinson is a guest at Rapidan or at the White House, which is frequently. He has been an unofficial financial adviser to Mr. Hoover since his service on the Dawes Commission. He is head of a large bank in Los Angeles, and a director in many corporations. Nevertheless, he manages to live in comparative seclusion in his Pasadena home. His benefactions are many; one was a gift of \$300,000 to erect a hospital on the site of the old Robinson home in Ravenna, Ohio, where his parents were pioneers. When he is in Pasadena he likes to stroll down to his branch bank and sit around for a few hours. He is cordial to newspaper men, but reticent.

Mr. Robinson's attitude toward the press is in marked contrast to that of one of his former chief lieutenants, the late Dr. John Willis Baer, of Occidental College and

Presbyterian Church fame. Dr. Baer used to issue regular written statements to the reporters, and then rush to the newspaper offices to read them in proof, to see that they were printed verbatim. The doctor, who was a Litt.D., also endeavored to write the headlines to his statements, but, unfortunately he could never master what is known as a unit count, thereby winning for himself among the gentlemen of the press the nick-name of Rubber Type Baer.

Thomas D. Campbell, who owns an 85,000-acre wheat ranch in Montana, but spends most of his time in Pasadena, has been enjoying the limelight ever since his return from a two-year stay in Russia, where he helped to introduce large-scale wheat growing in the Soviet Union. Mr. Campbell probably holds the 1932 record for honorary degrees from institutions of higher learning: in one week he was made a Doctor of Engineering by the University of Southern California, and a Doctor of Laws by the University of North Dakota. He is an affable millionaire, and somewhat mysterious. His hobbies are airplane-riding and the Republican party. He says that Mr. Hoover is a "sincere friend of the farmer," and I judge that he speaks with some authority, since he is one of the largest farmers in America.

B. O. Kendall, a pioneer realtor and the largest single property-holder in Pasadena, is credited, no doubt incorrectly, with being one of the few millionaires in the country to foresee the crash of the Great Bull Market. Nevertheless, he seems to worry a good deal about the current "business hesitation." On the other hand, his friend, Harvey B. Bissell, a retired carpet sweeper magnate, is apparently not worrying about the Depression, the number of electric vacuum cleaners sold, or anything else. With his family he cruises the South Seas, returning only long enough to ex-

hibit to his friends the movies and other mementoes of his voyages.

No movie magnate in Hollywood has so costly a home as the secluded Oak Knoll palace of Miss Mary McCormick, daughter of the harvester king, and one of the richest women in the world. Her mansion proper cost \$2,000,000, and has sleeping accommodations for fifty guests. There are thirty-five additional bed-room suites in the guest lodge. Miss McCormick's playthings include a private symphony orchestra.

Next to Cal Tech the Pasadena Community Playhouse has been more generously supported by visiting and resident millionaires than any other Pasadena institution. Started ten years ago by Mr. Gilmor Brown, the Playhouse has been a most delightful outlet for the enthusiasm and dollars of wealthy ladies. Originally it was a little theatre in an old store. Then Art with a capital A descended upon the movement, and a new temple of the drama was erected which vies in splendor with Hollywood's movie cathedrals. The Playhouse is partially supported by life members, five-year members, members, and patrons—ranked according to their donations—and the deficit is made up, usually by some one individual, whenever Mr. Brown announces it. At his last announcement, Mrs. Fannie Morrison, whose philanthropies previously had been devoted largely to the local Humane Society, stepped forward and fed the wolf at the door of Art with a check for \$120,000. Mrs. Morrison has a huge estate, nine pedigreed dogs, and is said to have an attendant for each of them.

Two Pasadena millionaires who made their fortunes in the automobile business are C. B. Voorhis, a retired partner in the Nash Company, and F. von Schlegell, one-time executive vice-president of Hup-

mobile. Of the two, Mr. Voorhis is more in the public eye; his benefactions include a school for boys, to which he has given several hundred thousand dollars. Hugh Chalmers, who sold out to Walter P. Chrysler, usually spends the Winter at a Pasadena hotel.

Whenever mention is made of Frederick Bartlett and Archie M. Andrews, former Chicago financiers, newspaper men recall the \$50,000 golf game they once played in Pasadena. They were working out a deal, and the wager represented the difference between the amounts asked and offered. Freeman Ford is one of several millionaire ranchers and dog fanciers who reside in Pasadena. In recent years his particular hobby has been whippet racing. He owns several champions, and maintains elaborate kennels on his hillside estate.

At one time Pasadena had a multi-millionaire mayor, the Hon. William Thum. He is still a sort of uncrowned king in local politics. Small of stature, which gives him his nick-name, Tom Thum, he wanders through the corridors of Pasadena's beautiful City Hall carrying a brief case almost as large as himself. Mr. Thum dabbles in sociology, a hobby which he took up years ago when he and his brother Otto were making their first millions out of Tanglefoot fly-paper.

III

In 1921, when the wealthy Pasadenans were scouting around for an up-and-coming man to take the place of Dr. James A. B. Scherer as head of the California Institute of Technology, they decided upon Dr. Robert A. Millikan, then head of the physics department of the University of Chicago. Unquestionably it was a wise selection, for Dr. Millikan, who is

now chairman of the executive board, has put Cal Tech on the map, and made Pasadena one of the scientific centers of the world.

He is not only a distinguished scientist, a winner of a Nobel prize in physics; he is also a competent business executive. Thus he is popular with the Pasadena millionaires, and has a way with them. A few years ago, at the home of the late Henry E. Huntington, he organized sixty millionaires (at a minimum of \$1,000 per head *per annum*) into the California Institute Associates. He delivers appropriate addresses to American Legion boys, paranthood conferences, church congregations, and friends of radio-land. No praise of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce is more unstinted than that to be found in one of his baccalaureate addresses. A newspaper advertisement he signed a few years ago, urging the election of his favorite candidate to Congress, carried much weight, but, unfortunately, not enough. Some time ago he wrote a letter to the *Outlook* reprimanding it for criticizing President Hoover.

Dr. Millikan is a devout Congregationalist, the son of a Congregationalist preacher. He believes that there is no conflict between science and religion, and shortly after the Scopes trial at Dayton, Tenn., he entered the public controversy with a series of scientific manifestos and theological proclamations assuring the people that he had looked into the matter, and that there was no conflict. Beginning with addresses to local church congregations, he quickly broadened his field of publicity to the radio, a national lecture tour, the public prints, and finally books.

His assurances, however, did not satisfy the Fundamentalists. They held most emphatically that there *was* an irreconcilable conflict between science and religion, and,

what is more, they proceed to demonstrate it to Dr. Millikan. They summoned three of their pulpit aces to Chicago, and then dispatched them to Pasadena. There, playing to standing room only, almost in the shadow of Cal Tech, the reverend gentlemen made a three-night stand at the Lincoln Avenue Presbyterian Church. Dr. Arthur I. Brown spoke on "Men, Monkeys, and Missing Links," Dr. Harry Rimmer on "Evolution Unmasked," and Dr. Gerald B. Winrod on "The Mark of the Beast." I give you Dr. Winrod's final shout:

A hundred thousand members of the Bryan Bible League in California will arouse the Legislature, and a million members in the nation will stir this country and challenge the world. The issue is clear. Shall infidelity in the form of evolution be taught in tax-supported schools? The Bible is barred from the schools of California. We demand that the Bible be taught in the public schools. We demand that evolution shall be barred! Darwinism is an unproven, unscientific, anti-Biblical and anti-Christian theory, and it must have no place in tax-supported schools. The moral and religious effects of evolution are too disastrous for us to be silent! We must present a united front. We must be organized. With a million members we can say: "In the name of Almighty God, this modern Baal must go from the schools!" An aroused populace demands it! Patriotism demands it! The fight is on!

On election day, which was about three weeks later, the people of Southern California went to the polls and voted three to one to put the King James version of the Bible in the public schools. The bill, however, was defeated by the wicked vote of Central and Northern California.

Pasadena, meanwhile, just keeps gliding along. Nothing disturbs its tranquillity, not even the Red scare. The town is actually friendly to political radicals, some of whom are multi-millionaires themselves,

for example, Mrs. Kate Crane Gartz. Upton Sinclair also lives in Pasadena, and apparently likes the town very much, for he has lived there for years. Roger Baldwin was permitted to speak there over the bitter protests of a dozen patriotic Los Angeles organizations, including the so-called Better American Federation. More than once Pasadena police have removed Los Angeles open-shop bands from the town's annual Tournament of Roses. The town, in fact, is somewhat of a paradox. The richest city in America, it is also one of the friendliest to organized labor, a friendliness which goes back to the violent days of the McNamara case. The files of the Los Angeles *Citizen* during those hectic days disclose that this labor organ was receiving most of its advertising from Pasadena merchants.

Mainly responsible for this strange state of affairs is Charles H. Prisk, the millionaire owner and editor of the Pasadena *Star-News*. In an article in THE AMERICAN MERCURY a few years ago on the California literati, George W. West referred to this journal as "an oasis in the desert." It is. After years of easy but persistent pressure Mr. Prisk has gradually created a spirit of live-and-let-live in the community; consequently, there is less class bitterness in Pasadena than in any other town in California. The *Star-News* has long been the envy and wonder of other newspaper publishers on the Coast. But its policy of giving all sides in a controversy an absolute even break is often termed spineless by persons whose idea of courage is to suppress the opposition.

Mr. Prisk, judged by all American standards, is a superior man; a modest, dignified, mild-mannered gentleman, a Babbitt, a Republican, a former president of the town's Rotary club. Thirty years ago, just out of Stanford, a cantankerous youngster from the wilds of Grass Valley, he went to Pasadena and started a paper. A short time after he arrived the political boss of the town went to his office and tried to dictate to the young editor. The conference ended in a knock-down, drag-out fight between the two. They rolled over the floor. The battle finally ended in the classical manner, after noses were bloodied, glasses broken, and furniture wrecked, with Kid Prisk throwing his opponent bodily through the front door, glass and all.

Many times since then the man has had occasion to show his courage, his generosity, and his intelligence. He had one fight with labor and won, but since he was not vindictive, he was willing to shake hands after the fight. Today his paper, in an open-shop paradise, is not only run mechanically by union labor; the heads of the mechanical departments are officials of national and international unions. Mr. Prisk is the despair of all the Los Angeles Red-baiters and labor-haters; he is full of humor, common sense and common decency, and hence among most of the capitalist of Southern California he stands out like a redwood in a growth of stunted pine.

He has done more than any other man to make Pasadena a pleasant place to live in.

LITERATURE IN THE OPEN SPACES

BY NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD

ONE day recently, as I walked through the Peacock Alley of a Middle Western hotel, I was struck by the absence of the usual voluptuous women and the presence of framed sections of green burlap, on which were mounted printed and typewritten sheets. One of the sections attracted me by the extraordinary combination of colors in its printed matter, and I paused to examine it. At the top was a pink desk blotter, bearing the words:

When you have the stomach-ache
Chiropractic you should take;
When you start to cough like—well,
With chiropractic you'll feel swell.
Of all good things that God has blest,
Chiropractic tops the rest.

Beneath this poem was the picture of a young woman whose posture and attire, despite the pious tone of the verse, seemed anything but ecclesiastical, and above her towered a manly youth, strongly resembling a stevedore or a truck driver, in a surgeon's gown. Evidently he was the chiropractor blest of God.

As I paused in contemplation, I felt a hand on my shoulder. I turned just as a middle-aged man in an old-time Prince Albert coat addressed me.

"You look like you were interested in literature, Brother."

"Somewhat," I answered in as dubious a tone as I could muster.

"I just thought you were when I saw you stopping at this exhibit," the man

went on. "Do you know, I wrote all these poems on this section? They're not signed, but that's because I've sold 'em to lots of chiropractic doctors and they want to put their own names down. It helps a professional man, you know, if folks think he's literary. Especially with the women. And I don't mind these doctors putting their names down after my poems. I've got the money for them, you see. Not that money's everything. It ain't, you know. I mean it, isn't. But I just don't seem to feel I have to be so careful about my grammar when I'm with other folks that's interested in literature, like you are.

"But, anyhow, as I was a-saying, money's not everything. I like to do some good with my writing, like Doctor Sheldon and Bruce Barton and Harold Bell Wright. Not that I ever expect to do the good that they've done. I'm just a plain everyday plug, though the editor of our town newspaper says to me the other day, 'Bill, I've heard lots of ladies say they turn to your poems first thing in the paper. I guess they find 'em inspiring.' 'Inspiring'—that's the very word he used. And, I tell you, Brother, it makes a fellow puff out his chest a little when he's told that by a man that knows literature, like an editor."

"Is there a chiropractic convention in the hotel?" I asked, for want of something more sensible to say.

"Oh, no," he replied. "Don't you know? Why, the State Authors' Society is meet-

ing here today. These are exhibits of their work. Gosh, some of them are grand. There's Mrs. Sutton, she's written a poem a week for the newspaper in her town for forty years. And Doc Ayscore—he's down at the Agricultural College—he's published over a hundred papers on hog diseases. And Clara Terrill—why, you know, there isn't hardly a woman's club in this whole State that hasn't used some of her dramatic poems. She's going to read one of them herself tonight at the banquet—'The Orphan, the Gypsy, and the Millionaire.' She does it with gestures and everything. And both Senators and every Representative in the State but one—and he's a Democrat—belong to the society. Congressman Barnsby is going to talk tonight, right after Clara Terrill's reading, on 'The Writings of Calvin Coolidge.' I'd hate to tackle a big subject like that, but the Congressman's a big man. He'll do it justice, all right."

"I have no doubt," I said warmly.

"Yes," said my acquaintance, "you bet he will. You couldn't go to the banquet, could you? We like to have literary folks there, and I can get you a ticket if you'll come."

Unfortunately, I was unable to hear Miss Terrill and Congressman Barnsby. I had an engagement in Detroit that necessitated my leaving at four o'clock in the afternoon. But I have attended many similar gatherings of local writers' societies in other States. These organizations, most of them in the Middle West and the Far West, offer naïve and florid evidence of the general American desire to be known as a creative artist and constructive thinker, and, more specifically, a poet. Usually they persuade a few more or less well-known authors to join, while the rest of the membership is made up of middle-aged clubwomen, verse-writing Congress-

men, and other such ornaments of the art of letters. The members meet at banquets, recite their verse, and discuss gravely such problems as "The Future of Free Verse" and "The Moral Tendencies of American Poetry." To furnish a lighter note, there are amateur plays and burlesques of the work of prominent members.

One of the most applauded numbers at one meeting that I attended was a series of tunes played on a saw by a leading member, who stood on a chair during his performance lest his audience miss the finer points of his art. At another meeting, the most vociferous applause was given to the criticism presented by a Methodist preacher upon a distinguished poet: "No red-blooded American should read his work; he wasn't good to his wife." Some of the societies, in which the Rotarian spirit is conspicuous, join in singing "Ham and Eggs," "If an Authoress Smiles at You," and this ditty, addressed to the guest of honor:

I'm goin' to get well,
I'm goin' to get well;
If you can live with a face like that,
I'm goin' to get well.

II

The oldest and in many respects the most up-and-coming of these organizations is the Kansas Authors' Club. It was founded in 1904, primarily as a Topeka poets' society, through the efforts of Dr. Henry W. Roby, an ancient bearded physician who wrote poetry on the side; State Senator George Pierson Morehouse, a statesman interested in Indian folklore; and Eugene F. Ware, whose verse, published under the pseudonym of Ironquill, is still widely read and recited throughout the Middle West. Older members of the organization still speak with reverence of Mr. Ware,

though he has been dead for a number of years. Their enthusiasm is invariably centred on the patriotic dithyrambs that he penned after the Battle of Manila:

Oh, Dewey was the morning
Upon the first of May,
And Dewey was the admiral
Down in Manila Bay,
And Dewey were the regent's eyes,
Them orbs of royal blue!
And dew we feel discouraged?
I do not think we dew.

I have heard this quoted not fewer than a hundred times, and never without the added historical item that Ware wrote it on the menu card of a local restaurant, the inference being plain that this was a sure mark of his careless, unfettered poetic genius.

Chiefly through the efforts of Mr. Morehouse, the club has grown in membership to more than four hundred. Lest the Eastern cynic wonder at that number of authors in a State celebrated more for its wheat than for its literature, Mr. Morehouse explains that the society is no guild of professional writers. "Its members," he wrote some time ago, "extend through every grade of authorship—from those who have reached that enchanted ground among the six best sellers to those who write but rarely get in print; from those whose names are of national repute as regular contributors to our leading magazines and journals to those whose humble efforts are almost unknown and unread."

Although the club is made up of eleven departments, ranging from fiction to science, more than 60% of its members solemnly classify themselves as poets. It is divided by congressional districts, in each of which there are officers, meetings, banquets, and all the other paraphernalia of American joinerism. At the meetings original poems are read, and such subjects are

discussed as "The Cultural Value of Literature in the Home," "Our Club," "The Advertising Game," "Journalistic Possibilities," "Canned Thoughts," "Literature in the Schools," and "The Kansas Authors' Club Horoscope."

An inspiring address, still remembered and spoken of with awe, was once made by State Senator J. E. Hilkey, of the thriving agricultural town of Lyndon, on "Our Country's Flag." The *Topeka Daily Capital* referred to it as "a timely and beautiful tribute to the Stars and Stripes which was filled with pathos and patriotism and expressed in an eloquent manner." Then the reporter, with conscious or unconscious satire, added: "Upon former occasions Mr. Hilkey has pleased the audience with his poetical readings and in this new rôle is just as entertaining."

Often the names of speakers at the banquet are accompanied by apt quotations, in the manner of a high-school annual. For instance:

His wit is no stranger in these parts.

Eloquence is logic on fire.

And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.

Two great controversies have enlivened the club. The first developed in 1914. A poem, "The Call of Kansas," had since 1907 been considered by most Kansans the poetic masterpiece of the State, and Esther M. Clark was universally recognized as its author. Suddenly an ex-teacher, Emma Clark Carr, appeared with the assertion that she had written it and published it in the *Hutchinson Gazette* some fifteen years before. The charge produced as much of a sensation as if the leading pastor of Topeka had been caught bootlegging. At once the Kansas Authors' Club leaped to the bench of justice. It named

a committee of its members, including a judge of the State Supreme Court, which went into the matter at length, succeeded in collating a file of the Hutchinson newspaper, and found no evidence for Mrs. Carr's claim.

The other controversy came when the Hon. L. Addison Bone, gravel merchant, retired baker, and president of the club, insisted on removing the apostrophe after "Authors" in the name of the organization. "The *s* is used to indicate plurality and not possession or ownership," Mr. Bone averred. "We are an association of authors composing a club. We are *it*. It is not something we *own* or *possess*, but something we *are*."

Certain college professors and other learned men in the club endeavored to convince President Bone—and the everyday members—that he was wrong, but he stood firm, and the society went with him. It was not for poets to discuss the Old English genitive and its relation to modern English. Enough for them that the spirit of Kansas and its leading gravel merchant had spoken in the sublime words: "We are it." Never since then has the apostrophe been used officially by the club.

The organization claims the distinction of having been first among such societies to broadcast regularly over the radio. Since January, 1929, it has presented a weekly programme of original poetry by its members. How the supply holds out is somewhat of a mystery. The programme is one of the most popular in Kansas. Thousands of farmers, tired after their labor in the corn fields and among their prize cattle, sit entranced as some lady poet intones a rhapsody on the Kansas sunset or pays a lyric tribute to the Prohibitionists of 1882. When the programme is over, the honest tiller of the soil feels an inspiration not

unlike that induced by the discourse of the local soul-saver; he is ready to return with new strength and joy to swearing at his loud-voiced bull and his identically qualified Congressman.

III

Although in this as in other great enterprises Kansas calls herself a pioneer, other State authors' societies have improved upon the original model. The Authors' League of Colorado, for instance, goes in not only for poetry but for cute little interviews with local authors on the way they get inspiration and do their writing. The broadcasts of this organization reached their peak when Willard Hawkins, editor of the *Author and Journalist*, Denver's chief literary glory, began to talk about his fiction, and two of his characters rushed in with threats to shoot him if he continued. It was all, of course, good clean fun.

Some time ago the league began to wonder if the plain people were really listening, and asked frankly whether its broadcasts should be continued. "The result," in the words of the league itself, "was rather flabbergasting even though intensely gratifying. . . . Letters came in from well down toward New Mexico to up toward Montana, and from the middle plains to well over the Rockies, all our friends rising up to cheer and ask that we continue. School executives, ranchers' wives, cow pokes, and business men are all represented." Much to the gratification of the society, even so distinguished a figure as the Hon. F. L. Smith, vice-president of the Carbonate American National Bank of Leadville, gave the programme his benediction.

Like its Kansas prototype, the Missouri Writers' Guild is a direct offspring of the

prairie muse. Lee Shippey, whose volume of poetical production almost equals that of the indefatigable Mr. Guest, was the moving spirit in its founding. For years Mr. Shippey was the unofficial laureate of Missouri, and one of his admirers proudly boasted that his poetry had "been felt by more hearts than [that] of any other Missouri writer." What is recognized as his greatest poem ends with these lines:

What a good world is the world which
we live in,
What a good life is this life which we
lead!
Weary we grow in the race which we
strive in,
But the reward is repayment, indeed!
Long is the work-day, but sure is the
guerdon
When stars awake in the darkening
dome;
Gladly we live and toil on with the bur-
den
Just to go home.

Mr. Shippey has other distinctions. According to his autobiography in an early volume of "Who's Who in America," he was, while head proofreader on a newspaper, "blinded by wood alcohol poisoning and appointed poet-humorist of the Kansas City *Star* the same day." Recovering in time from his disability, he bought the illustrious Higginsville *Jeffersonian*. It was during his career as a publisher that he cast about for new fields of Service and established the Missouri Writers' Guild. Unfortunately, the organization no longer enjoys his pontifical ministrations. Having succumbed to a yearning to spread American culture *in partibus infidelium*, he became manager of the chamber of commerce of one of the Latin-American cities, and now expounds in mellifluous Spanish verse the intellectual and spiritual glories that await the hidalgo who turns Babbitt.

But the guild struggles on, challenging

volubly all scornful critics. Indeed, it has succeeded in imbuing the entire State with the doctrine that Missouri grows the best poets in the world, or, in any event, could do so if mules were not more profitable.

Some time ago, pressed for evidence of this belief that the State is full of Shelleys, Professor Dr. I. N. Evrard, dean of Missouri Valley College, departed sufficiently from his Cumberland Presbyterian contempt of the world to name the great poets of Missouri. He placed foremost George Creel, head of the Wilson press bureau during the war to make the world safe for democracy. Lesser figures upon whom he conferred the laurel were:

The late Alexander Nicolas De Menil (†1928), director of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, editor of the *Hesperian*, and author of "Forest and Town" and "The St. Louis Book of Authors," "whose work," the professor remarked, "a prominent Eastern critic compares to that of Wordsworth."

Jay B. Iden, formerly a staff writer for the *Country Gentleman*, "whose children's poems are suggestive of Riley and Field."

Professor T. Berry Smith, LL.D., professor emeritus of chemistry in Central College, author of "Three Weddings," "History of the Missouri College Union," "Illustrated History of Central College," and "History of Howard County, Missouri," whose "delightful interpretation of Poe's 'Raven' has no parallel that I know of in literature."

The two great annual events for the Missouri organization are Journalism Week, held each May at the University of Missouri, and a week's Autumn frolic in the Ozarks. The guild is allowed one day of Journalism Week, and the members enjoy the open-mouthed admiration of the ambitious boys and girls in the School of Journalism, most of whom ex-

pect, according to their respective tastes, to rival Robert Frost or Walt Mason. A few iconoclasts whose ambitions run toward James Joyce, Ezra Pound, Arnold Döblin, and Gertrude Stein sneer at the poets who appear at the meetings of the guild, but this contumely is only so much encouragement to them in their task of uplifting the literature of the Show-Me State.

The feature of the 1931 Journalism Week meeting was a debate, with the Rev. Raymond Settle, clergyman and story-writer, as chairman, on the subject: *Resolved*, that Sinclair Lewis deserved the Nobel Prize for Literature. The listeners voted heavily and uproariously for the affirmative, but a number of the members of the guild explained to me that the audience was packed with university students, and that the writers themselves, more intellectual and sober, mostly cast their suffrages for the other side. One of them, a woman, pointed out to me the previous hospitality of the Nobel Prize committee to the female sex, and inquired plaintively why "some inspiring woman, like Mary Roberts Rinehart," should not have won the 1930 honor. "And the men who debated didn't even mention a woman," she concluded.

A different outlet for the æsthetic libido is available at the Ozark frolic, where the natives stare in astonishment and disapproval at the abbreviated swimming suits of the women, and wonder at healthy-looking males who discuss the rules of prosody when they might be at the solider business of fishing for crappies and drinking white mule fresh from the still.

The literati of South Dakota are as passionately devoted to poetry as those of any other State. Not long ago I was privileged to be a judge at their annual contest. If I had still been a university professor, I

would have been impressed, no doubt, by the reappearance of medieval assonance in a poem from the State of wheat and lead:

Kind recompense to a man you've been
Where beauty is so rare a thing.

Having encountered severe dust storms in South Dakota, I was dubious as to the scientific accuracy of these lines, though they may represent a triumph of emotion over the sordid realities of life:

Not even winds can change
The endless hills.

Nothing else in the contest, however, impressed me quite as did "Bear Butte":

You are a bachelor butte
You are a moody butte.
You are a stately butte.

Colossal, lonely butte—
Through æons, still, be calmly mute.

IV

For those whose yearnings run to national orders, there are such societies as the Verse Writers' Guild of America, the Bookmakers, and the Stardust Manuscript Club. Possibly the most conspicuous in the whole lot is the International Writers' League, "incorporated under the laws of Michigan, and domesticated under the laws of Kentucky and Tennessee." The society publishes a magazine, the *Internationalist*, which, notwithstanding the Communist tinge of its title, is really a periodical full of solemn verse by God-fearing folk. It also issues an anthology for every State in the Union, admission to which is conditioned upon membership in the society and the payment of \$15 a page. For this contribution the poet receives ten copies of the volume—"the last work in bookish art"—and "an opportunity to have her poetry criticized by three leading

poetry critics of America." These distinguished critics remain anonymous in the announcement.

The promoter, president, and editor-in-chief of the society, H. A. L. De Aryan of Newport, Ky., stimulates interest in the anthologies by getting up contests in which the State sending in the most poems—and cash—is nominated as "the literary centre of the United States," until some other State wrests the title away. The location may thus shift as frequently and rapidly as the views of a politician—and, curiously, the only name that I recognize in the collections so far issued is that of the Hon. Ruth Bryan Owen, LL.D., the recently defeated Congresswoman from Florida. Eventually the ambitious Dr. De Aryan expects to publish an anthology for the whole United States and another for the entire world.

The league owns a big tract of land in the Cumberlandns, where it is seeking to establish a writers' colony called Vatenky, with lots at \$100 each. With proper consideration for the financial limitations of the literary profession, the price may be paid in installments—\$5 down and \$5 a month. "Have an estate, a soul estate, a bit of God's earth—at Vatenky, Heart o' the Cumberlandns," the League pleads.

A similar but more urban scheme was started several years ago by the Hon. A. R. Harrison, Ph.D., in the form of the National Literary Society, Inc., with this stirring appeal:

We have been leaning on the mother-countries too long for our own good. It is time for us to step out and walk! Red-blooded Americans are the products of the best people of the leading races across the Atlantic Ocean, and are therefore the most inventive, the most energetic, and the most capable people on the earth. Then why cannot we lead the world in the Fine Arts? *We can* do it. *We will* do it.

Dr. Harrison envisioned troupes of actors and "a quartette of high-class singers to be known as the National Hall of Fame Quartette." There was to be an elaborate building, full of framed verse manuscripts and portraits of poets. Of course, a poet laureate for the nation was to be selected. Dr. Harrison's grandiose project for a time received considerable support, but eventually it fell by the wayside. Within the last few months one Carl Carr, a fellow townsman of the scholarly doctor, has organized the Poet Laureate League of America, which proposes to erect a Palace of Poets in Washington, D. C.

In recent years, with the spread of feminism, college sororities, and contraceptive information, American women in increasing numbers have turned to the production of *belles lettres*, chiefly verse. When that great genius, Edgar A. Guest, was proposed—and later named—as poet laureate of Michigan, the female literati were alarmed. So a group of them appealed to Governor William Ellery Sweet of Colorado, who as a member of the National Council of the Y. M. C. A., of Phi Kappa Psi, and of the Sons of the Revolution, had a natural passion for elevated writing. He immediately named Nellie Burget Miller, a Methodist, and the author of "The Garden Year Book" and "The Living Drama," as poet laureate of Colorado.

This pleased the ladies, although some of them intimated they would have preferred an act of the Legislature, followed by a ceremonial in which the Governor, the Lieutenant Governor, and the Speaker of the House should present Mrs. Miller with an engrossed copy of the act in the presence of reporters and camera men while the bishop of the diocese stood by in cope and miter to bless the proceedings. Legislative action was subsequently attempted in several other States, but with

scant success, the members of the several Legislatures appearing to lack appreciation of the finer things of life. At least one of these statesmen asked inelegantly, "How's this goin' to get a better price for corn?" while several others, when the suggestion was broached, expressed the view that not a woman, but a Congressman of literary aspirations, would make a better poet laureate from the standpoint of the party organization.

The difficulties that ensued discouraged the literary ladies, but only temporarily. Miss Anita Browne of New York City came forward with a suggestion: Why waste time on the politicians? Go to the real culture of the nation; to wit, the General Federation of Women's Clubs. Have each State Federation name a poet laureate. Such a stroke of genius could not fail of appreciation. So far, because of the hot rivalry among candidates, not every State has named a laureate, but enough have done so to do more than justify the proponent's hopes. Two States, curiously, have named really significant poets—Maryland, Lizette Woodworth Reese, and Missouri, Sara Teasdale. The Free State, however, is not satisfied with one laureate; Allegany county, in which is the rising city of Cumberland, has appointed Sara Robert Getty as its own laureate, and Baltimore, passing over Miss Reese, has appointed Professor Alexander Geddes.

Oregon has selected Ruth Scofield Fargo, with whose poetry unfortunately I am unfamiliar, but whose critical acumen is illustrated in her remarks on *belles lettres* in her State:

Poetry has been pushed to the front during these past two years. . . . During the recent Third District Convention, a young woman, dressed in green, wearing a huge bouquet of daffodils, read Wordsworth's "The Daffodils." It was effective. Oregon

clubs have been stressing the reading of seasonable poems, hence the daffodil poem when daffodils were rampant everywhere.

Mrs. L. W. Legg, one of the leading clubwomen of the thriving town of Electric Springs, is poet laureate of Mississippi, and Miss Dorothy C. Allen holds the same title for Rhode Island. In Oklahoma, although Violet McDougal is poet laureate, the published report of poetical progress in the State gives most of the credit to Mrs. W. A. Garner, "Chairman of Poetry."

"Mrs. Garner," it is pointed out, "is a well-known poet whose poems have been published in the *Osage County News* and other papers; she specializes in nature poems and has given her poem, 'Nature's Healing Power,' before many clubs."

In several States the poet laureate has been chosen in a verse contest in which the entries were judged by politicians, newspaper editors, and other such distinguished literary figures. This is the plan proposed for Kansas, in which a laureate has not yet been selected. After outlining her scheme, Mrs. Elmer T. Beck, "Poetry Representative," closes with this lush tribute to the æsthetic impulse: "Poetry is a shining pool reflecting infinity where we may find the image of truth, else unperceived in the darkening world."

Under the inspiration of the aforesaid Anita Browne, the General Federation of Women's Clubs sponsors every Spring a Poetry Week, during which hundreds of programmes are given in various cities and towns. This year at St. Petersburg, Fla., where the League of American Pen Women coöperated, the show included "Tribute to the Immortal Bard," "Orpheus with his Lute," "Selections from the Classic Bards—Milton, Keats, Whitman, Longfellow," and "Blossoms from Our Branch" (namely, poems by the local literati).

So enthusiastic over the national project was the eminent Mrs. John F. Sippel, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, that she was moved to publish in the announcement the following poem by Bill Maltbie, her six-year-old grandson:

Lighthouse in the darkness,
Red airplane flying high.
See the men look at the light
Through the dark of the night.

The real significance of the airship, however, is best presented in Miss Browne's own eloquent words:

Midnight and the hum of motors breaks the placid silence of a moonlit night. The buzzing is a beacon of sound to beckon one to explore. Looking from the window, there, in its glistening glory, cutting through the night with its silver nose, glides the *Akron*, flashing supremacy as the faint glow from its lights flickers from the cabin, as it soars far above the skyscrapers of Manhattan. The moon is a Kleig light to magnify its beauty, bringing the contour of its lines into sharp contrast with the deep blue of the night. With wonder in her eyes, fair Luna looks down from her far-off point of vantage upon this oncoming intruder in her space. . . , taking from the glory of the moon its supremacy of the air over man. A faint star, lone prowler of the city sky, pauses in its twinkling to inspect, even as I, this alien roamer. But I, in contemplating, can smile upon the *Akron*—for what unexplored regions are mine. Those regions where winds are naught, air pockets *nil* and landing fields as great as the vast,

limitless expanse of mind—through which, in thought, we may soar at will, in the great airways of poetry, prose and song, beckoning, ever beckoning us on and on. . . . Ours the joy of it! Ours, the crime not to use.

The candescent addresses of Miss Browne and of other such leaders of the poetry renaissance have penetrated even the tool-steel souls of American business men. Not long ago a chamber of commerce devotee of my acquaintance passed to his rest in a Middle Western town. "He wanted me to be sure to mention in the obituary," his widow tearfully explained to a newspaper reporter, "that he was a member of the Literary Guild."

With business running in low gear, these Christian he-men now have time to be interested in the rewards of literature.

"What does a guy get for writing a book?" a clothing merchant asked me the other day.

I saw a chance to implant some respect for the literary calling, and so I quoted to him, as well as I could remember them, the huge sums earned by Sinclair Lewis, Erich Remarque and Robert W. Chambers.

"Lord!" he exclaimed, "that's a good racket! It wouldn't be a bad business for a boy to start out in when he was young." He paused a moment, then bethought himself of a problem. "But I wonder who does all that reading," he pondered incredulously.

THE SOAP-BOX

NOTICE

THIS department, which will appear every month hereafter, is planned to be free to all. Persons with complaints about anything that has appeared in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, or with novel and persuasive programmes for getting rid of war, sin or the Depression, or with schemes to sell something and cunning enough to get their propaganda past the alert editors, are invited to cut loose. No communication of more than 300 words will be printed—which apparently bars out all Single Taxers at the start. But even Single Taxers will be admitted if they can hold themselves to 300 words: moreover, the editors offer a box of sound five-cent cigars to the first one who achieves the feat. Readers, whether clerical or lay, who thirst for knowledge are free to send in their inquiries. If any answers follow, and they seem rational, they will be printed too. *Letters discussing living persons will be published only with the full names of their authors.* On other communications pseudonyms may be used.

SOUTH WINDS FROM CANADA

Mr. W. A. S. DOUGLAS, author of "King Joseph of Windsor," should study the geography of Detroit before committing himself in print. His statement that "when the north wind blows across the Detroit river, a reek of good whiskey is wafted over and breathed in great gulps by the citizens of the Republic to the southward" presents a physical impossibility. One glance at the map will show you that, be-

lieve it or not, if citizens of Detroit are to breathe great gulps of the reek of good whiskey from Windsor, the wind must sit in the south and blow north. The Motor City is north of Windsor and the adjacent portions of Ontario, and not south. I know it seems a little strange to think of a south wind blowing out of Canada into the United States but it is no less true than the equally startling fact that, at certain points, the Pacific Ocean is east of New York City.

Detroit

J. FRED WOODRUFF

FASTIDIOUS ISOPTERA

You may be interested to know that an unusual appreciation of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* has been expressed in California.

A termite colony, lured by your magazine, came up through the paneled baseboards of the Studio Book Shop, located in one of the finest apartment house buildings of Berkeley. The insects, after two years of boring and tunneling, came through the wood and consumed six dozen *AMERICAN MERCURYS*, at the same time refusing thousands of other books and magazines in the shop.

Berkeley, Calif. JANET C. BEARDSLEY

BACK TO BACHI

You produce a magazine. I produce apricots and prunes. If I could sell my product I would buy yours. I can't. Will you swap? The dried cots are delicious.

MRS. HANNAH J. WARD

Mountain View, Calif.

THANKSGIVING SERVICE

BAD money, say the economists, always drives out good. Let us repair to our re-

spective houses of worship and give thanks to Almighty God that this is not also true of liquor.

Baltimore

DAVID SHEHAN

"AN INDEX IS LACKING"

KNOWING your antipathy to unindexed books, I think (if you are not already familiar with it) that the quotation placed by Sir Frederick Pollock at the beginning of the index to his book on Spinoza may interest you. The quotation is "Sir, my friend John Baynes used to say that the man who published a book without an index ought to be damned ten miles beyond Hell, where the Devil could not get for stinging-nettles." The quotation is from Henry P. Wheatley's "What is an Index?" p. 27.

Ithaca, N. Y.

E. H. WOODRUFF

DISINFECTING JOBSEEKERS

MAY I suggest that special interests seeking privileges at the expense of the public welfare could be permanently crippled by arranging for the payment of every campaign expense of every candidate for public office out of the public treasury?

At present, the public expects the candidate to get financed from private sources, and winks at his taking orders. At the same time it requires from him an oath of office to uphold the public welfare. It is well known that no one can serve two masters. Thus, an officeholder often finds himself in a position where he must either betray the interests of those who financed him, and to whom he gave his word, or be false to his oath of office.

The present time is exceptional for such a plan to be initiated; it might help restore confidence in the public sanity if it became apparent that common honesty was still taken seriously. Public opinion could

be relied on to keep the number of entries in the primaries within reasonable limits. No other limits should be set.

An equal and stated maximum amount for expenses could be allowed each candidate, plus equal treatment in a catalogue printed by the commissioner of elections. If he spent beyond these limits the candidate would be punished. Competitors could be relied on to discover and expose such cases.

San Francisco

R. A. SMITH

CHALLENGE TO IDEALISTS

I'LL begin to believe that the eugenists are really in earnest when I hear that they are advocating a restoration of the *jus primæ noctis*.

AN OLD-FASHIONED FELLOW

New York

APPALLING SPECTACLES

SOME time ago I saw a Liberal New York editor march down Fifth avenue in spats and with a cane. Last week it was called to my attention that an editor of the *New Masses* has been giving afternoon teas for the past year at his Gramercy Park apartment. This morning I received a wedding invitation from a radical novelist, and on the lower left hand corner were the letters R.S.V.P. I don't know why, but somehow all these things make me sad. I feel like the young husband whose wife has been going out with another man, because she sees "nothing wrong in it."

New York City

JOE M. KARIN

DOGISM

AS EVERYONE knows, dogs have neither religion nor politics. There are no holy dogs, and no statesdogs. Moral codes do not bother them, nor do literary movements or metaphysical systems. But is it possible to imagine that they really have no standards

at all—no restraints, no principles of any kind? Are dogs merely dogs? I can't believe it. There must be some significance, some meaning to their lives. Dogs, after all, aren't pigs.

Cambridge, Mass.

EX-HUMANIST

ART AND THE MAN

GREAT art, we are told, can issue only from great men. This statement has always seemed to me to be meaningless. How can we know whether the man is great other than by his works? We can't. Art is the man. What was the difference between Tolstoy and O. Henry? We can answer only by comparing their works. Otherwise they were both merely fourth-rate.

Minneapolis

A. B. KURT

WISDOM OF THE POPES

THERE is a legend, believed in even by skeptics, that the Popes have always been very learned and intelligent men. I believed it myself once, but of late, after some reading, have begun to doubt it. Let us take Leo XIII, reputed to have been a statesman, a sociologist, and a philosopher of the first order. He lived in a time when economic and political discontent was widespread, and he wrote one encyclical after another giving free counsel to the world on its various ills. What did he have to offer? All I can detect is this: first, that revolution is a sin against God, and suffering patiently is divine; and second, that capital and labor should realize that they need each other. He came out in favor of "a living wage," but when asked to say precisely what he meant by it he refused to answer.

Pope Benedict XV, who reigned during the World War, was a very great diplomat, if we are to believe Dr. James J. Walsh and the Rev. Dr. John A. Ryan.

But was he? I hardly think so. He wrote notes to the various belligerent Powers, calling upon them in the name of the Holy Ghost to stop fighting, and reminding them that peace was a very good thing. The reigning Pius XI has broadcast the following wisdom: that long skirts and short sleeves are immoral, that birth control is tantamount to murder, that capital and labor need each other and cannot get along separately, and that it is a pity that there is so much unemployment in the world today. In Europe, I am told, such platitudes, often stated in the most horrible Latin, are sneered at, but in the United States the press, including even the so-called Liberal sheets, generally takes them seriously. I humbly suggest to American journalists that they be more honest; it will do their souls good.

Boston

J. KELLY

THE MUSIC OF WAGNER

AM I the only man in the United States who thinks that Richard Wagner is one of the most over-rated composers who ever lived? There must be others, and I would like very much to form a friendship of misery with them. Wagner, to me, was a most vulgar musician, in the sense in which Giovanni Papini is one of the most vulgar writers. That his music is loaded with what is known as craftsmanship I admit, but that any of it whatsoever has the slightest trace of dignity I refuse to admit. There is no more real grandeur of soul in it than there is in the rubbish Liszt wrote. At best, it is only brass band music; at worst, it is the farrago of a Don Bombasticus. How can people talk of Wagner in the same breath with Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, and Brahms?

St. Louis

M. L. HOFFMAN

THE LIFE OF THE COSMOS

THE life of man may be a sad and empty one—full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. But how much more pathetic is that of inanimate nature! Is there anything in all human life more devastatingly tragic than what goes on in the upper spaces every minute of time—stupendous masses of metal revolving stupidly around other masses at unimaginable speeds and suddenly disappearing into star dust?

Austin, Texas

M. P. OLIN

NOTE ON STATESMEN

YOUR editorial, "Statecraft as a Practical Art," appears to have been fully answered by the late Boies Penrose, United States Senator from Pennsylvania, when he said:

Unfortunately, in politics we must choose between the strong man whose real interests are elsewhere and who will leave office the moment bigger opportunity beckons, and the weakling who will cling because he can't hold a job anywhere else. Public office is the last refuge of the incompetent.

The quotation is from *Collier's*, Feb. 14, 1931, p. 70.
Opelousas, La.

GILBERT L. DUPRE

MASTERPIECE OF A
PROPHET

IF you have any room on your office wall, I suggest that you hang up a placard bearing the following prophetic words by William Jennings Bryan, uttered at Columbus, Ohio, November 18, 1918:

Ten years from now hundreds of thousands of men who voted against us and struggled to keep the saloon, will go down on their knees and thank God they were overwhelmed at the ballot-box and this temptation far removed from them.

Buffalo, N. Y.

J. B. SYLVESTER

AMERICANISMS WANTED

THE great Oxford English Dictionary (formerly the New English Dictionary) was completed so recently as 1928, but already a supplement is necessary. For that supplement a large amount of material is already accumulated, but there remain some serious gaps, especially among Americanisms. I append a partial list of such Americanisms. To each is appended the date of the earliest quotation now in hand. The editors of the Dictionary are seeking earlier quotations, and will welcome the aid of readers of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*. Such quotations should be sent in on cards 6x4 inches in size, with the word under investigation written in the upper left-hand corner, and the author, title, chapter, etc., of the book excerpted and the place and date of the edition used noted below. All such cards should be addressed to the Secretary, the Clarendon Press, Oxford, England.

London

W. J. LORING

ice (cut no ice)	1896
idea (big idea)	1928
Igorrote	1840
Illinoian	1899
Illinoisian	1836
Illinoisian	1885
imagist	1919
immunotoxin	1901
immunologist	1916
immunology	1916
inc. (= incorporated)	1909
Independence Day	1841
infielder	1874
Ingersollian	1892
inhibition (psychology)	1889
injun	1812
ink-jerker	1869
innovation trunk	1927
inshoot (<i>baseball</i>)	1897
inside (patent inside)	1899
insult (add i. to injury)	1805
internist	1904
internship	1924
intersex	1911

intersexuality	1930
Iowan	1889
Irish-American	1874
Iron City (= Pittsburgh)	1871
Iroquoian	1888
Iroquois	1710
of (at five minutes of four)	1879
off (= crazy)	1904
office-hunger	1870
office-patient	1897
off-year	1882
oil-king	1898
on (to have something on a person)	1912
on (that was one on him)	1901
once-over	1916
open (at faro)	1913
open (at poker)	1913
optometrist	1904
order (apologies etc. are in order)	1861
out (to be out for)	1889
out (to be out to)	1901
outs (at outs, on the outs)	1901
owl-car	1889
panhandle (= to beg)	1903
panhandler (= beggar)	1899
park (vb., used of vehicles)	1911
park (vb., used of persons, firearms etc.)	1922
peach (used of a person)	1896
peach (used of a thing)	1909
peacherino	1908
pedro (= card, or game)	1890
pep (= vigor)	1915
pep (vb.)	1925
peppy	1926
phony	1904
pie-counter	1903
pie-eyed (= intoxicated)	1909
pronto	1918
proposition (an easy, business, tough, etc. proposition)	1908
prospect (= possible or prospective cus- tomer)	1922
pulchritudinous	1912
pull (pull a pistol)	1892
puller-in (= salesman)	1895
punch (= effectiveness)	1919
punk (= nonsense)	1900
pussyfoot (sb.)	1919
pussyfoot (vb.)	1918
pussyfooter	1928
pussyfooting	1921
put across (= execute, establish, etc.)	1925
questionnaire	1908

QUERIES

THREE POEMS OF PASSION.—I am trying to determine the authors of three pieces of more or less ribald verse, and turn to the readers of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* for help. The first, lately credited by the London *New Statesman* to "an American magazine," is as follows:

There goes a happy moron;
He doesn't give a damn;
I wish I were a moron—
My gosh, perhaps I am!

The second is a song that seems to be popular among Rotarians, Kiwanians, Elks, etc. The chorus runs:

And when I die
Don't bury me at all;
Just pickle my bones
In alcohol.

The third is an old chestnut:

Mother, may I go out to swim?
Yes, my darling daughter;
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
But don't go near the water.

The word *hickory* suggests that this last must be of American origin. *Carya ovata* and its relatives seem to be unknown in England. But I can't find anything about the quatrain in any of the reference books here at Yale.
New Haven A CHARTER SUBSCRIBER

QUAKERS AS STATESMEN.—Some time ago a couple of friends and I amused ourselves by getting up a list of the Quakers who had served in high public office in the United States. But when we had listed Hoover, the late Uncle Joe Cannon and A. Mitchell Palmer we were stuck. Can any of your readers add to the roll?

Philadelphia

H. S. ADLER

THE INVENTOR OF FLY PAPER.—Who invented fly paper? A professor of history at Ohio Wesleyan once told me that the latest evidence points to Spinoza.

New Orleans

W. J. BURNS

A MYSTERIOUS SIMILE.—I have often heard my pastor and other grave men use the quaint old simile: "drunk as a fiddler's bitch". What is its origin? In his Dictionary of Similes, Frank J. Wiltach lists: "drunk as a fiddler"—but omits the more colorful and more frequently used phrase.

Denver

C. C. C.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

A Novelist on Furlough

BERLIN, by Joseph Hergesheimer. \$2.50.
7½ x 5; 252 pp. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf*.

SHERIDAN: *A Military Narrative*, by Joseph Hergesheimer. \$4. 9 x 5⅞; 382 pp.
Boston: *The Houghton Mifflin Company*.

BIOGRAPHY & BIBLIOGRAPHIES, by Joseph Hergesheimer. 10½ x 8½; 10 pp.
New York: *Privately printed*.

HERE are three excursions of a novelist into other fields of prose. Mr. Hergesheimer, of course, has made such forays before: the cases of "San Cristóbal de la Habana" and "Swords and Roses" will be recalled. But of late he has shown a new impatience with the somewhat onerous bounds of the novel, and in "Biography and Bibliographies" he dismisses it cavalierly as "a dying form", and hints plainly that he longs to be shet of it. His rebellion, it appears, is quite devoid of that facile iconoclasm which animates such fellows as James Joyce and John Dos Passos. He has no yearning to generate a new and shocking kind of novel, with a red flag in its hand and tinsel in its hair. The old model, such as it is, seems to him to be sufficient to its ends. What upsets him, apparently, is the inescapable flavor of unreality that must get into all fiction, whatever its form—its inevitable dependence upon imagination rather than fact. He longs to come to grips with a world that is in veritable and lusty being, and to set down some of his reflections upon it before the lightnings begin to blaze along the skyline, and the heavens open, and the Second Coming is upon us.

Of the three books under review, "Biography and Bibliographies" seems to me to be the best, and "Sheridan" the worst. The former is a sort of gloss upon the latter, and, as has happened so often before, the gloss is far more amusing and illuminating than the parent text. The essential trouble with the Sheridan lies in the fact that its author approached it under a thumping misapprehension. Fresh from the Confederate hooches of "Swords and Roses", he sought something out of the same bottle from the Union side, and what seems to have been a memory of his school-books led him toward Sheridan, the romantic galloper of Winchester. The book, I gather, was commissioned by the publisher before any fresh reading for it had been done. When that reading was begun it appeared at once that the immortal Phil was almost as imaginary as the hero of a novel—that the actual man was a shanty Irishman who was far more gifted as a victualler than as a strategist—in brief, that here was a hero who refused absolutely to fit into either bronze or stained-glass. So the historian was thrown back upon the record, and found himself doomed to do a volume that was as dispiriting to him as a treatise on conic sections.

I offer a specimen of the result:

At 11.30 A.M. General Gordon Granger had ordered Steedman to move with his brigades—Dan McCook's, Whittaker's, and Mitchell's—and report to Thomas on the battlefield. He proceeded at once, marching five miles under shelling, with the Confederate cavalry striking at his flank, and,

reaching the Horseshoe Ridge, 1.30 P.M., reported to General Thomas there. He was ordered to form on Wood's left. The enemy left advanced in a species of right wheel; the Southern batteries poured a concentrated fire on the Ridge; the infantry charged with a fearful roll of musketry from both sides. Deas and Manigault reached the Union position, assailing Brannan; Johnson, Gregg, and McNair, on the right, toiled on up in a smoke so dense that only the flashes from the guns could be seen. The Confederates gained ground.

To me, at least, the news that the Confederates gained ground is pleasant: I only regret that they did not continue all the way to Boston. But what actually happened during the battle remains as dark to me as if the story were written in Choctaw or the horrible jargon of Lord Hoover's press agent: the whole thing is enshrouded in smoke. I suspect, indeed, that the writing of scientific military memoirs is very far from Hergesheimer's *Fach*, and I get a malicious kind of consolation when the author himself denounces this one as "the cursed book, the bitch of a book." It is, he adds gloomily, "a book empty of ornament and of supporting, reassuring illusion." But there, perhaps, he goes a shade too far. Not *all* of it is straight military reporting; there are also some interludes of the authentic Hergesheimer. One comes at the very start: General Sheridan's visit to the camp of Bismarck during the Franco-Prussian War. It provides pleasant writing, indeed—smooth, colorful, and properly ironical. One learns more about the hero than by suffering a score of his complicated and uninteresting battles. When the King of Prussia is announced he wonders dismally whether he should take off his cap. Bismarck introduces him to *Kirschwasser*, a kind of fire-water new to him, but instantly embraced by his Irish gullet. He

goes without meals—something that never happened to his own soldiers during the Civil War—and is delighted to encounter a sutler with four bologna sausages still in stock.

I was in hopes, having got so far, that the whole book would be the same. But most of it, I found, was more like the sample I have offered—true and perhaps important, but somehow extremely sad. Hergesheimer discovered, as he proceeded with his investigation, that his hero was "a practical and fortunate commander", but not much more. There was no lift in him, no dash, no romance, not even much ability. Any other Irishman with the same chance would have done as well. But the historian was hooked, and could not escape.

I had to become familiar with the European ambitions and desperate hopes of the Confederacy, and learn the economics of cotton; I was forced to follow to their futile ends all the efforts at a premature peace, to analyze Horace Greeley's ill-tempered relationships with the Administration. I wished twenty times in a day that I had never heard of General Sheridan. Shut in my rooms at the Carlton Hotel [in Washington], with a table full of Civil War accounts and authorities, I came to hate him and the biography of him I had so lightly agreed to write. Later, at Palm Beach, actually engaged upon it, my hatred increased; I wrote, when it was humanly possible, three thousand words a day, and often it took an hour to put down a line, a word. My mind, it seemed to me, froze.

All this is from "Biography and Bibliographies", "written in West Chester for Part VIII of the *Colophon*." My fraternal obeisance to the editor of the *Colophon*. From the wreckage of Hergesheimer's hopes he salvaged one of the frankest, most rambunctious and most amusing self-vivisections I have ever encountered. It is the distilled essence of the authentic

Hergesheimer. Into it went all of the savors that were driven out of "Sheridan" by the unseemly sweating of a short, dumpy, highly alcoholized military union man in red sanitary underwear. I surely wish it had been printed first in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*.

"Berlin" is something else again. There are six chapters, only two of which actually deal with the gaudy Hoboken on the Spree. The others have to do with Munich, Vienna, Budapest and a little town in the Bavarian Oberland. The book had its first incarnation as a series of travel articles in the eminent *Saturday Evening Post*, and the excessive discretion which goes with writing for a magazine of immense circulation is still visible in it. One meets many ladies who appear to be very interesting, and then parts from them without learning much about them. During his second invasion of Berlin the traveler drinks "perhaps nineteen" cocktails at a party, but neglects to describe with any particularity the engineering devices used to get him back to his hotel, and to bed. But these omissions, after all, are not many, nor are they important. One can read between the lines. Those lines are always charming, and often brilliant. There is an easy competence about the writing that makes excellent reading. The thing is done simply, without any display of literary virtuosity, but it is done nevertheless with sound cunning. Here Hergesheimer is on his own ground, and makes capital practise. No other American author can describe more vividly a thing seen; none is more adept at conveying to the reader a sense of the movement and color of a spectacle.

The thing, of course, does not go much below the surface, but that is no argument against it, for the surface is precisely what Hergesheimer is trying to deal with. The

politics of the countries he visits does not interest him: in fact, he seldom so much as mentions the subject. Nor is he visibly taken by what they regard as the ponderable and imponderable halves of their cultural heritage: he never enters an art gallery, he hears no music save dance tunes, and he is humanely silent about historical monuments. What interests him is simply the life of the people, and especially their life in their leisure. He doesn't inquire into the ways they earn their livings, or into their views about the war debts, or into their speculations about the hereafter: he is content to examine them when they stretch (or shake) their legs, and are pleasantly loose, and not thinking much about anything. He watches them as they dance, drink, eat, bathe and lie in the sun, and tries to formulate some notion of the kind of men and women they are. It seems to me that it is proof sufficient of his skill that, in spite of the apparent superficiality of his observations, there is a plentiful soundness in his conclusions. He watched Berlin at play, but the Germany that finally emerges from his impressions is a Germany hard at work.

Munich, somewhat surprisingly, leaves him cold. He finds it full of "medieval gloom". It is "a city of somber empty squares, old Gothic façades, and narrow ways where the darkness, the age, are only made more visible by a late incongruous lighting." He is depressed by "the grimness of the past, buildings and courts shrouded with the mantle of death, the accumulated dust of disintegrating years." To me, I confess, a good deal of this sounds fantastic. Munich is no more medieval than Berlin: its architectural glories, such as they are, belong mainly to the Baroque. A good half of it goes back no further than King Ludwig II, and an important part of it was built in our own

time. But follow the sad story to page 59, and the secret comes out: "I have no memory of young pretty girls in Munich." On the Spree his cicerones were lovely indeed, with good legs and better English, but on the Isar he is reduced to communion with a waitress at the Franziskanerkeller, "mature in figure and outlook", and with an unpleasant habit of "correcting the form, the German" of the orders of American visitors. Later on, to be sure, he meets a cabaret singer with fluent English, but she writes bad ballads and insists upon telling him their plots, and then asks him to get her a job in Berlin. A bad way to see Munich, as it would be a bad way to see even Heaven.

Hergesheimer praises the beer, but with nothing approaching contagious passion. It is described as beer, and that is about all. Worse, he confesses shockingly that all of the German wines taste alike to him, and that they all seem bad. Cutting up in Berlin, he orders champagne. It is also done, to be sure, by certain factions of Berliners, but it remains as appalling as carrying a hot dog into Moneta's. We had better pass over this part of the narrative: rehearsing it will only stir up fresh animosities to the Republic.

But mainly his book is about what he saw, not about what he drank. The world, to Hergesheimer, is predominantly a thing for the eye. It was not by mere chance that he began life as a painter. His books are still, in their fashion, paintings—even his novels. His æsthetic is an æsthetic, not of form and organization, but of surfaces—textures, colors, all kinds of pleasant and instructive externals. It has been said against him that the women in his novels are sometimes mere functions of their clothes. Well, why not? It is so in real life, and in "The Party Dress" he has certainly demonstrated that it can be made so very

plausibly in a theorem. The surface, I often think, tends to be neglected unduly. There is probably just as much authentic news about people in the way they look as there is in what they say. Hergesheimer, sticking to the surface, has here achieved a picture of Berlin that is curiously lifelike and plausible. I believe that it gets much closer to the reality than all the solemn ponderosities of the current publicists.

But I am very far from convinced that he has actually escaped the novel. He will go back to it again, as he has always gone back to it in the past, and he will continue to adorn it as he damns it. He is, for all his protests, a natural novelist, born to tell tales. At Berlin beer-tables one senses him concocting new "Java Heads", and in every Munich waitress he longs half consciously for some sign of a new Linda Condon. The facts fascinate him, but do not content him. If I were a betting man I think I'd be willing to lay two wagers on him—one that he will never tackle another military memoir, and the other that he will presently reappear, perhaps somewhat blushing, with a new novel.

The Travail of Man

MAN'S ROUGH ROAD, by A. G. Keller.
\$3. 9¼ x 5⅞; 450 pp. New York: *The Frederick A. Stokes Company*

DR. KELLER, who is professor of the science of society at Yale, grew up there as a disciple of the late William Graham Sumner, and in 1927, seventeen years after Dr. Sumner's death, he published under their joint names a huge work in four volumes—it ran to more than 3500 pages—entitled "The Science of Society". There have been demands ever since for a summary of it, and that is what Dr. Keller now offers in "Man's Rough Road". The book is very well done. It omits all docu-

mentation, which was extensive in "The Science of Society", and it passes lightly over matters of relatively small importance, but everything that is essential in the Sumnerian sociology is presented clearly and in sufficient detail. The plan follows that of the larger work. First the nature of human society is discussed, and the laws determining its evolution are set forth. Then labor, government, war, property, magic, religion, marriage, inheritance and play are taken up in turn. The four fundamental driving forces are held to be the impulse to self-preservation, the sex instinct, vanity and fear. Everything else is rationalization. Morality is no more than a product of the inherent impetus to safeguard the race and the individual, the great dreams and enterprises of man are in large part only functions of his vanity, and his religion flows naturally out of his dread of the unknown.

The Sumnerian system was based frankly on common sense: its chief value lay, not in its theorizing but in its hostility to theorizing. It went to the facts, and let them tell their own story. There were no *a priori* assumptions, and it avoided sedulously the contamination of sociology by metaphysics. Dr. Keller pursues the same clear and straight path. His sixth chapter, "The Industrial Organization", though there is no controversy in it, is a complete answer to the mystagogues who now moan and pant in the world, telling us that the capitalistic system is doomed, and must presently give way to something lovelier. That change will come, I believe, when we also manage to get rid of our unlovely kidneys, livers and colons. Until then, capital will be as necessary to civilized society as those lowly organs are to

man, and the best we can do is to police it carefully, remembering all the while that it also has some laws of its own.

Dr. Keller has another excellent chapter on war. He traces the ways in which it has been tamed by advancing civilization, and admits that it is "an unpopular expedient that mankind fears, is chafing under, and is trying to replace". But he points out that, in the long history of the race, it has "done things for society that nothing else could have done", and has been one of the most powerful of all agencies in sweeping away "institutional rubbish" and furthering human progress. "The person who reiterates that war accomplishes nothing does not know his history." It has served to break down the primitive equality which impeded the development of early societies, it has opened international trade and encouraged inter-marriage, it has evolved and refined many of the more valuable functions of government, and in all probability it was responsible, in the dark backward and abysm of time, for the rise of the father-family. War is thus worth most of the space that it gets in the history books. If it has been only a symptom, on occasion, of more subtle events and processes, then it has often determined the later course of those events and processes.

Dr. Keller has put together a useful and interesting book. The late Dr. Sumner, engaged all his life upon the collection of facts, was finally swamped by them, and it remained for Dr. Keller to prepare his work for the press. Here the business is carried a step further, and we have the Sumner-Keller doctrine in handy form. In these days of tall talk it deserves to be given hard study.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

HOWARD F. BARKER's study of the national origins of the Americans of 1790, prepared for the Committee on Population of the American Council of Learned Societies, was published this Summer.

BOB BROWN's latest book, "Let There Be Beer!," has just been published.

NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD is editor-in-chief of the Household Magazine. He was formerly director of information for the Federal Department of Agriculture.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD is the author of "This Side of Paradise," "The Great Gatsby," "Flappers and Philosophers," "The Beautiful and Damned," "Tales of the Jazz Age," and "All the Sad Young Men."

ISAAC GOLDBERG, PH.D. (Harvard), is the author of a half dozen books, the latest of which are "Tin Pan Alley" and "George Gershwin." He is lecturer on Hispano-American literature at Harvard.

NANCY HALE (MRS. TAYLOR HARDIN) was born in Boston. She is the daughter of Philip Hale, the painter and critic, and the granddaughter of Edward Everett Hale. She is herself a painter and has done many portraits. She is now an assistant editor of Vogue, and has contributed to Scribner's, Vanity Fair and the New Yorker. Her first novel, "The Young Die Good," was published last Spring.

HARRY HIBSCHMAN, LL.D. (Washington College), is a Kansan, and practiced law for about twenty years. He is now

devoting most of his time to lecturing and writing.

HAROLD E. HULLSIEK, M.D., is a St. Paul, Minn., surgeon. More about him will be found in Editorial Notes in this issue.

IDWAL JONES is a columnist for the New York American, and author of a novel, "Steel Chips."

EDGAR LEE MASTERS' latest book is a dramatic poem, "Godbey."

MORROW MAYO's article in this issue will form part of his book on Los Angeles, which will be published next Spring. He was formerly a newspaper man, and is now free-lancing.

JAMES ONEAL is editor of the New Leader, the New York Socialist paper. His latest book, which he has just completed, is entitled "American Party Struggles: the Background of Political Conflict."

ARTHUR L. SHELTON is an Oklahoman, and was educated at Emory University, Atlanta. Since then he has been working for newspapers and the Associated Press in Florida, Georgia and North Carolina. He resigned as managing editor of the Durham Herald last May to take a hand in the campaign of the statesman whose career he describes.

ANTHONY M. TURANO practices law in Reno, Nev. A more detailed account of him will be found in Editorial Notes in this issue.

LOU WYLIE was born and educated in Kentucky. She is now living in Brooklyn.